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THE TENDENCY OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES

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1

MUNICIPAL muck-rakers have insisted so constantly that the ever-increasing cost of municipal government in the United States is due to the waste and corruption of city officials, that there has been a general disposition to accept their charge as true. Fortunately the muck-raker seems to have had his day, and is rapidly losing the influence which he wielded a few years ago. While he has succeeded in discrediting our municipalities in the opinion of the foreigner, his excesses have discredited him in the opinion of the people of this country, so that at last and at least they are willing to discuss municipal problems with a certain amount of calmness.

It is as unfair to assume that the rapid increase which has recently taken place in the cost of municipal government has been due to criminal waste and corruption as it would be to make the same assumption in reference to the cost of governing the several states and the nation.

While it is perfectly true that the budgets of our cities have increased with startling rapidity during the last few years, it is no less true that the cost

of governing the states has increased with proportionate speed, and that in eighteen years the cost of governing the United States has exactly doubled. But no matter how little civic pride we may have, no matter how readily we may damn city officials who are trying to do their best, we always hesitate to believe that our governors and our presidents are corrupt.

The constantly increasing cost of municipal government is due to causes far more subtle and far more complicated than corrupt officials, dishonest bosses, or rotten political machines.

It is the fashion among those who throw stones at municipal government in this country to compare it, greatly to its disadvantage, with municipal government in England; the ultimate test always being the difference in cost. The statement that municipal government is far cheaper there than here, is predicated upon the total of budgets in English and American cities, which for purposes of comparison is of course valueless. So far as I know, the only effort that has been made toward a fair comparison is that of President Lowell (*The Government of England*, vol. ii, p. 195, note 1), who has worked out a very

satisfactory basis. President Lowell takes Boston as his typical American city, the *per capita* cost of government in Boston being almost the highest of any city in the Union. He finds the Boston tax rate for 1906 to be equivalent to an English rate of seven shillings in the pound. The rates for 1906 in the ten largest boroughs of England and Wales ranged from 7s. 4d. in Birmingham to 10s. 8d. in West Ham. 'In the various parishes that make up the County of London the rates vary a great deal. In one case alone they were in 1906 less than 6 shillings. In most of the parishes they were more than 7 shillings, in many cases more than 8 shillings; in several more than 9 shillings, and in the three parishes of Poplar they were 12 shillings.' In other words, the highest cost of municipal government in the United States was less than that of any of the large cities of England. It would, therefore, seem that there is the same tendency toward high cost of municipal government in England as here, and it is fair to suppose that the same causes of increasing expenditure are at work in the two countries.

One of the curious traits of our national character is that we have always assumed that we are a peculiar people, living under a special Providence, a law and an inspiration to ourselves; while in reality we are, like every other civilized nation on earth, responsive to the spirit and opinion of the time.

Although Jeremy Bentham began to obtain his hold upon the thought of the world early in the last century, it was not until after his death, in 1832, that the direct results of his philosophy were accomplished. Bentham applied practically, through legislation, Priestley's formula, that the one object of life is 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number.'

In the United States under the guidance of Jefferson, constitution-worship

had produced a general faith in the power of law. Yet side by side with the doctrine of constitutional infallibility was the belief in the social compact, and the so-called inalienable rights of man. Before he left the presidency, while still preaching the rights of man with all his old fervor, Jefferson had become, perhaps unconsciously, as had his followers, — and they included most of the people of the United States, — to all intents and purposes a practical and an ardent Benthamite. The belief in individualism became as all-pervading and as strong as the belief in the constitution. The direct consequences of Benthamism were the freedom and sanctity of contract, and the freedom of the individual.

The constitution-fetich of Jefferson, the statute-worship of Bentham, necessarily resulted in inculcating a firm belief in the efficacy of legislation. The right of every man to work out his own salvation in his own way, provided that in so doing he does not interfere with any one else, being conceded, it follows that absolute freedom of contract becomes an essential concomitant to such right. But for full contractual liberty, the help of the state is almost always necessary. Unless a contract once made is maintained by law, the right to contract is valueless. Absurd as it may seem, the Benthamite recognized the right of the individual to contract away his contractual freedom, in corporate or labor-union combinations. But to insure such freedom the support of the law is necessary. Both Jefferson and Bentham were inclined to consider the law an end in itself, and to forget that it is only the instrument through which public opinion speaks, that it is only the recognition of existing custom, that it merely prescribes a penalty for a preëxistent offense. From this consideration it was but a step to regard law as an omniscient consciousness, omnipotent to

accomplish whatever its authors might decree. When collectivism began to influence public opinion in the United States, this view of legislation made of it a ready vehicle for the expression of the new doctrine. As Professor Dicey has shown, the germ of collectivism, which was latent in the body of Benthamite individualism, was the belief it fostered in the efficacy of legislation, and in the possibility of accomplishing results collectively which it showed in the organization of corporations and labor-unions created under the right of free contract so ardently preached by Bentham.

The collectivistic movement began in the United States almost immediately upon the close of the Civil War. Events which occurred during the four years of hostilities had greatly increased the familiarity of the people with paternalism in government. Government contracts easily acquired and easily filled, government pensions and offices easily earned and obtained, a policy of tariff legislation followed far more in the interest of protection than of revenue, educated our people into the belief that government possesses every good and perfect gift which can be had by any man for the asking. Moreover, under the utilitarian individualism of Hobbes, Bentham, and Austin, public opinion gradually educated itself to the spending of great sums for philanthropic and benevolent objects. Early in the nineteenth century we already had habituated ourselves to large expenditures on hospitals, primary education, and poor relief, and to the existence upon our statute books of laws intended for the protection of human life among workmen in factories and in dangerous or semi-dangerous callings. It was not difficult to forget the purpose of philanthropic and restrictive legislation and to exaggerate the potency of the legislation by itself. Individualism, once the creed of almost

every American, was generally laid aside, at first quite unconsciously, then consciously and openly.

The utilitarian legislation of the Benthamite period sought to limit as little as possible the freedom of the individual, and only to limit the individual at all for the protection of his fellows. The Benthamite legislates merely for the safety of the state, while the collectivist legislates in any direction which he thinks will conduce to the general welfare, always influenced by a belief in the efficacy of legislation.

II

The practical expression of the collectivistic tendency of the day has been by means of State Socialism rather than through so-called Pure Socialism. I may make my meaning clearer if I explain what I conceive to be the difference between the two, by quoting somewhat freely from Ludwig Bamberger's very able article, 'Socialisme d'État' in Léon Say's and Joseph Chailley's *Nouveau Dictionnaire d'Economie Politique*. Pure Socialism seeks entirely to reconstruct the state upon the basis of a distributive justice founded upon the material equality of the means of existence. Labor alone produces and has the sole right to the thing produced. State Socialism on the other hand denies this hypothesis, and insists that the fundamental law of society is the protection of the weak against the strong. Pure Socialism would abolish the old order of society, State Socialism desires only to correct it. Pure Socialism strives for an absolute equality among individuals, while State Socialism strives for an equalization of their forces, and believes that the equality of the law is more or less an imaginary hypothesis. Under the old order of things, the law only protects the weak against violence and oppression. State Socialism seeks

to defend him against the legal superiority of those who enjoy greater intellectual or material advantages. It not only protects the individual against others stronger than he is, but even against himself and his own ignorance and weakness. The individualistic State knows only one condition of minority, due to childhood or mental deficiency, while State Socialism enlarges the idea of minority so as to include all humanity. Pure Socialism would have society consist of the slaves of the state, State Socialism would be satisfied with a society consisting entirely of minors. Under individualism, the adult may dispose of himself as he sees fit, but under Socialism he may not.

Although the origin of State Socialism as well as that of Pure Socialism is lost in antiquity, the theoretical and practical crystallization of the former dates only from the foundation of the German Empire. The real father of practical modern State Socialism was Prince Bismarck, the chief enemy of Pure Socialism, or social democracy. Napoleon III toward the close of his reign had made some tentative collectivistic experiments, but it remained for the Iron Chancellor to make of a somewhat vague theory a very definite political system. In 1878, with the help of an overwhelmingly conservative and obedient Reichstag, Bismarck substituted a high protective tariff for the existing system of near free-trade. The doctrine of protection depends upon the same principle as does State Socialism, for the original purpose of both is to protect the weak against the strong. In the case of protection the weak is the domestic producer, the strong is the foreign competitor; although it may be urged that ultimately protection is State Socialism in the interest of wealth at the expense of poverty.

Bismarck found it impossible to

apply State Socialism for the benefit of the rich, without some application of the same policy for the benefit of the poor. Moreover as a believer in a strong centralized government of which he was the head, he strove to strengthen his own hands in every possible way. The direct result of these two motives was the acquisition by government of the Prussian railroads; the institution of a complicated workmen's insurance and pension system; the enactment of an employers' liability law, and a rigorous factory act. The influence of Bismarck's example was felt almost at once in continental Europe, and somewhat later in England and the United States.

While the doctrine of State Socialism has been put in practice more directly and rapidly by the several states than by the nation, it is in the cities that it has flourished with the greatest vigor. So much so that it is no exaggeration to say that our urban population is composed entirely of State Socialists; that is, every one living in an American city, and the same is true of the cities of Europe, believes more or less strongly, more or less wittingly, in the doctrine of State Socialism. Of course it is very difficult, sometimes almost impossible, to draw the line at which individualism ends and State Socialism begins: so difficult that the individualist and the State Socialist may strive to accomplish exactly the same thing in exactly the same way, but from entirely different motives. The individualist justifies the expenditure of large sums on hospitals on the ground of protection to the entire community, while the State Socialist justifies it on the ground of equalizing the forces of the community by spending the money of the strong (the taxpayer) for the benefit of the weak, and by giving the weak a helping hand toward health. On the other hand, the simon-

pure individualist scarcely can justify the support by the community of absolutely free schools, while even the most diluted State Socialist is immensely proud of our free-school system. In short, no activity of government that does more than protect the community as a whole can be justified except under the doctrine of State Socialism. While the word socialist has for us an unpleasant meaning suggestive of the torch and of the bomb, the fact remains that the old-fashioned individualist whom our grandfathers knew is as dead as is Jeremy Bentham.

III

In this country we have only felt the full force of State Socialism during the last decade, the large cities having felt it more than the small. According to the statistical abstract for 1909, in 1907 the five city governments in the United States with the highest per capita cost of maintenance were: first, Washington, \$35.59; second, Boston, \$35.22; third, New York, \$24.51; fourth, Pittsburgh, \$21.80; and fifth, Cincinnati, \$19.87. According to the census special report on cities, in 1908 the five cities with the largest per capita of indebtedness were: first, New York, \$157.74; second, Cincinnati, \$128.61; third, Boston, \$119.48; fourth, Galveston, \$113.07; and fifth, Portland, Maine, \$107.41. For purposes of comparison the statistical abstract and the census report divide the 147 cities of over 30,000 inhabitants into four groups: Group I contains the 15 largest cities, of 300,000 inhabitants and over; Group II contains 25 cities of from 100,000 to 300,000 inhabitants; Group III, 46 cities of from 50,000 to 100,000 inhabitants; and Group IV, 61 cities of from 30,000 to 50,000 inhabitants. From 1902 to 1907 inclusive the per capita cost of maintenance of Group I

increased from \$18.76 to \$21.40; of Group II, from \$12.94 to \$16.22; of Group III, from \$12.88 to \$14.59; of Group IV, from \$11.55 to \$12.80; while the per capita cost of all 147 cities taken together increased during the same period from \$16.10 to \$18.58.

The per capita of indebtedness increased from 1902 to 1905 inclusive, in Group I, from \$75.68 to \$91.25; in Group II, from \$54.13 to \$56.32; in Group III, from \$46.78 to \$48.34; in Group IV, from \$40.10 to \$42.41; while in all 147 cities taken together it increased during the same period from \$63.62 to \$72.89.

The percentage of increase in per capita cost of maintenance from 1902 to 1907 was: Group I, 14 per cent; Group II, 25 per cent; Group III, 13 per cent; Group IV, 10 per cent; for all 147 cities, 15 per cent. The percentage of increase in per capita debts from 1902 to 1905 inclusive was: Group I, 20 per cent; Group II, 4 per cent; Group III, 3.34 per cent; Group IV, 5.7 per cent; for all 147 cities, 14 per cent. In other words, there was a constant increase for all cities both in maintenance and in indebtedness.

The proportionate increase in cost of maintenance was largest in Group II, and fairly uniform in Groups I, III, and IV; the proportionate increase in indebtedness was much larger in Group I than in Groups II, III, and IV. It is fair to assume that while the permanent public improvements have been much more numerous in the fifteen largest cities, the increase in the cost of their government has not been proportionately greater than in that of the smaller municipalities.

During 1905 these 147 cities paid out for all expenses, including loans, the enormous sum of \$1,030,797,319, or more than the cost of governing the nation — an increase of \$216,100,248, or 26.5 per cent in three years; while

in 1908, 158 cities paid out \$1,236,-782,824.

Every one of these cities maintained a free-school system, the largest per capita expenditure for this purpose in 1908 being that of Salt Lake City, \$8.18; the smallest, Montgomery, Alabama, \$1.63; the average for all cities being \$4.70. The largest gross sum expended for free education in 1910 was in New York, \$28,578,432. All of these cities owned and maintained public parks of some sort, and nearly all of them maintained alms-houses and hospitals. Forty-five cities had public playgrounds; seventeen, river or ocean beaches; thirty-one, public baths; and twenty-one, gymnasia. Forty-two cities owned zoölogical gardens; one owned and leased, and five owned and operated, gas plants; twenty-two cities owned and operated electric-light works. During the year 1908 the 158 largest cities expended for new properties or new work \$275,003,695, as against \$244,-117,298 during the previous year.

While in all cities the various transportation facilities are under the more or less rigorous control of either the state or the municipal government, New York is the only large city that has gone into the transportation business, not only as the owner of an underground railway leased to a private corporation, but also as the operator of two lines of municipal ferries. New York heads the list of cities engaged in municipal trading, having received, during 1908, from public-service enterprises, such as water-supply, toll-bridges, and the like, \$18,604,056; Chicago comes second with \$5,127,401; and Philadelphia third, with \$4,368,213.

IV

There is not a city in the Union that has not joined the procession toward collectivism. The typical American

city builds, owns, and operates bridges, ferries, docks, and water-supply; has built subways, gives free primary, secondary, and higher education to all boys and girls who apply, for which purpose it even maintains free colleges; supports libraries, museums, and collections of various kinds, nautical schools and observatories, free public baths, gymnasia, playgrounds and athletic fields, with free instruction in swimming, gymnastics, and athletics; all this besides its prisons, reformatories, work-houses, alms-houses, lodging-houses, asylums, laboratories, and hospitals of all sorts and kinds. Besides seeing to it that the citizen is law-abiding and moral, the city most carefully protects his health. It inspects his food and drink, attends to its quality, its measurement, and weight; it watches over his home or his tenement, sees that he has enough light, air, and space, and that his sanitary conditions are as they should be. It assumes toward the citizen at his birth the relation of a kind and generous, if somewhat fussy, grandmother, and continues this relationship until he has passed away.

Their experience of paternalism in municipal government has made the American people anxious for more. There are no people in the world more exacting, more captiously critical of the government of our cities than we are. We demand the extension of municipal activity in every direction, we are never satisfied even with the maximum of efficiency, and we denounce the extravagance of even the minimum of cost. Every extension of the function of government makes us eager for its further development. What was unheard-of a few years ago, we not only accept to-day as a matter of course, but are thoroughly dissatisfied with its insufficiency. Not so many years ago most of our free public schools limited their instruction to the three R's. To-day they not only car-

ry the pupil through a free college education, but maintain free trade-schools, and there is even a demand in some quarters for free professional education, while in other quarters a demand is being made seriously and vigorously for free meals for school-children, and for free medical attendance and inspection for their parents.

Not so many years ago the streets of our cities, if cleaned at all, usually were cleaned by the abutting property owners; to-day street-cleaning is a constantly expanding civic function. Thus in New York the mileage of streets cleaned increased from 971 in 1903 to 1210 in 1908, or 25 per cent; the amount of refuse collected increased during the same period 27.5 per cent, while the length of streets from which snow and ice were removed was increased from 241 to 471 miles. In the old individualistic days the citizen hesitated to accept the aid of government except as a last resort; in this state-socialistic era we not only accept, but demand as a matter of right, what our forbears would have refused. The majority of the parents whose children attend our free high schools and free colleges can afford to pay a tuition fee, many of those who are cared for at our free hospitals and free clinics are well to do, while the audiences who attend our free popular lectures are in no way different from those who may be seen at any of our theatres.

With our mixed population much of the paternalism in our municipal government is absolutely necessary. Our great cities receive annually vast accretions to their population from every country on earth. Most of these aliens come to us ignorant of our language, our customs, and our institutions; many of them have been subjected in the lands of their origin to unjust governmental restraint; almost all of them have been used to a more

or less oppressive governmental interference in every relation of life. If they are to become useful citizens of the United States, if they are to be absorbed into our nationality and made Americans, government must care for them, for they are unable to care for themselves. The city then must teach them, or at least their children, to read and write and think in English; must make them observe habits of health and cleanliness; must protect them from disease, and care for them when they are ill; must give them parks and playgrounds, baths and gymnasia; must, in short, fulfill toward them the parental relationship of State Socialism.

The marvelous results that have been attained by education and by wise governmental regulation and inspection, in transforming our aliens into Americans, have fully justified the enormous cost. Were Jeremy Bentham to return to earth and visit New York, he would doubtless deplore the abandonment of his principles, but he could not fail to approve the accomplishments of the last decade in social regeneration and human improvement. Even Jeremy Bentham would hesitate before returning to the straight and narrow path of individualism, by the abandonment of the almost innumerable public activities to which our cities are committed.

It being conceded that, because of the demand of almost all their citizens, our cities have adopted a policy of state socialism, the question naturally suggests itself, — 'Where will it all end?' It is easy enough to dismiss the subject, as the mayor of one of our largest cities is alleged to have done, with the cynical remark, 'What do I care? The taxpayers only number four per cent of the total vote.' But the devoted four per cent may be tried past endurance; there is a limit to the burden that the taxpayer can bear.

The public improvements now under

way or contemplated in our large cities, such as new water-supply, lines of rapid transit, sewers, bridges, public buildings, and the like, are intended in most cases to meet the needs or rather the demands of populations not much larger than those of to-day. The state-socialistic demand always keeps ahead of the possible government supply. Even when population remains nearly stationary, as in some European cities, the cost of government nevertheless constantly increases. Where population increases, the cost of government grows still more rapidly.

The chief source of municipal income in this country is a direct tax on real estate, a tax whose incidence is perfectly certain, for it is shifted directly to the consumer, that is, to the tenant. No relief can be hoped for in a reduction of the per capita cost of municipal government, and a consequent lightening of the burdens of taxation to the tenant; for while gross municipal expenditure at the present rate of increase (8.08 per cent *per annum*) will double in eleven years, the per capita cost is increasing at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, which, if maintained, will double in thirty-three years. In most of our cities real estate is assessed for purposes of taxation at almost if not quite its actual market value. The margin between market value and tax valuation is usually so slight that a continuance of 'hard times' would cause the former to fall below the lat-

ter.¹ On the other hand, even under normal conditions, if the present rate of increase in the cost of municipal government continues, the tax on city real estate must ultimately equal its rental value. Of course, the moment that this occurs taxation has become confiscation, and the dearest wish of the pure socialist has been realized.

The only alternative is retrenchment, retrenchment so merciless as to be beyond practical consideration until the pendulum of public opinion, having reached its collectivistic limit, begins to swing in the opposite direction.

Time alone can show whether we are on the eve of an individualistic reaction, or whether the present collectivistic tendency is destined to grow stronger and more widespread, until it commits us to a policy of governmental activity hitherto undreamed of, and only possible of realization through the repudiation of public debt, and the confiscation of private property.

¹ An estate consisting of twenty-three parcels, situated in different parts of the Borough of Manhattan (New York City), was recently sold at auction after great competition for a total of \$2,299,450, or six per cent more than the assessed tax valuations. Previous to the sale, the estate had been valued by various private appraisers, the highest valuation being \$35,000 less than the tax valuation. Since the sale, assessed valuations have been generally increased; the President of the Department of Taxes has recently stated that assessed valuations now generally equal actual market values.

THE NEW MISSIONARY OUTLOOK

BY HERBERT W. HORWILL

WHEN, a few years ago, the generosity of Mr. Alfred Mosely sent several English teachers on a tour in the United States, an American teacher contributed to a New York paper her impressions of those visitors whom chance had led to her own school. Her ungrudging tribute to their various excellent qualities reached a climax in her exclamation of delighted surprise: 'So different from the teachers in Dickens!' The discovery that Mr. Squeers is scarcely a type of the present-day English schoolmaster and that the methods of Dotheboys Hall do not fairly represent modern English pedagogics may appear somewhat belated. But one cannot very well describe this school-teacher's mental attitude as exceptional, when one remembers how many people, otherwise well-informed, still derive from the same source their ideas about foreign missions and foreign missionaries. By many intelligent persons Mrs. Jellyby's projects for the enlightenment of Borrioboola-Gha are taken as representing the real character of contemporary missionary enterprise, and a half-century-old caricature is seriously accepted as a faithful record of fact.

How amazed these *poco cognoscenti* would be if by any chance they should come across a few casual fragments of the official records of the World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh!¹

¹ *Reports of the World Missionary Conference, 1910.* New York, Chicago, & Toronto: Revell; Edinburgh & London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

And how their whole conception of the purpose, the methods, and the results, of foreign missions would be revolutionized if they would take the pains to study these nine volumes with the same care and freedom from prejudice as if they were candidates for a doctorate, investigating the science of missions with a view to the preparation of a thesis. We have here a collection of data of first-rate authority and value. In one respect it is admittedly imperfect, for the missions of the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches are outside its scope. As regards Protestant missions, however, the Conference was widely representative, delegates being invited from all societies which have agents in the foreign field, and which expend on foreign missions not less than \$10,000 a year. Hundreds of missionaries, themselves unable to be present at Edinburgh, contributed memoranda which, when sifted, summarized, and reported on by the several 'commissions,' provided material for the discussions. Almost every phase of the missionary problem was exhaustively considered, so that these published volumes of transactions constitute practically an encyclopædia to which students of missions will resort for many years, both for accurately ascertained facts and for carefully weighed opinions.

Nor is it unfriendly or apathetic outsiders alone to whom this publication would open up new vistas of thought and knowledge. Sympathizers, as well as critics and opponents,

need to revise their conceptions of the problem by its assistance. For even in the most ardent and aggressive sections of the Christian Church, it is only the specialists who have as yet understood how widely the conditions of the task have changed since the days of Moffat and Judson.

That the general missionary situation has been seriously modified during the last half-century is the first impression left upon the mind of the reader by a survey of the accumulated evidence. The new developments can be attributed in the main to one specific cause. If the missionary societies are compelled to-day to recast their methods in order to meet unfamiliar difficulties and to solve a problem that is almost bewildering in its novel complications, it is not on theologians, 'old' or 'new,' that they must cast the blame for the upheaval. The real creators of the revolution are James Watt, George Stephenson, and Robert Fulton. When we scrutinize the changes that make the most severe demands on missionary statesmanship, we find them nearly all reducible to the question of communications. Of course this shrinkage of the world works both ways. When a missionary can stand up before an audience in Edinburgh and remark incidentally that three weeks ago he was traveling in Mongolia, we can see as in a flash how the earlier difficulties of access have been simplified. It is no exaggeration to say that, by recent railway extensions alone, hundreds of millions of people — in the Levant, in Central Asia, in China, in the more populous parts of the East Indies, and in Africa — have been brought within comparatively easy range of Christian evangelistic effort. Yet, on the whole, the disadvantages of the quicker and cheaper means of transit seem, so far, to have outweighed the advantages.

In the first place, by these changes

many parts of the world, hitherto protected by their isolation, have now become exposed to the danger of military and imperialistic aggression by Western powers, with the natural consequence that the instinct of self-preservation prompts a cautious, not to say hostile, attitude to outside influences that previously excited little alarm. The conflict between Russia and Japan has revolutionized the situation in the Far East. To-day we find everywhere not merely, as before, a racial spirit, but a national spirit, which especially resents the introduction of any religion that arrives under foreign auspices. The cry has even been raised in some countries that Christianity, being universal in its aim, must necessarily be a foe to the spirit of patriotism. Again and again, stress is laid by the missionary correspondents on the significance of this awakening of a new national consciousness. Not only in China and Japan has this spirit received a strong impulse, but in India, we are told, 'it is now the conviction of many that everything Oriental, including their faith, must be conserved at all hazards, and everything Occidental, including Christianity, must be withstood to the uttermost.' Similar reports come from such diverse regions as Persia, Siam, Java, the Philippines, Egypt, and the native section of South Africa.

In the more progressive countries, such as Japan, one of the results of this more ardent patriotism has been the establishment of government systems of education on such a scale as to compel the missionary societies to revise from the foundation their policy of using schools and colleges as a means of spreading the Christian faith. The greater resources of the government institutions make competition with them difficult. At the same time the largely materialistic tendency of the teaching

in these state schools makes the need of definitely Christian schools more urgent than ever. Within the native churches themselves the leaven of nationalism is also working in aspirations for fuller powers of self-government and for liberation from the control of foreign missionaries or mission boards.

The railroad and the steamer have facilitated commercial and industrial, as well as political, changes. The expansion of modern trade has not left the mission field untouched. 'Scattered throughout Africa and the Pacific Islands, not to mention other sections of the world, are thousands of Western traders, large numbers of whom are exerting a demoralizing influence.' With every anxiety to beware of hasty generalizations, one is compelled to admit the conclusion that 'whenever an Eastern and a Western nation impinge upon one another, the contact in some mysterious way tends to bring out the worst there is in each.' A sample is the report from British East Africa that 'the railway is bringing up into the country men whose evil lives are positive hindrances to Christian work.'

Of late years the peril of injurious moral influences from industrial movement has taken a new form. The Fijian group, Christianized by the labors of the Wesleyan-Methodist missionaries, has been invaded by thousands of Indian coolies, many of them described as 'the sweepings of the Calcutta jails.' The Hawaiian natives, nearly all of them Christians, are now outnumbered three to one in their own islands by Japanese and Chinese immigrants. More serious still is the new problem created in many large communities by the introduction of Western industrial conditions. In South Africa the natives, when once they have worked in the mines for wages, 'go back to their tribal system

with their whole view of social relations and of duty transformed.' In Japan and India, home industries are being supplanted by the factory system with its usual accompaniment, the slum problem. As Bishop Bashford points out, China, with her hundreds of millions of inhabitants, is to-day confronted, all unawares, with the crisis of a transition from hand-labor to machine-labor,—a transition which in Western lands has often been attended by political as well as economic upheavals. Whether the foreign missionary confine himself strictly to his evangelistic message or offer the native communities the guidance in social developments which his wider education should have qualified him to give, such profound changes must inevitably affect the whole missionary outlook in these countries.

Another by-product of modern communications is the opportunity thereby given for the activity, in non-Christian countries, of those intellectual forces of the West which are antagonistic to Christianity. Half a century ago the religion brought by the missionary had no rival save the religion indigenous to the country. But the train or steamer that carries Bibles can carry also literature that is critical of the Christian revelation, even to the point of avowed hostility. 'The same problems of philosophy and theology,' says Dr. Lepsius, 'which come up at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, of Berlin and Jena, are discussed in Calcutta, Peking, and Tokyo, and in the daily papers of Cairo and of Constantinople.' The cities of Japan and China are to-day flooded with agnostic publications. A missionary from the Southern Mahratta country reports that the names of such writers as Schopenhauer and Haeckel are well known there. Delitzsch's 'Babel-Bibel' lecture was rendered into Marathi immediately on its delivery, and a widely-

circulated newspaper took it into every corner of the district. The more popular arguments of Ingersoll and Bradlaugh have been translated into the Indian vernaculars, and are being distributed in the public free libraries and throughout the villages. To this account of the hindrance caused by anti-Christian activities in the press must be added a note of the stimulus to materialistic ideas which has frequently been given by the temporary residence of Oriental students in Europe and America, where they are exposed to new and subtle influences which may weaken their old moral traditions without supplying any wholesome principles in their place.

These reports further bring out very clearly the aid given by improved methods of travel to the worship and propaganda of some of the leading non-Christian religions. By this means Mohammedanism has gained a new hold on the Malays of the Dutch East Indies. 'A generation ago their Mohammedanism was merely superficial, but it is daily becoming a more and more pervasive and dominant faith. The greatly increased pilgrimage to Mecca, brought about by cheap steamer-rates and better facilities, is consolidating Islam. The Hadji, or returned pilgrim, is thenceforth an ardent defender and propagator of the faith, which gives him peculiar honor.' In the same way, Buddhism has been able to revive the enthusiasm of its adherents by organizing on a larger scale pilgrimages to the sacred shrines. The Buddhists of Japan have also established a missionary society, which has sent workers to the mainland of Asia. As to Africa, 'Mohammedan traders are finding their way into the remotest parts of the continent, and it is well known that every Mohammedan trader is more or less a Mohammedan missionary.' Even among the natives of Cape Col-

ony 'there is a certain Moslem propaganda, to which the conditions of the situation are not unfavorable.'

It is evidence received direct from the field, let us remember, that has brought to light these new conditions. The missionaries reveal themselves in their own communications as keenly alive to every variation in national policy or social environment that tends to modify the character of their work. It is from the study of their letters that one of the commissions of the Conference draws the conclusion that 'the problems of the future differ in kind, as well as in scope and dimensions, from the problems of the past.' Everywhere the missionaries are eager that the campaign shall be planned with a more deliberate and careful strategy, and that the training and equipment of the recruits shall more closely match their task. They believe that the sacredness of their cause demands the devotion to it of the ripest judgment and shrewdest calculation. So far from excusing slipshod methods, their confidence that their work is divine and that it is assisted by the Spirit of God requires that the human coöperation shall be of the very highest quality.

The whole character of the Edinburgh Conference emphasizes this conviction that the missionary problem must henceforth be treated as a problem in applied science. These elaborate reports of the commissions, based on thousands of letters received from all parts of the world, mean an awakening to the fact that truly scientific research must precede any helpful generalizations on foreign missions, as on any other subject of inquiry, and that the results of these investigations must largely determine the course of further efforts. The appointment of a Continuation Committee, to carry on and extend the work of these commissions, is a guarantee that the scientific idea will be

a permanent factor in future policies of missionary expansion.

Too often in the past the enterprise of evangelizing the world has been regarded as a kind of guerilla warfare instead of as a unified campaign demanding thorough organization and prevision. Mere accident has often decided whether a new station shall be opened here rather than there. From this time forward a heavy responsibility will rest upon any mission board which distributes its resources of money or men without regard to the location of representatives of other societies, or to the comparative urgency of calls from various lands. In the disposition of the missionary forces, account must be taken of such matters as the density of the population, climatic conditions, the range of languages and dialects spoken, the temperamental characteristics of the people, their degree of culture, and the probability of raising up a strong staff of native workers. In some fields the concentration of several missionaries at one centre is the wiser policy; in others their diffusion over a wide area will be more effective.

Questions of time and opportunity have also a bearing on missionary strategy. For instance, at certain stages in the history of a country which has recently come into touch with the West, there are exceptional chances of influencing the young men who in a few years will become the national leaders. These and similar problems of generalship will compel the coördination of different societies and churches to a degree that has never yet been attempted. To avoid overlapping and friction there will be required in some instances such a reconstruction of traditional plans as will give an unrivaled occasion for the display of the truest Christian comity.

A scientific adaptation of means to ends will also determine the choice of

methods. Roughly speaking, the principal missionary methods may be classified as evangelistic (including not only preaching, but pastoral and other means of caring for the native church), educational, medical, literary, and industrial. There is probably no country in which each of these would not be of service, but their importance will naturally vary according to local conditions. Medical missions, which have done more than anything else to break down anti-Christian prejudice in Persia, count for comparatively little in a country like Japan, with its modern developments of medical science and its excellent provision of public hospitals. The industrial training so valuable in developing the powers of the South African native is practically useless as a way of approach to the Chinaman, already diligent and expert in the practice of the manual arts.

But the most finished strategy depends for its execution on the competence of 'the man behind the gun.' *The Preparation of Missionaries* is accordingly the subject of one of the largest of these nine volumes, and the questions with which it is concerned overflow into almost every other section also. It is here that we are especially impressed with one of the outstanding characteristics of the modern missionary. This demand for a more thorough special training — a demand most urgently pressed by men now on the field, who have discovered how the lack of such preparation has handicapped their own efforts — grows largely out of the sympathetic attitude of the missionaries toward the life of the people among whom they labor. So far from regarding the religion and social customs of these people with scorn and contempt, they show an almost painful anxiety to get into close touch with native tradition and native thought. They have undertaken their life-work, it is true,

with the deliberate aim of promoting the supremacy of the religion in which they themselves believe. But that does not necessarily mean that they are blind to the purifying and uplifting elements in other systems.

There are some forms of religion, no doubt, in which it is difficult to find much, either in doctrine or in practice, of which the friendliest student can say that the mission of Christianity is not to destroy but to fulfill it. After reading, for instance, the description of the beliefs and observances of Animism, one can easily understand the reluctance of some missionaries to apply the name 'religion' to them at all. Nor is one surprised to find from the discussions of the Conference that some missionaries of long experience hesitate to endorse the representations given by the Fourth Commission — that on 'The Missionary Message in relation to Non-Christian Religions' — of the extent to which these religions afford a foundation for Christian teaching. 'The Hinduism you have got in the report,' says one of them point-blank, 'is not the Hinduism which bulks largest in daily life.'

In a supplementary report the Commission make their position clearer by the following admirable statement: 'It is entirely true that Hinduism cannot be spoken of as a preparation for Christianity in anything like the same way as the Old Testament is such a preparation. No such view has ever been contemplated by the Commission. The analogy suggested in the report is not with the Old Testament but with Hellenism, which assuredly had the basest elements in it side by side with nobler things. It has its beautiful but poisonous mythology, its corrupt sexual morality, its cruel system of slavery, as well as its noble philosophy. Yet the presence of this base and cruel side of Hellenism did

not prevent St. John or the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews from using its highest categories of thought and transforming them through the vital power of the Spirit. . . . There is no reason whatever for Christian propaganda,' they conclude, 'unless the missionary has something new to proclaim; but it is equally certain that there is no basis whatever for the missionary appeal unless the missionary can say, "Whom therefore ye worship in ignorance, him declare I unto you."'

Even where the native faith itself seems to offer few 'points of contact' with Christianity, there is sure to be in the minds of the people some upward impulse, some desire for deliverance from evil powers, some vague aspirations for a higher life, which may in some measure be used as a *preparatio evangelica*. But this cannot be done except by a missionary who has acquired an insight into the working of the native mind on religious themes, and this insight is the fruit of a combination of an unprejudiced and kindly spirit and a long and careful study. Of these two qualifications it is only the second that is often lacking. Nothing could be more tactful than the general attitude of the missionary toward the people he addresses. His normal policy is constructive rather than destructive. The shrewd suggestion is made that, if any destructive work has to be done, it should be left to the native minister, who can say freely things that in the mouth of a foreigner would be regarded as insulting. In the same way, Principal Mackichan, of Bombay, refuses to call himself an iconoclast. 'It seems to me,' he says, 'that our mission is to present Christ to the people and win them from their idols, so that they, and not we, should become iconoclasts.' It is in the backing up of this kindly temper by an intelligent appreciation of native thought that the missionary has too

often come short, mainly through deficient opportunities of study.

If the plans outlined at the Conference are carried into effect, the missionary of the future will not be sent out to pick up this knowledge as best he can in the midst of the exhausting duties of his post, but will already have taken a general course of instruction in comparative religion, supplemented by special courses in the subjects most closely related to his own field. In certain cases recognition will be made of the high technical qualifications needed to meet the demands of a particular field at a particular juncture. Work among Hindu students, for instance, requires just now the services not simply of men of liberal culture, but of experts in philosophy competent to hold their ground against apologists for Hindu Pantheism. In another environment a scholarly acquaintance with the Koran or with the Confucian classics may be an almost indispensable condition of success. In every way the colleges and boards responsible for the curriculum must so study the problem of adaptation that, so far as possible, to the Arabs the missionary may become an Arab, to the Chinese he may become a Chinaman, and to the Kaffirs he may become a Kaffir.

The call for a blending of sympathy, knowledge, and judgment, is no less exacting in the region where religious faith is involved with social custom. It is often extremely difficult to determine the precise status of a particular usage, and to decide whether it is to be regarded as essentially part of a pagan cult, or as of neutral quality, and therefore capable of being perpetuated without harm if once it can be freed from its traditional associations. A typical example is the reverence paid in China and Japan to departed ancestors and national heroes, a reverence which is closely interwoven with the historic

civilization of those countries. There are certain elements in this 'ancestor worship' in its popular form which are plainly inconsistent with Christianity; for example, the belief that the welfare of the dead depends upon the offerings made to them by the living, and that likewise the welfare of the living depends upon the protection of the dead. Accordingly, both the native churches and the missionaries in China are agreed that the practice must not be continued by the Christian converts. At the same time the idea at the basis of this custom has an obvious kinship with the great Christian doctrine of the communion of saints, which binds the seen and the unseen in one vast fellowship, as well as with Christian teachings as to the dignity of family relationships. It is wisely recommended that these features of the Christian faith should be emphasized in the missionary propaganda in China, and especially that every Christian burial should be made an occasion of showing the falsity of the charge that Christians are guilty of an unfeeling disregard for the memory of their departed friends.

A more startling but quite reasonable suggestion is that the Oriental institution of the 'go-between' — a woman who makes a living professionally by arranging betrothals and marriages — should be explicitly recognized by the Christian churches, and that they should use their influence to secure that, in the case of Christian families, this important function be exercised by those persons only who are of approved character. This proposal is an admirable example of the alertness of the modern missionary to promote the Christianizing of any existing social customs, which, however strange to Western ideas, are not in themselves objectionable. Here, again, preliminary study of anthropology and kindred subjects, with special reference to the

field in which he is to labor, will go a long way to prepare the missionary for an intelligent handling of such problems. To this may well be added a training in sociology for the benefit of those missionaries at least who are likely to undertake work in communities where industrial and commercial changes are creating a new social environment.

It might seem a commonplace to include a knowledge of the vernacular among the necessary conditions of a really competent understanding of the religion and the life of a people. There is reason to believe, however, that in the past a standard of bare intelligibility has too often been considered sufficient. This has been due partly to the pedagogic incompetence of native teachers, and partly to the urgency of the demand for immediate service in the field, which has prevented newcomers from completing even such meagre courses of study as had been arranged for them. The missionaries themselves admit that to attempt to gain an insight into the native conceptions of things except through the medium of the vernacular is 'to hang a ladder in the air.' Even college students who can speak and read English can best be approached on the deepest subjects in the mother-tongue — the language of the heart and of the home. For this reason the Conference approves the practice of Christian schools in China of devoting considerable time to the Chinese classics, and recommends that efforts be made in every country to develop a native literature permeated with Christian ideas, which shall include not only books with a definite theological message, but biography, history, social science, and even fiction.

As regards the missionary's own language-training, it is urged by some high authorities that it should begin before he sails. It can be carried out at home,

so it is alleged, by more scientific methods and in a less distracting environment than on the field. On this point there is a conflict of opinion, but the Commission has no doubt of the value at any rate of instruction in the modern science of phonetics as preparatory to any subsequent linguistic work. And those who most doubt the wisdom of spending time in language-study at home are emphatic in their insistence upon the need of establishing in the various fields a really first-class system of training colleges in place of the happy-go-lucky methods of instruction with which so many missionary recruits in the past have had to be content.

The new missionary, the product of the training above outlined, will in some fields have to discharge very different functions from those of his predecessor. In many countries his primary task will no longer be that of a pioneer evangelist — for such duties will fall mainly to the lot of the native worker—but of a leader and educator. However expert he may become in his special studies the disadvantages of his alien origin and upbringing can never be entirely overcome. Only by indigenous thinkers and apostles can the interpretation of Christianity in terms of native thought, and its acclimatization in the life of the people on a large scale, really be brought about. To discover and train men capable of this service will be the foreign missionary's most critical and most fruitful occupation.

Regret is frankly expressed that hitherto the native preacher or teacher has been scarcely more than an echo. The native church has shown very little sign of 'any original or formative thought on the great questions of the Divine revelation and of spiritual life.' It has accepted not only the substance of the missionary's message, but the form also. In its delight at the new power and life communicated by the

spirit of the Gospel teaching, it has been conscious of no incongruity in the framework of creeds and confessions which has been fashioned in the ecclesiastical conflicts of the European churches. It seemed to him 'shocking,' said Bishop Gore at the Conference, that the native pastors should so largely have been trained by the aid of documents like the Thirty-nine Articles and the Westminster Confession, 'documents full of controversies which are partial, which do not belong to the universal substance of our religion.' But as yet no such thrill of indignant protest agitates the native churches. Indeed, many native correspondents candidly replied that they could not understand the meaning of the question asking whether they had been perplexed by 'the distinctively Western elements' in the missionary message as presented to them. The Western character of the missionary himself was obvious enough, and in some cases had aroused prejudice against him, but they were unaware of anything in the message which was especially difficult to assimilate. Perhaps if the question had been put to non-converts, a different answer might have been received.

The missionaries themselves are well aware of the handicap they suffer through the crystallization of Christian doctrine in shapes that are repugnant to the Oriental mind, and they tell us how practical experience in the field, while not in any way shaking their own faith, has profoundly modified their conceptions of the due proportion of the various elements in its content. The report of Commission IV, indeed, goes so far as to declare that 'Christian theology must be written afresh for every fresh race to which it comes, so that it may justify itself to all as the abiding wisdom that cometh from above, ever quick and powerful, and not be misrepresented as

if it were no more than a precipitation from the antiquated text-books of the West.'

There is something that appeals powerfully to the imagination in the prospect of what will happen when Oriental thought has had time to make its contribution to the rectifying of the traditional Christian theology and Christian ethics. 'What we desire to see,' says a correspondent of this Commission, 'is not simply Christianity in India, but an Indian Christianity.' For the present generation the desire will have to suffice. But before many decades are past the sight itself may gladden the eyes of our children, who will then become the contemporaries of an event in religious history worthy of being compared in its significance with the great Reformation. That new form of religion yet to be developed in Asia will not be an amalgam of Christianity and Buddhism, but will as fully deserve the name of Christianity as anything now preached from English or American pulpits. It will differ from Christianity, as we know it, not by any heretical omissions or substitutions, but by bringing into prominence certain phases of the Christian Gospel which have hitherto been obscured or overlooked through the peculiar development of Western civilizations and types of character. These elements have been existing all the time in the Christianity of the New Testament, but we have ignored them or underestimated their importance because they did not suit our own way of thinking.

'Eastern theology,' predicts the principal of a college in Bengal, 'will be more on the lines of the gospel of St. John than the Epistle to the Romans.' The Hindu, more contemplative and mystical than we, will find himself at home in regions of Christian thought where the most cultivated Western thinker moves with difficulty. Hence

the members of Commission IV look forward with eager anticipation to the time when 'whether through the Christianized mind of India, or through the mind of the missionary stirred to its depths by contact with the Indian mind, we shall discover new and wonderful things in the ancient Revelation which have been hidden in part from the just and faithful of the Western world.' China, again, by her intense feeling of the solidarity of the people, has a valuable contribution to make to the interpretation of the truth that if one member suffers all the members suffer with it. If these glowing forecasts are fulfilled, even in a moderate degree, will there not come back to the countries from which the missionaries were sent an enrichment of their spiritual life which, in its reward for the labors and gifts of the past, will illustrate once more the great law of blessing through sacrifice?

It is not only on its formularies and theological text-books that the conflicts of the Church have stamped a peculiarly Occidental mark. Systems of church government bear equally the impress of provincial conditions and temporary emergencies. Here again, the new missionary will be prepared to take the place of a learner as well as a teacher. Naturally, when the foreign evangelist has gathered around him sufficient converts to be grouped in a native church, he establishes an ecclesiastical system corresponding to that of the church which sent him out. Every church organization that has yet been devised has merits of its own as a practical working scheme, and it is scarcely surprising that in this point also the native converts have generally been quite willing to adopt, without serious criticism, whatever pattern of church order may have been commended to them. As in the case of doctrine, the native mind has hitherto done little

in the way of any original attempt to solve the problems of administration. But two forces are arousing it into activity. One is the general awakening, as already mentioned, of a national consciousness. This is bound to bring with it an impatience of foreign control, a readiness to assume those responsibilities of initiative and direction which have hitherto been borne by the missionary on the ground or the mission board at home, a desire to exercise in church government an independence parallel to that which is claimed in politics. The almost unanimous sympathy with these aspirations shown in the discussions at Edinburgh was a notable feature of the Conference.

Another impulse comes from the fact that the native Christians are discovering how sorely the progress of their faith is hampered by ecclesiastical divisions, which may have had sufficient justification in other lands and at other times, but which there is no excuse for perpetuating on the mission field to-day. The whole thing reaches its *reductio ad absurdum* in the story of a Hindu who is asked by a visitor to what church he belongs, and has just enough knowledge of English to be able to reply that he is a Scotch Presbyterian. To the converts from a non-Christian religion the difference between one form of church government and another seems so trifling that they cannot understand why it should be allowed to interfere with the united action that is required to make the Christian propaganda most effective. If the missionaries will lead them in the movement for union, so much the better; if not, the evidence is clear that in some countries at least the native churches will within a few years take the matter into their own hands.

An example of practical alliance has been set in West China, where the Protestant missions (1) have mapped

out the field so as to prevent overlapping, (2) have established a union university, and a common board of study and examination; (3) have united in the management of a mission hospital, (4) are coöperating in the working of a mission press with a common hymn-book, a common magazine, etc., and (5) have a standing committee on church union, whose aim is definitely expressed as 'one Christian Church for Western China.' The possible results of a widespread following of this example may be inferred from the deliberate statement of Mr. J. R. Mott, that a well-considered plan of coöperation in the missionary work of the societies represented in the Conference 'would be more than equivalent to doubling the present missionary staff.'

And just as the mission churches may be expected in the course of time to influence the thought of Occidental Christianity, so one may hope that before long their freedom from the ecclesiastical restraints imposed by tradition may lead the mother churches into the same liberty. 'It is a thought not without its grandeur,' said Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the President of the Conference, in his opening address, 'that a unity begun in the mission field may extend its influence and react upon us at home and throughout the older civilizations; that it may bring to us increased hope of international peace among the nations of the world, and of at least fraternal coöperation and perhaps a greater measure of unity in ecclesiastical matters at home.'

A WAVE

BY CHARLES LEMMI

FROM the vast surface of the ocean gray,
 'Neath leaden clouds banked o'er the wintry day,
 Silent I swell, and swelling silent glide
 Towards the beach that, gray as all beside,
 Stretches its endless length and on each hand
 Dies in the mist as dies the inward land.

The light glints dully on my rounded mass
 As o'er the shifting depths below I pass
 To add my note to the mysterious dirge
 That moans and mutters darkly, 'Surge on surge,
 From the unknown, amid perpetual roar,
 To the mute, half-known shore!'

NULLIFYING THE LAW BY JUDICIAL INTERPRETATION

BY HARRISON S. SMALLEY

I

ONE of the most familiar facts concerning our political system is the division of powers between the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the government. Hardly less familiar is the conventional method of describing the respective spheres of these three branches, — that it is the function of the legislative department to *make* law; of the executive, to *enforce* law; and of the judicial, to *apply* law in the settlement of controversies or 'cases.' Yet it is obvious to all who have given the matter any thought that none of the departments keeps strictly within its own proper sphere, but that, on the contrary, whatever the theory may be, in practice each performs to a limited extent functions which belong to the others. Thus it is evident that when the Senate is engaged in the conduct of impeachment proceedings it is performing a judicial function, and that when the President vetoes a bill, or a department chief issues a ruling or order, the executive is concerned with lawmaking, and hence is discharging a legislative function.

But of the three, the judicial department is the one which is permitted by our system to encroach most deeply upon the others. Instead of being confined to the truly judicial function of applying law to cases, our courts exercise several great classes of powers, none of which is judicial in character.

One of these it is the purpose of this article to discuss.

The courts are constantly engaged in interpreting statutes which have been enacted by legislative authority. In a sense it is quite natural that they should do this; indeed, it is so natural that the propriety of the proceeding has remained practically unquestioned. A statute is enacted; a case arises under it; in connection with the case a difference of opinion appears as to the meaning or application of some word, or phrase, or clause. What is the court to do? Conceivably it might submit the controverted question to the legislature and ask that body to interpret its own act; but this the court would not be likely to do. The legislature might not be in session at the time; and moreover there is no precedent for so referring a question of statutory construction. But if the question is not to be submitted to the legislature, the court must itself shoulder the responsibility of furnishing the answer. Hence this is a sort of responsibility which it is the established practice of our courts to accept.

But however natural it may be that our courts should assume this duty, in the absence from our political system of any other convenient method of interpretation of statutes, it is nevertheless a fact that the function itself is legislative rather than judicial in character. Such a statement runs counter to the idea commonly held, that statutory construction is a prerogative of

the courts; but it must be remembered that this idea is derived wholly from the fact that the judiciary has for a long period exercised this type of authority, and does not inquire into the reasons which explain that fact. The truth is that in so far as they have exercised this function the courts have exercised it, not as a matter of right, but because they have been suffered to do so by the legislative branch of government. And the legislature has allowed them the privilege solely as a matter of convenience, in order to expedite the application of laws in the settlement of controversies. But the function is nevertheless purely legislative. This seems so obvious as hardly to need argument. To interpret law is to assist in making it. To expound the meaning of a statutory provision is virtually to amend and amplify the provision in question, and hence is legislative activity.

If a legislature, having enacted a law, should become convinced that its meaning was not sufficiently clear or precise, and should therefore proceed to revise or expand certain of its provisions, would not such supplementary action be strictly legislative? Yet that is in substance exactly what the judiciary does when it construes a statute. Interpretation subsequent to the passage of an act is essentially amendment of it.

That the interpretative function is legislative in its nature, is often implicitly recognized even by our courts. Frequently a legislature gives its own interpretation of a statutory provision. It embodies in the law a declaration that 'wherever the word —— is used in this act it shall be taken to mean' Or else a clause is inserted providing that 'nothing in this act contained shall be construed to forbid . . . ,' or, 'this section shall not be construed to allow' And in vari-

ous other ways the meaning and application of phrases and sections are specified. Now, when the legislature includes in a statute such an interpreting clause, the courts never fail to adopt the interpretation there given. And in so doing they recognize the superiority of the legislative voice in the matter; they admit that legislative construction controls; they concede, therefore, the fundamentally legislative character of the function.

But while the interpretation of statutes is thus a legislative matter, the courts are in the habit of attending to it, and all must admit that in some ways it is convenient that they should do so. Hence they will doubtless continue the practice unless weighty reasons are found why some other arrangement should be made. Do such reasons exist?

In a recent article Justice Lurton, of the Supreme Court, touched upon this subject, and although he upholds the judicial power to construe statutes, he nevertheless concedes that in the interpretative function there lurks an immeasurable power, which is all the more dangerous to the public welfare because under its cover it is possible for a bad or ignorant judge to defeat the legislative purpose. But this is not the only danger. Aside from the conduct of bad or ignorant judges, the practice of judicial interpretation has developed very serious evils, which are now beginning to make themselves felt. Four of these evils I wish to discuss at some length.

First. A fairly complete interpretation of an important statute can be obtained only after prolonged delay, and by the incurring of large expense.

Under our present system statutory construction is an incident of litigation. A question of interpretation can receive no official consideration until

it arises in connection with a lawsuit, and no answer can be regarded as authoritative until the case is settled, not by the trial court, but by the highest court which is competent to pass upon it. Thus the slow-moving 'wheels of justice' delay the answer for a year or more, — usually more, — and re-trials, appeals, and other supplementary proceedings are likely to postpone it for at least another year. And as in each case only the particular questions of construction necessarily involved in the controversy can properly be settled by the court, it frequently happens that a series of cases must be carried to final judgment before all the dubious points in an act, or even in one section of an act, can be fully cleared up. The expense of this litigation must be borne by some one, and is not an item to be ignored; but the more important phase of the matter is the delay. Many years must pass in which the people are in doubt as to the meaning of the statute; and if, as is often the case, it is an act which affects industrial interests, the prolonged uncertainty is a depressing factor in the business situation.

A capital illustration may be found in the Sherman Anti-Trust law. Passed by Congress in 1890, its meaning has not yet, after twenty years, been fully elucidated by the Supreme Court, although many cases have been tried under it. Some people are so discouraged by the failure of protracted litigation adequately to illuminate the act, that they are inclined to regard it as hopelessly obscure. President Taft, on the other hand, seems confident that the significance of the law has in the main been explained by judicial decisions. But, after all is said, the fact remains that under our present system twenty years have not sufficed for a full interpretation of a statute which was so important that a complete understanding of it should have been gained by

the people of the country with the least possible delay. Any number of other illustrations may be given, and some will be found in cases mentioned later in other connections.

Second. The existing practice compels our judges to assume an attitude on current economic and political questions.

As has been said, law-interpretation is law-making, and to the extent that judges are engaged in the exposition of statutes they are making laws for the people. They can no longer, therefore, maintain the position of arbiters, impartially applying rules of law to the controversies of litigants. They have become legislators, engaged in the determination of governmental policy in matters of a political and economic character.

A law is passed by the legislature for the regulation of corporations; but whether the regulation shall be mild or severe rests, within wide limits, with the judges who interpret it. By one construction they can nullify the law; by another, they can hold the corporations to a very strict account. And so it is necessary for judges to take an attitude, to reveal their personal convictions with reference to those 'problems of the day' which are the subject of so much important legislation. Almost inevitably their decisions disclose whether they are more in sympathy with the trusts, the financial 'interests' and those magnates popularly known as 'malefactors of great wealth,' who so loudly proclaim their 'vested interests' and 'property rights,' or with the great body of the people who urge in reply their claims of 'popular rights' and the 'public welfare.'

Similarly, judicial interpretation may well serve to indicate whether the judges sympathize with labor or with capital; whether they are in accord with movements for the alleviation of

the working conditions of labor; and, in general, whether they favor those modern measures which aim at the elevation of the moral plane of competition and of business, and which do not refuse to make some sacrifice of the traditional rights of liberty, contract, and property, when that is necessary in order to attain the end desired. Their decisions disclose these things because it is practically impossible for them to conceal their point of view in construing statutes dealing with such subjects.

But this necessity of descending from their judicial aloofness into the turmoil of present-day industrial and political struggles, is not a good thing from any point of view. It detracts from the dignity of the judges, and diminishes the respect which has so long been felt for our courts. Worst of all from their point of view, it exposes the judges to a new species of criticism, — a criticism not of their learning, nor of their judicial fairness, nor of their legal acumen, but of their economic policy. The wisdom and righteousness of their ideas in regard to great matters of public policy are being called in question, and from the effects of such criticism they should surely be protected, if any means of protection can be found. Moreover, as will presently appear, the entrance of the judges into the arena of industrial conflict is not helpful to the people in their efforts to solve the problems which perplex them.

Third. The existing practice promotes carelessness in legislation.

It is the duty of a legislative body to give to the people laws which are as precise and clear as possible; but this is a duty which is often neglected, for legislators know that any confusion, ambiguity, or uncertainty in a statute will in the long run be cleared up by the courts, and this knowledge is one of the

causes which are producing careless drafting of bills. Indeed it sometimes happens that legislators deliberately frame an act so that its meaning will not be clear, in order to throw on the courts the task of determining the question of policy involved, thereby avoiding the necessity of deciding it themselves.

An excellent illustration of this line of conduct was furnished by Congress in the passage of the Hepburn bill in 1906. Since that measure conferred on the Interstate Commerce Commission power to fix railroad rates on complaint, it was of the utmost importance to define precisely the limits of that power. Should the Commission be allowed to regulate rates freely except as limited by constitutional restraints, or should more narrow restrictions be placed upon it? Unable to agree on this question, the differing factions in Congress at last concurred in a phrasing of the law which left the matter unsettled. They adopted provisions which were capable of different interpretations, thereby compelling the courts to solve a legislative problem, to determine the nation's policy as to this important phase of the regulation of railway corporations. After what has been said as to the stately progress of judicial construction, need it be added that the problem is still unsolved?

Fourth. Frequently the legislative intent fails of recognition, and a statute is made to accomplish more or less than its authors purposed.

This is by all means the most serious result of the existing system of judicial interpretation. An act of legislation, however much demanded and needed by the public, may totally fail to accomplish its end, or at least may become such a feeble instrument as to be altogether disappointing, while on the other hand it may be applied to sit-

uations not contemplated at the time of its enactment. Such broadening of the scope of a statute is not common, but examples may be found, one of which is furnished by the Sherman Anti-Trust law. That statute was designed to meet the evils of the industrial trusts, but seven years after its passage the Supreme Court ruled that it should also be applied to *railway agreements and combinations*.

In a large majority of cases, however, judicial construction produces an opposite result, and operates to restrict the application of statutes. In fact, the tendency in this direction is so strong that in many cases provisions of law are actually nullified by judicial interpretation, — provisions, that is, which the courts uphold as perfectly valid and constitutional, but upon which they place so peculiar a construction as to deprive them of all their vitality. Thus many a law admirably designed for the alleviation of some distressing social or economic ill gives little, if any, of the relief desired.

Before proceeding to enforce the seriousness of this evil by reference to important laws which have been weakened or nullified by the courts, we shall do well to pause and ask why our judges exhibit so marked a tendency to interpret statutes in this manner. Two potent reasons may be suggested.

While contemplating a statute, judges are thinking of legal technicalities, and not of the social conditions which called forth the law and which it was intended to ameliorate. Often judges have but an imperfect understanding of such conditions; but however complete or limited their knowledge may be, when called upon to give a judicial ruling on the statute, the technicalities of the law control their thoughts. This is a most natural result of the character of the law in which they have

been trained. When James I tried to convince Lord Coke that the king was competent to dispense justice, because the law was supposed to settle cases through reason, and the king had reason as well as the judges, Lord Coke replied, —

‘True it is that God has endowed your Majesty with excellent science as well as great gifts of nature, but your Majesty will allow me to say, with all reverence, that you are not learned in the laws of this your realm of England, and I crave to remind your Majesty that causes which concern life, or inheritance, or goods, or fortunes of your subjects are not decided by natural reason, but by the artificial reason and judgment of the law.’

In this statement Lord Coke expressed an important truth. The reasoning of the law, and hence the thinking of judges, is in a high degree artificial. Its course is determined by fictions, presumptions, precedents, technical definitions; and hence the interpretation of a statute by a judge may be far from that which one would give to it who endeavored, in a plain, common-sense way, to effectuate the purpose of the statute. Judges are more intent on upholding the technicalities of the law, and on preserving the harmony of judicial definitions and *dicta*, than they are on accomplishing the social object contemplated by the legislative mind.

A second reason why judicial interpretation so often proves fatal to the effectiveness of an act is to be found in the fact that much modern legislation is designed for the regulation of industry; and in the further fact that, in principle and spirit, the system of law which prevails in this country, and which we inherited from England, is hostile to such legislation. For the regulation of industry invariably means the limitation of personal and property

rights in commercial enterprise; while it is the traditional policy of the law to preserve such rights inviolate. The great body of the people clearly recognize that during the last century, and especially during the last generation, serious social and industrial evils have come into existence, to the injury of the general public; and they also plainly see that, to mitigate or destroy these evils, some distinct limitations must be placed on private rights of contract and property. But our system of law has not followed the course of industrial evolution, or at best has followed it with slow and reluctant step. In the main our system of law is still lingering in the eighteenth century. Indeed, it has been so little impressed by the evils with which the public are struggling that it has modified little, if at all, its ancient declaration in favor of the protection of private rights against interference. And hence judges still proclaim, as in the language of the late Justice Brewer, that 'the protection of vested rights of property is a supreme duty of the courts,' that, indeed, 'the primary duty of the courts is the protection of the rights of persons and property,' — having in mind, not the social or popular rights which are today struggling for recognition through government regulation of industry, but rather those strictly private, selfish rights which it is the object of public control to limit in the interest of the general welfare.

If such is still the avowed purpose of the law, and the declared duty of the courts, it is but natural that judges who are trained in the law, and filled with its spirit, should look askance at modern industrial legislation, and should think of it, not as a body of rules which should be applied with a firm hand, but as a body of rules all out of harmony with the traditions and ideals of the law, — designed, in fact, to

invade those 'sacred rights' which, in the eyes of the law, it is the very purpose of government to preserve. Looking at industrial legislation in this way, it is only natural that judges in their interpretations should tend both consciously and unconsciously to moderate the rigor of the statutes. It would hardly be humanly possible for them to give any more force than they felt absolutely obliged to give to statutes which, from their eighteenth-century point of view, are fundamentally wrong. In brief, the legal and judicial bias against legislation of this type must be and is manifested in statutory interpretation.

To show that this is practically as well as theoretically true, several instances will now be cited in which judicial construction has destroyed, or at least emasculated, provisions of important statutes.

The Interstate Commerce Act, as passed in 1887, contained no provision which declared in precise terms that the Commission should have power to regulate railway rates. But the act did declare that all rates must be reasonable and not unjustly discriminatory, and did authorize the Commission to investigate rate-conditions, and to issue orders requiring railways to desist from violations of the act. These provisions clearly admitted of the interpretation that the Commission could regulate rates. Such was the understanding at the time, and the Commission assumed it to be true. But in the decisions rendered in 1896 and 1897, the Supreme Court placed an opposite construction on the act and refused to permit the Commission longer to regulate rates. Thus the Commission was bereft of its authority until Congress restored it in 1906.

Among the evils which the Interstate Commerce Act aimed to prevent was that form of discrimination which con-

sists in charging more for a short than for a long haul. Railways had been in the habit of reducing rates at competitive points without making corresponding reductions at intermediate points, thus placing the latter towns at a serious disadvantage in comparison with the former. To prevent such practices, the act provided that it should be unlawful 'to charge or receive any greater compensation in the aggregate for the transportation of passengers or of like kind of property, under substantially similar circumstances and conditions, for a shorter than for a longer distance over the same line, in the same direction, the shorter being included within the longer distance.' But to obviate the danger that rates might become too rigid, or that other injury might result from the too strict application of this clause, Congress gave the Commission power to relieve railways from the application of the clause in specific cases in which good cause could be shown.

The intent of this 'Long and Short Haul Clause' was obvious, but unfortunately at least two phrases admitted of differing constructions. Certain lower federal courts began to construe 'over the same line' in such a way as to destroy much of the effectiveness of the clause. They held that when a shipment passed over tracks of two or more railway companies, it was not carried 'over the same line' as a shipment not passing over the same combination of tracks. Thus if A and B were two connecting railways, a long haul over A and B and a short haul over A alone were said not to be over the same line, although they passed over the same rails, perhaps in the same car. It seems incredible that so strained and artificial an interpretation should have gained even momentary acceptance, yet it was adopted

by the lower courts until the Supreme Court finally held to the contrary, in 1896 — nine years after the act was passed.

But while the Supreme Court thus renounced an interpretation which was limiting the usefulness of the clause, one year later the same tribunal construed another phrase in such a manner as to annul the clause entirely, for all practical purposes. It held, in 1897, that two hauls do not take place 'under substantially similar circumstances and conditions,' when the longer is between two towns at which the railway company is subject to competition, while the shorter is between two towns at which there is no such competition. As these were the very circumstances under which the discriminations aimed at by the clause were taking place, as the lower charges for longer hauls were being made almost exclusively at competitive points, this construction meant that there were practically no cases to which the clause could apply. In other words, the Supreme Court interpreted the clause as allowing the very abuses which it was intended to prohibit! As a result the famous 'Long and Short Haul Clause' became a dead letter and remained such until 1910, when Congress made an effort to revitalize it by eliminating the phrase, 'under substantially similar circumstances and conditions.'

In 1903, Congress passed the Elkins law, which, though it dealt with railway rates, was really designed as an anti-trust measure. On the theory that one of the strong props supporting the trusts is the use of railway discriminations, the act endeavored to prevent such practices, especially those personal preferences which are awarded in the shape of rebates. In the famous 'twenty-nine million dollar' Standard Oil case, the Circuit Court of Appeals gave to the act two disastrous con-

structions. Under the rules of federal procedure, the case could not be appealed to the Supreme Court, so a final judgment was not rendered; but if the rulings of the Court of Appeals are finally sustained, the Elkins law will be enormously weakened, notwithstanding the fact that an amendment passed by Congress has dulled the edge of one of the rulings.

The act was construed by the Court of Appeals as requiring the government to prove, not only that the shipper received a concession, but also that he knew at the time that he was receiving a concession. To secure legal proof of such knowledge is an extremely difficult task, and to throw the burden of proof on the government would mean that it would fail in a great many cases in which it ought to succeed. This interpretation therefore was calculated to impair very seriously the efficiency of the act.

The other construction related to the 'unit of offense.' The act imposed as a penalty a fine of not less than one thousand nor more than twenty thousand dollars for each offense, but unfortunately did not indicate precisely what should constitute an offense. Now, in connection with discriminations any one of the following acts may be thought of as the misdeed: —

The formation of an agreement to give and receive a concession.

The making of a settlement under such an agreement; that is, the payment by the favored shipper of a sum less than would be due under the established rates; or the payment by the railway of an amount of money constituting a rebate.

The making of a consignment of goods under such an agreement.

The shipment of a hundredweight, or of a ton, or of a carload, or of a train-load of goods under such an agreement.

In the trial court Judge Landis interpreted the act to mean that the shipment of each carload constitutes a separate offense, and he accordingly endeavored to inflict on the Standard Oil Company of Indiana the 'twenty-nine-million-dollar fine.' But the Circuit Court of Appeals rejected his construction and held that an actual settlement is to be regarded as the unit of offense. Whether shipments are large or small, whether violations of the act are serious or slight, were held to be matters of no consequence. The number of payments determines the guilt of the parties. If the rebate is paid in small sums each week, there will be fifty-two offenses in the year; but if it is paid in one lump sum, there will be but one offense.¹

Now it is easy to see what the effect of the decision would have been, if finally sustained, had not Congress passed an amendment which meets the situation. Its effect would have been to encourage the very thing which the act was designed to prevent. Under the interpretation given by the Court of Appeals large shippers would have found it possible to violate the law, but small shippers, not so. For a shipper, by receiving his rebates only once or twice annually, would be guilty of only one or two offenses a year; and even if he were apprehended, indicted, tried, and convicted for every offense, — which, of course would never happen, — the advantages derived from the rebates by a large shipper would more than offset the fines which could be imposed upon him. This, however, would not be the case with a small shipper, to whom the concession would not be of such great importance.

This construction of the Elkins act, therefore, was one under which large

¹ In the Standard Oil case there had been but thirty-six settlements for the shipment of fourteen hundred and sixty-two cars.

shippers would be permitted to enjoy preferential advantages as against small shippers, thereby accelerating the very tendency which it was the purpose of the act to retard — the tendency toward monopoly. In his opinion Judge Baker pronounced the supposedly established doctrine that 'the purpose of all canons of interpretation is to discover and effectuate the will of the lawmakers'; yet he concurred in a construction the inevitable tendency of which would have been to cause the act to accomplish the very opposite of what was intended by the lawmakers. This case admirably illustrates the point that sometimes a court utterly ignores the social or industrial conditions which prompted the passage of a law.¹

The 'commodities clause' of the Hepburn act furnishes another illustration. For many years the railroads which serve the eastern coal-fields have themselves been engaging in the coal business either directly or through the agency of subsidiary coal corporations owned and controlled by themselves. The independent coal producers have complained bitterly of this expansion of the railways' activities, for, of course, a railway company can carry its own coal to market at the bare cost of transportation, but will naturally see to it that the independents pay a rate which puts them at a disadvantage in the market, as compared with the railway. To relieve this situation the Hepburn act sought to divorce the railways from their coal properties, and to compel them to confine them-

selves to their proper functions as public-service corporations. To that end the following 'commodities clause' was enacted:—

'It shall be unlawful for any railroad company to transport from any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, to any other State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, or to any foreign country, any article or commodity, other than timber and the manufactured products thereof, manufactured, mined, or produced by it, or under its authority, or which it may own in whole or in part, or in which it may have any interest direct or indirect, except such articles or commodities as may be necessary and intended for its use in the conduct of its business as a common carrier.'

The railways made it manifest that they would not willingly obey this law, whereupon test cases were started and carried to the Supreme Court. In settling these cases that tribunal practically annihilated the clause by its interpretation of the words 'any interest, direct or indirect.' It held that a railway which owns the stock of a coal company has no interest, direct or indirect, in the coal! This amazing construction was received with great satisfaction by the railways, for most of them had already formed subsidiary coal companies, and the rest hastened to do so at once. Thus the clause is utterly impotent, and cannot affect the evils it was designed to correct.

It is true that Congress might have included in the clause a specific reference to property owned by subsidiary companies,—as was, indeed, proposed while the bill was under discussion. But Congress felt that it had covered the ground completely when it not only mentioned commodities 'manufactured, mined, or produced by it [the railroad], or under its authority, or which it may own in whole or in part,'

¹ The amendment passed by Congress to which reference has been made, adds the penalty of imprisonment to the bare punishment by fine, and thereby creates a real deterrent to prevent the large shipper from taking advantage of the loophole made by the decision of the Court of Appeals. He will often feel safe, however, because of the burden, cast upon the government, of proving his knowledge of the concession.

but even included articles in which the railway 'may have any interest, direct or indirect.' Surely such a provision would seem to be thoroughly inclusive, and the failure of Congress to go further into detail can hardly justify the judiciary in adopting a construction which is not only extraordinary in itself, but which prevents the clause from accomplishing its avowed object — even from accomplishing anything at all.

Many other illustrations could be given, but perhaps those which have been presented sufficiently enforce the truth of the proposition that judicial interpretation often weakens and sometimes nullifies acts of legislation.

II

If there is even moderate force in the points which have thus far been made, two things seem evident.

First, that greater care should be taken by our legislative bodies in drafting statutes. Each law should be made as clear and precise as possible, so that the number of questions of construction to be afterwards passed upon will be reduced to a minimum. To this end it would be advisable for each lawmaking body to maintain a standing committee on phraseology, charged with the duty of revising and perfecting the language of all bills before their final passage. But even under the most favorable circumstances our legislators cannot be expected to do their work so perfectly as to avoid entirely the necessity of later interpretation. However careful they may be, they cannot possibly foresee every question which may arise. And hence it is certain that, however excellent the legislative work may be, statutes will usually require more or less interpretation. Therefore, —

Secondly, in view of the manifest

evils connected with judicial interpretation, the suggestion is at least deserving of consideration, that the system might advantageously be replaced by some other not so open to objection. In the light of the preceding discussion, it is easy to see what the essential features of a more satisfactory system would be. Such a system would be one in which statutes could be interpreted promptly and without unnecessary expense to the people, and in which interpretations would be rendered by a non-judicial authority, — a body, in fact, composed of persons outside of the legal profession.

If the delay and expense of the present system were its only defects, they could be removed without a fundamental change. Nothing would be required beyond a modification of judicial practice in the direction of a more business-like procedure. If, *without resorting to litigation*, people were privileged to raise questions of construction before the highest court competent to pass upon a statute, and the court were authorized to answer such questions, prompt and inexpensive interpretations could be secured. But while such a reform would be highly useful, it would not meet all the requirements of the situation. It would not relieve our judges of the necessity of assuming an attitude on public problems, nor would it relieve the people of the evils resulting from the legalistic bias against industrial regulation and from the judicial penchant for technicalities. If these difficulties are to be met, a radical change is necessary. Judicial interpretation must be abandoned, and the function must be assumed either by the legislative or by the executive branch of the government.

Now, since the function is essentially legislative in character, it would seem quite natural and proper to transfer it to the lawmaking authority; but inas-

much as legislative assemblies are not in session the greater part of the time, such a proceeding would obviously be out of the question. On the other hand it is conceivable that the interpretative function might advantageously pass to the executive department of the government. Indeed, an administrative body would seem to be a most desirable agency for the discharge of this important class of duties. Such an authority could proceed as soon as possible after the enactment of a law to make it the subject of study, and to interpret any passages which were found to be obscure. All persons would be allowed to present inquiries to this authority, with reference to the meaning of any statutory provision; and in case a question of construction not already settled should arise in the course of litigation, the court would at once refer it to the same authority for decision. Of course, all rulings in the nature of interpretations would be made public, and printed copies would be sent free to all persons applying for them. Moreover all rulings would be regarded as part and parcel of the acts to which they applied, and hence would be final unless later amended by legislative action.

Under such a system it is probable that within a few weeks — at most a few months — after the passage of an act, all the more important points would have been suggested and settled. Thus would be saved the expense of litigation, and the tedious delay and uncertainty characteristic of the present system; the courts also would be saved the time which they are now compelled to give to such matters, and would be spared the necessity of disclosing their ideas on current questions; while the public at large would be secured from the serious results which flow from judicial nullification of important statutes.

An authority, then, such as has been described, is highly to be desired, but how is it to be constituted? Several suggestions might be made, but the following two seem to offer the greatest promise of success.

So far as national legislation is concerned, Congress might confer on the heads of the administrative departments the power and duty of interpreting all acts pertaining to their respective departments, with final authority vested in the President; except that interstate commerce legislation would naturally be interpreted by the Interstate Commerce Commission rather than by a member of the Cabinet. Or else Congress might provide for a permanent Commission on Statutory Construction, which would devote itself exclusively to this work.¹

Of these two plans probably the latter would prove the more successful, provided that the commission was small; provided also that so far as possible it was composed of persons outside of the legal profession, who would have the attitude of the publicist rather than that of the lawyer; and provided further that the salaries were made so large, and the circumstances surrounding the commission so dignified, that men of large calibre would be attracted to it — men fully of cabinet grade.

It is essential that the commission should be composed largely, if not wholly, of laymen, for otherwise the legalistic attitude and processes of thought would continue to control the construction of statutes. But it must be noted that there would be one important limitation upon the usefulness of a body so constituted. The nature of this limitation will be perceived when it is understood that there are two kinds or classes of statutes, which,

¹ A similar arrangement could be made in each state, for the interpretation of local legislation.

for lack of better names, may be called 'social' and 'legal.' The former class embraces all statutes pertaining to political, economic, and sociological subjects. Examples may be found in the laws relating to the tariff, the census, the regulation of railway rates, the control of trusts, the determination of labor conditions in factories, and so on. It is legislation of this important type which has been held in mind in the preceding discussion. But there are numerous other statutes which pertain merely to matters of law. Such, for example, are the acts which modify the common-law rules on real property, wills, bailments, damages, and so forth. For the intelligent interpretation of such statutes one obviously needs a broad comprehension of legal principles and a knowledge of their historical development; and hence a tribunal composed of men without training in the law could not properly deal with legislation of this class.

An administrative body, then, while exactly the sort of authority needed for the interpretation of 'social' measures, would not be ideal when 'legal' statutes were to be passed upon. A difficulty thus arises, which is serious but not by any means insuperable. At least two methods of overcoming it may be suggested. On the one hand a legislative body, in enacting 'legal' statutes, might definitely assign them to the courts for interpretation, rather than to the commission. On the other hand the commission might be provided with competent legal advisers whose duty it would be to make clear the legalistic significance of provisions under consideration. This would prevent the commission from falling into error because of ignorance of the legal background of statutes, while at the same time it would also permit the 'common-sense' rather than the purely legalistic frame of mind to control the situation.

The same results could be accomplished, perhaps as well, by providing that one member of the commission should be a lawyer.

It will, of course, be objected that a law transferring the power of interpretation from the courts to an administrative body would be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court; but this is not by any means certain. If such a law were passed, the question which that court would have to decide would be the following: To which department of government does the power of statutory interpretation properly belong? The court might hold, on the legalistic basis of precedent, that since the courts have so long exercised the power, it is judicial in character. If such were its ruling, the law would of course be declared an unconstitutional attempt to deprive the courts of a part of the judicial authority conferred on them by our fundamental law. But if the court were to regard the power as administrative, the law would be upheld. If, however, the court were to hold the power to be legislative, a new problem would arise, involving the question as to whether the lawmaking body can delegate this phase of its authority to an administrative body. The general principle is that legislative powers cannot be delegated, but one may nevertheless hold that administrative interpretation could be established without a constitutional amendment. It would seem that if the power of interpretation is now being delegated to the courts without impropriety, it could be delegated to administrative officers without impropriety. Furthermore, a somewhat analogous case has long been familiar. Legislative bodies pass laws declaring in general terms that railway rates must be just and reasonable, but delegate to commissions the task of determining what that declaration means,

specifically, in the case of the railways subject to the laws; and this delegation of power has long been upheld by the courts as valid. By analogy, therefore, it would seem proper for a legislative body to pass a law leaving to a commission the duty of rendering it precise and clear.

Of course, if such administrative interpretation is unconstitutional, it is highly improbable that it can ever be established, since constitutional amendments are so difficult to secure in this country. But there seems to be sufficient reason for believing in its validity to warrant the enactment of a law which would raise the question and

secure an answer from the federal Supreme Court.

That there would be problems to solve in connection with the establishment of such a system, is of course true. That the system would meet with difficulties and, especially at first, become involved in complications, is likewise true. It would unquestionably take time to determine clearly the exact relation of the administrative authority to the legislature and the courts. But whether all of these difficulties would not be much less serious than the evil results of the present system, is a question which deserves the earnest attention of the American people.

AFTER HE WAS DEAD

BY MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

AN hour before sunset the man, who had been at work all day, turned out of the cornfield. He crossed the furrows to the rail fence, with the hoe in his hands. At the bars leading into the field a squirrel rifle, with a long wooden stock reaching to the end of the barrel, stood against the chestnut post; beside it lay a powder-horn attached to a pouch of deerskin containing bullets. The man set his hoe against the fence. He wiped his hands on the coarse fox-grass growing in the furrows, examined the sun for a moment, then took up the rifle, removed an exploded cap from the nipple, and began to load it.

He poured the black powder into his palm, and bending his palm emptied it into the barrel. The measure of powder was a sufficient charge, but he

added to it half the quantity again, emptied into his palm from the horn. Then he took a handful of bullets out of the pouch, selected one of which the neck was squarely cut, and placing a tiny fragment of calico over the muzzle of the rifle, drew out the hickory ramrod and forced the bullet down. He got a percussion cap out of a paper box, examined it, placed it on the nipple, and gently pressed it down with the hammer of the lock.

When the gun was thus carefully loaded the man threw it across his shoulder and, taking the horn and pouch in his hand, left the field. He went along a path leading through a wood to the valley below. Midway of the wood he stopped and concealed the horn and pouch in a hollow tree. Then

he continued on his way with the rifle tucked under his arm.

The country below him was one of little farms, skirted by trees lining the crests of low hills. The man traveled for several miles, keeping in the shelter of the wood. Finally, he crossed a river on a fallen tree and sat down in a thicket behind a rail fence. Beyond this fence was a pasture field and a score of grazing cattle. In this field, some twenty paces from where the man sat, the earth was bare in little patches where the owner of the cattle had been accustomed to give them salt.

The sun was still visible, but great shadows were beginning to lengthen across the valley. Presently an old man, riding a gray horse, entered the field from the road. When he came through the gate, the man concealed in the brush cocked his rifle, laid the muzzle on a rail of the fence, and waited, with his jaw pressed against the stock. The old man rode leisurely across the field to the place where he had been accustomed to 'salt' his cattle. There he got down, opened a bag which he carried across the pommel of his saddle, and began to drop handfuls of salt on the bare patches in the pasture. From time to time he called the cattle, and when he did so he stood up with his back toward the fence, looking at the bullocks approaching slowly from another quarter of the field.

There was a sharp report. The old man turned stiffly on his heels with his arms spread out. His face was distorted with amazement, then it changed to terror. He called out something, in a thick, choked voice; then he fell with his arms doubled under him.

A thin wisp of smoke floated up from the rail fence; the horse, however, did not move; it remained standing with its bridle-rein lying on the earth. The cattle continued to approach. The man in the brush arose. The dead man

had called out his name 'Henry Fuget.' Of that he was certain. That he had distinctly heard. But of the other words he was not so certain. He thought the old man had said, 'You shall hear from me!' But the words were choked in the throat. He might have heard incorrectly. He looked carefully about him to be sure that no one had heard his name thus called out; then he took up his rifle, crossed the river on the fallen tree, and returned toward the cornfield.

He was a stout, compactly-built man of middle life. His hair was dark, but his eyes were blue. He was evidently of Celtic origin. He walked slowly, like one who neither delays nor hurries. He got the horn and pouch from the hollow tree as he passed, reloaded his rifle, shot one or two gray squirrels out of the maple trees, took them in his hand, and went down the ridge through the little valley, to a farmhouse. He had traveled seven miles, and it was now night.

After the evening meal, which the laborer ate with the family of his employer, he went to his bed in the loft of the farmhouse. On this night Fuget ate well and slept profoundly. The stress which had attended his plan to kill Samuel Pickens, seemed now to disappear. The following morning he returned to his work in the cornfield. But as the day advanced he became curious to know if the body of Pickens had been found, and how the country had received the discovery. He had no seizure of anxiety. He had carefully concealed every act in this tragic drama. He was unknown in this part of the country. Pickens had not seen him before the shot. He had come here quietly, obtained employment as a farm laborer, under the name of Williams, located his man, watched, and killed him. True, Pickens had realized who it was who had fired the shot when

the bullet entered his body, but he was dead the following moment, and before that he had believed Fuget in another part of the world.

As Fuget remembered the scene, he found himself trying to determine what, exactly, it was that Pickens had said, after he had called his name. It seemed to Fuget that he must have heard incorrectly. He labored to recall the exact sounds that had reached him. If not these words, — ‘You shall hear from me,’ — what was it that Pickens had said? And as he puzzled, he became more curious to know how Pickens had been found, and what the people were saying of the murder. Such news travels swiftly.

As the day advanced, Fuget’s curiosity increased. He paused from time to time in the furrow, and remained leaning on his hoe-handle. Finally he thrust the blade of the hoe under a root, broke it at the eye, and returned to the farmhouse, with the broken hoe in his hand.

At the door he met the farmer’s wife. She spread out her arms with a sudden, abrupt gesture.

‘La! Mr. Williams,’ she said, ‘have you heard the news? Somebody shot ole Sam Pickens.’

Fuget stopped. ‘Who’s Sam Pickens?’ he said.

‘Bless my life!’ said the woman; ‘I forgot you’re a stranger. Sam Pickens? Why, he’s a cattle-man that come over the mountains about two year ago. He bought the Carpenter land on the River.’

Fuget had now his first moment of anxiety.

‘I hope he ain’t much hurt,’ he said.

‘Hurt!’ replied the woman. ‘Why, he’s dead. They found him a-layin’ in his pasture field, where he’d gone to salt his cattle.’

Fuget stood for a moment, nodding his head slowly.

‘Well, that’s a terrible thing. Who done it?’

The woman flung up her hands.

‘That’s the mystery,’ she said. ‘He did n’t have any enemies. He was curious, but he was a good neighbor, folks say. They liked him. He lived over there by himself.’

Fuget ventured a query.

‘Did they see any signs of anybody about where they found him?’

‘There would n’t be any signs in a pasture field,’ said the woman, ‘an’ the person that shot him must have been standin’ out in the pasture field, because he was a-layin’ a-facin’ the river. An’ he’d been shot in the back. They could tell that for a certainty,’ she added, ‘because a bullet tears where it comes out, an’ it carries in stuff with it where it goes in.’

Fuget made some further comment, then he held up the pieces of the hoe.

‘I come in to get another hoe,’ he said. ‘I broke the blade on a root.’

Then he went out to the log barn, selected a hoe from a number hanging in a crack of the logs, and returned to the cornfield.

He had now a sense of complete security. Even chance had helped. The turning of the old man in the act of death had diverted inquiry from the direction of the river, where some broken bushes might have indicated his hiding-place. He worked the remainder of the day in the cornfield. He had the profound satisfaction of one who successfully shapes events to a plan. Nevertheless, he found himself pausing, now and then, to consider what it was that Pickens had said. The elimination of all anxieties seemed somehow to have brought this feature of the tragedy forward to the first place. It seized his attention with the persistent interest of a puzzle.

That evening at supper the farmer related the gossip of the countryside.

There was nothing in this gossip that gave Fuget the slightest concern. No clue of any character had been observed, and there were no conjectures that remotely approached the truth. Fuget talked of the tragedy without the least restraint. That anxiety which he had feared to feel when the matter would come to be discussed did not present itself. The old wives' tales of tortured conscience and the like, while he had not believed them, had, nevertheless, given him a certain concern. They were like tales of ghosts, which one could laugh at, but could not disprove until one had slept in the haunted house. He now knew that they were false.

He went to bed with the greatest composure. He was even cheerful. But he did not sleep. His mind seemed unusually clear and active. It reverted to the details of the tragedy, not with any sense of anxiety, but with a sort of satisfaction, as of one who contemplates an undertaking successfully accomplished. He passed the incidents in review, until he reached the words which Pickens had uttered. And, keenly alert, like a wrestler in condition, his mind began to struggle with that enigma. He endeavored to compose himself to slumber. But he could not. He was intensely awake. His mind formulated all the expressions that might resemble in sounds those words which Pickens seemed to have said, but they were of no service. He turned about in his bed, endeavoring to dismiss the problem. But his mind seemed to go on with it against every effort of his will. He concluded that this sleeplessness was due to the coffee which he had taken at supper, and he determined to abandon the use of it. Now and then he fell asleep, but he seemed almost instantly to awaken. He was glad when the daylight began to appear.

The following night he drank no coffee, and he fell asleep. But some time in the night he awoke again to the besetting puzzle. He sat up in the bed, and determined to dismiss it. He had believed Pickens to say, 'You shall hear from me'; very well then, that was what he had said. And he lay down. But, instantly, upon that decision, there appeared another phase of the puzzle that fascinated his attention. Why had Pickens used that expression? Why should he say, 'You shall hear from me'? He was in the act of death when he spoke. He knew that. The realization of it was in his face. These words were inconsistent with a sense of death.

He lay for a long time, intent upon this new aspect of the matter. Did the dying man intend this as a threat which he expected to carry out? But how could one hear from a dead man. And there arose a medley of all the tales that he had ever heard, relating to messages transmitted to the living from the spirit world. He dismissed these tales as inconsistent with the sane experiences of men. But the effect of them, which he had received as a child, he could not dismiss. Moreover, how could one be certain that, under some peculiar conditions, such messages were not transmitted? Learned men were, themselves, not absolutely sure.

And intent upon this thing he remembered that those about to die were said sometimes to catch glimpses of truths ordinarily hidden. Men plucked from death had testified to a supernal activity of the mind. And those who had watched had observed the dying to use words and gestures which indicated a sight and hearing beyond the capacities of life.

He reflected. When Pickens had said, 'You shall hear from me,' it was certain that he meant what he said.

Men did not utter idle threats when they were being ejected out of life. The law, ordinarily so careful for the truth, recognized this fact. He had heard that the declarations of those who believed themselves in dissolution, were to be received in courts of law without the sanctity of an oath. It was the common belief that the dying did not lie. Then, if he had heard correctly, this business was not ended. But had he heard correctly? And here the abominable thing turned back upon itself. And he began again on this interminable circle, as a fly follows the inside of a bowl, from which it can never escape.

In the realities of daylight, he was able to assail this thing, and, in a measure, overcome it. The dead did not return, and their threats were harmless. But in the insecurity of darkness, it possessed him. In the vast, impenetrable, mysterious night, one could not be so certain. One seemed then on the borderland of life where things moved that did not venture out into the sun, or in the sun became invisible. And, under the cover of this darkness, the dead man might somehow be able to carry out his threat. This was the anxiety that beset him. And in spite of his disbelief and the assurance of his reason he began to expect this message. And he began to wonder from what quarter it would approach him, and at what hour, and in what form. This thing appalled him: that one, whom he did not fear from the activity of life, should thus disturb him from the impotency of death.

Fuget was preparing quietly to leave the country when, about a week later, the farmer inquired if he wished to go with him, on that morning, to the county seat. It was the day on which the circuit court convened, — 'court day,' — and by custom the country peo-

ple assembled in the village. The farmer had been drawn on the grand jury.

'The judge will be chargin' us about the Pickens murder,' he said. 'You'd better go in an' hear him; the judge is a fine speaker.'

It was the custom of these circuit judges to direct the attention of the grand jury to any conspicuous crime, and they usually availed themselves of this custom to harangue the people.

That curiosity which moved Fuget to seek the earliest news of the murder now urged him to hear what the judge would say, and he went with the farmer to the village. The court-room was crowded. Fuget remained all the afternoon seated on one of the benches. After the assembling of the grand jury, the judge began his charge. He reviewed the incidents of the assassination. Fuget found himself following these details. Under the speaker's dramatic touch the thing took on a more sinister aspect.

It could not avail the assassin that no human eye had seen him at his deadly work. By this act of violence he had involved himself with mysterious agencies that would not permit him to maintain his secret. It was in vain that human ingenuity strove against these influences. One might thrust his secret into the darkness, but he could not compel the darkness to retain it. These agencies would presently expel it into the light: as one could cast the body of the dead into the sea, but could not force the sea to receive it; it would be there when he returned, ghastly on the sand. And the hideous danger was that one never could tell at what hour, or in what place, or by what means, these mysterious agencies would reveal the thing which he had hidden.

While the judge spoke, Fuget thought of the strange words which Pickens had uttered, and he felt a sense of in-

security. He moved uneasily in his seat, and the perspiration dampened his body. When the court adjourned, he hurried out. He passed through the swinging doors of the court-room, and descended the stairway into the corridor below. As he elbowed his way through the crowd, he thought some one called out his name, 'Henry Fuget,' and instinctively he stopped, and turned around toward the stairway. But no one in the crowd coming down seemed to regard him, and he hurried away.

He was now alarmed, and he determined to leave the country at once. He returned with the farmer. That night, alone in the loft of the farmhouse, he packed his possessions into a bundle and sat down on the bed to wait until the family below him should be asleep. He did not cease to consider this extraordinary incident. And it presently occurred to him that if some one had, in fact, recognized him, and he should now flee in the night, his guilt would be conclusively indicated. And side by side with that suggestion, there arose another. Had he, in fact, heard a human tongue call out his name? He labored to recall the sounds which he seemed to have heard, as he had labored to recall those which Pickens had uttered. The voice had seemed to him thin and high. Was it a human voice?

He rose, unpacked the bundle, and went over to the window. The night seemed strange to him. The air was hard and bright, thin clouds were moving, a pale moonlight descended now and then on the world. There was silence. Every living thing seemed to have departed out of life. He thought of all the persons whom he had this day seen alert and alive, as now no better than dead men, lying unconscious, while the earth turned under them in this ghostly light. And it

seemed to him a thing of no greater wonder, that the dead should appear or utter voices, than that these innumerable bodies, prone and motionless, should again reënter into life.

The following morning the farmer reassured him. No witness had come before the grand jury, and the prosecuting attorney had no evidence to offer.

'I reckon nobody will ever know who killed ol' Pickens,' he said. Then he added, 'The grand jury's goin' to set pretty late, an' I may have to stay in town to-night. I wish you'd go in with me, an' bring the horse home.'

Fuget could not refuse, and he returned to the village. Again he sat all day in the crowded court-room. Loss of sleep and fatigue overcame him, and occasionally, in the heat of the room, in spite of his anxiety, he would almost fall asleep. And at such times he would start up, fearful lest some word or gesture should escape him. And always, when the judge turned in his chair, or an attorney spoke, he was anxious. And when any one passed the bench on which he sat, he appeared to be watching something in the opposite corner of the court-room, or, by accident, to screen his face with his hat.

But as the day advanced, he became reassured, and when the court adjourned he went out quietly with the crowd. On the stairway and in the corridor below, he was anxious lest he should again hear his name called out. But when it did not occur and he approached the exit of the court-house, his equanimity returned. On the steps, in the sun, he stopped and wiped his face with his sleeve. He seemed to have escaped out of peril, as through a door. He was glad now of the good judgment that had turned him back from flight, and of the incident that had brought him here to face the thing that he had feared. He came forth,

like one who had braved a gesticulating spectre and found its threatening body to be harmless and impalpable.

He descended the long stone steps leading down from the portico of the ancient court-house, with that sense of buoyant freedom peculiar to those who are lifted out of danger. At the street, as he was about to walk away, some one touched him on the shoulder. He turned. The sheriff of the county was beside him.

'Will you just step into the Squire's office,' he said.

Fuget was appalled.

'Me!' he stammered. 'What does the Squire want with me?'

But obedient to the command, he followed the sheriff into the basement of the court-house, and through a corridor into the office of the justice of the peace. Here he found himself come into the presence of the prosecuting attorney, the justice, and a little man with sharp black eyes, and a thin, clean-shaven face. He remembered having seen this man enter the court-room, on the first day, while the judge was speaking. He had carried then a pair of saddle-pockets over his arm and had seemed to be a stranger, for he had stopped at the door and looked about, as if the court-room were unfamiliar to him. Fuget had observed this incident, as with painful attention he had observed every incident occurring in the court-room during these two days of stress. He had not seen this man again. But he now distinctly recalled him.

The justice of the peace sat at a table. Before him lay a printed paper, certain blank lines of which had been written in with a pen. He put his hand on this paper; then he spoke.

'Is your name Henry Fuget?' he said.

Fuget looked around him without moving his head, swiftly, furtively,

like an animal penned into a corner. The eyes of the others were on him. They seemed to know all the details of some mysterious transaction that had led up to this question, and of which he was ignorant. He felt that he had entered some obscure trap, the deadly peril of which these men had cunningly hidden that he might the more easily step into it. Nevertheless, he realized that he could not remain silent.

'No, sir,' he said, 'my name's Silas Williams.' Then he added, 'I work for Dan'l Sheets, out on the ten-mile road. You can ask him; he'll tell you.'

The justice continued, as though following a certain formula, —

'Did you know Samuel Pickens?'

'No, sir.'

The justice seemed to consult a memorandum in pencil on the margin of the written paper.

'Were you not convicted of arson, on the testimony of Samuel Pickens, and sentenced to the penitentiary; and have you not repeatedly threatened to kill him when your term of penal servitude should have expired?'

Fuget was now greatly alarmed. How did these exact facts come to be known in this distant community? Here Pickens alone knew them, and he was dead. He saw that his security lay in denying that he was Henry Fuget.

'No, sir,' he said.

'And your name's not Henry Fuget?'

'No, sir.'

The justice turned to the stranger.

'This man denies that he is Henry Fuget,' he said.

Then it was that the words were uttered that dispossessed the prisoner of composure, and cast him into panic.

'If the communication which I have received from Samuel Pickens is true,' said the stranger, 'Henry Fuget has the scar of a gunshot wound on his right arm above the elbow.'

The muscles of Fuget's face relaxed. His mouth fell into a baggy gaping. Then he faltered the query that possessed him.

'Did you hear from Sam Pickens?'

'Yes.'

'After he was *dead* ?'

The stranger reflected. 'Yes,' he said. 'Pickens was dead then.'

Fuget's mouth remained open. A sense of disaster, complete and utter, descended on him. The dead man had carried out his terrible threat. He began to stammer, unconscious that he was completing his ruin.

'That's what he said — that's what he said when I shot him — but I thought I'd hear, — I did n't think somebody else would hear.'

He caught hold of the table with his hand, and lowered himself into a chair. But he continued to regard this sinister stranger. And presently he spoke again.

'How did he tell you?' he said.

A crowd had begun to gather at the door and at the windows, — a rumor had gone out.

The stranger put his hand into his pocket, and drew from it a folded paper.

'I will tell you,' he said. 'I am an attorney at law; my name is Gordon, and I reside in Georgia. On the third day of November, I received this paper, inclosed in an envelope, and addressed to me. It was dated in October, but when I got it, Pickens was dead.' He unfolded the paper and began to read in a thin, high-pitched voice: —

In the name of God, Amen! I, Samuel Pickens, do make, publish, and declare this to be my last will and testament. I hereby appoint Horatio Gordon my executor, and I direct and charge him as follows, to wit: Henry Fuget, a convict about to be discharged from the penitentiary of Georgia, has

repeatedly threatened my life. I have come here to avoid him, but I fear that he will follow and kill me. Now, therefore, if I should be found dead, be it known that Henry Fuget is the assassin, and I direct my executor to expend the sum of one thousand dollars in order to bring him to the gallows. Fuget is to be known by a scar on the fleshy part of his right arm where he was shot in an attempt to escape from the penitentiary. The residue of my estate, both real and personal, I bequeath to my beloved daughter, Selina Pickens, now Mrs. Jonathan Clayton, of Jackson, Miss.

Given under my hand and seal, Oct. 14, 1850.

SAMUEL PICKENS. (Seal)

The stranger looked up from the paper.

'When I heard that Pickens was dead,' he said, 'I came here immediately. The circuit court was sitting when I arrived. It occurred to me that the assassin might be present in this crowd of people. To determine that, I placed myself at the head of the stairway, and as the crowd was going out, I called the name. This man turned, and I knew then that he was Henry Fuget.'

Fuget sat with his hands on the arms of the chair, his big body thrown loosely forward, his eyes on the stranger. Slowly the thing came to him. The atmosphere of ghostly and supernatural agencies receded. He saw that he had been trapped by his own fancy. The hand that had choked this confession out of him had been born of his own flesh; the bones of it, the sinews of it, he had himself provided.

And a madness seized him. He sprang up, and rushed out of the door. The crowd gave way before the bulk of this infuriated man. But the corridor was narrow, and as he fought his

way, persons began to seize him. He staggered out into the courtyard. The crowd of people wedged him in, clung to him, and bore him down. He rose. Under the mass of men who had thrown themselves upon him, the

bones of his legs seemed about to snap; his muscles to burst; his vertebrae to crumble. For a dozen steps he advanced with this crushing burden, but every moment it increased, and finally he fell.

FIDDLER'S LURE

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

OLD KING COLE is known to most of us as a mere sybarite, lolling forever in a luxuriously Parish foreground while others fetched and fiddled for him.

He has been grossly misrepresented. The true key to his famous *Gemüthlichkeit* lies in the fact that he played the 'cello. For what more could any amateur of chamber-music desire than what lay at his beck and call? In one of his posthumous poems the king declares, —

A Stradivarius underneath the bow,
A pipe, a stein, to give the music 'go,'
My fiddlers three and opus fifty-nine:
This is the merriest paradise I know.

What I most admire in Cole is that he was not carried to these musical skies 'on flow'ry beds of ease,' like Hermes, who, as Jacob Grimm declares, 'was born early in the morning, and played the lute at mid-day.' He idled along no royal road to opus fifty-nine. There was none. In his day there was as yet no telo-melo-'cello to be operated by an electric button. In the sweat of his youthful brow he earned his merry old soul. Alone, with bow in hand, it was his to do battle with those giants Grützmacher and Giese, the Czernys of the 'cello. He

waded *solo*, in the wake of his humblest subjects, through the 'bloody seas' of Duport and Romberg. For him the raw finger-tip, the twice furrowed thumb, and the chronic crick in the back of the neck. Not only this. He was actually handicapped in the race. For corporate expansion had already passed so far beyond the royal control that when he played, his arms stuck straight out in front like those of the huge 'cellist in the Thomas Orchestra whom we used to call 'The Frog.'

Such were King Cole's difficulties, such his incentives for toil, — and they were the most dazzling incentives that any learner of musical lore could have. Before his eyes hovered fiddlers three, with the Beethoven parts waiting on the racks, and merely a 'cellist lacking to complete the magic circle. It was a goal more glamorous than any vision of initialed sweaters that ever lured the sore, disheartened little quarterback to let himself be battered about on the scrub a week longer. Only there was this difference, — that the royal pilgrim toward Beethoven's candy-kitchen had been sustained, almost from the first step, on crumbs of the bulky sweets of his aspiration.

And how luscious and satisfying such crumbs are! How far more indulgent is 'Papa' Haydn to weak, groping fingers and stiff wrists than is the man of wrath who divided all Gaul into 'three halves,' to the tender victim of '*amo, amas, amat.*' As for me, I know that when I began the 'cello I never could have weathered the blasts of Dotzhauer, or the fogs of Franchomme, or held a middle course between the scales of Scylla and the double-stops of divine Charybdis, without the tender pilotage of those makers of music, great and small, whose it is to inspire and guide little keels through the troubled sounds of apprenticeship.

I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth, but with a flute at my lips; and, until the age of fifteen, tootled what I thought the divinest of instruments. Then, one morning, I chanced upon an old 'cello in the attic, and an instruction-book with a long strip of paper which, pasted under the strings, promised a short-cut to virtuosity; for it pointed out exactly where to put each finger.

A week of furtive practice convinced me that I could play the 'cello, though I now remember grasping the bow like a tennis-racket and the fingerboard like a trolley-strap. I found one of those jolly trios which dear old Gurlitt so obligingly wrote in notes of one syllable, foregathered with a couple of schoolmates, — a brother and sister who played the violin and piano, — and leaped like a flash into King Cole's paradise.

No effect of the concert stage has ever enthralled me more than that first chord of ours, when I heard the 'cello tone mingle deliciously with the violin tone, and realized that my bow had made such blending possible. The flute notes had never really mixed with others, but had stood apart by themselves, crystalline, cold, aloof; and per-

haps my nature had taken its cue from the flute. But that first trio venture changed everything. There first I tasted the delights of real harmony, — and sealed eternal friendship, before parting, with the little girl who played the piano. Along with democracy and puppy-love, the 'cello came into my life. Heralded so impressively, no wonder it tangled its strings hopelessly among those of my young heart.

For a time I went on indulging in Gurlitt and considering myself a master. Then I went to live with a Western cousin, an enthusiastic amateur violinist, — and experienced a severe shock. For I learned what real chamber-music was. Gurlitt fell from my eyes like scales, and the conviction came that once I could hold a part in the trios of Gade or the quartettes of Rubinstein I might be gathered contentedly to my fathers; I should have warmed both hands before the fire of life, and could then anticipate nothing but carrying out the ashes.

Spurred thus, I found a teacher and unlearned the empirical method with groanings which cannot here be uttered; while ambition was kept in vigorous health by my cousin's nightly *séances* of chamber-music with more accomplished players than I.

Finally the dreamed-of moment came. I was permitted to try my hand. The others suffered in silence. As for me, from then on life held a gluttonous measure of unalloyed bliss. The delights of that performance could not have been more thrilling to me if, with true Orphic cunning, my instrument had caused the dining-table to rustle its leaves and the cat to perform on the hearth-rug the dance of the seven veils. I could play the notes — most of them — loud and clear. What more does the hardened amateur demand from life? For the second time I supposed myself a master, and was ready to sing my

Nunc dimittis, — and to practice cheerfully three hours a day.

Then I heard a professional quartette. The flame of mere sound and fury set for me. Kneisel and Schroeder with the host of heaven came. And lo! creation widened in my view. With amazement I began to realize the subtle potentialities of tone-color, the fascinations of dynamics. It dawned on me that to most young amateurs *pianissimo* was an almost meaningless expression; and I began to count that musical self-assertiveness almost indecent which fiddles away forever with three *f*'s. My heart leaped up in response to that complete *ensemble*, — four bows with but a single thought, — to the infinite variety of the tonal effects, to the technic so taken for granted that it never revealed itself or its basal sheep-gut, horsehair, and resin. Here at last, to set final bounds for aspiration, was the authentic oracle of Apollo, — and the practice hours aspired accordingly from three to six.

Since those first callow months at my cousin's, his musical palate and mine have grown more discriminating. It takes a Brahms to-day to brim the cup of joy which a Raff then sweetly overflowed. As for those garbled symphonies and operas, — the transcriptions at which we once fiddled away so happily and in such good faith, — we brand them now as 'derangements' and had as lief perform *The Messiah* on a couple of Jew's-harps.

Nevertheless, as I look back through the years to that time, three significant facts emerge. In the first place, it is clear that I never should have persevered in all that painful practice without the weekly reward of 'virtuosity' when, every Saturday afternoon, little Miss Second Violin and dear big Mr. Viola came from town and were rushed out of their overcoats and had their hands warmed with jubilant massage

and then were plumped down before the G major Mozart and hardly allowed time for preliminary caterwaulings before my cousin's firm command came, 'No ante-mortems!' and his 'three-four' detonated, and at last we were outward bound for fairy-land.

Yet even that Mozartian reward — joyous as it was — would scarcely have kept me so long on the rack of the thumb-positions, or doubled up in the chromatic treadmill, had it not been for the 'far-off, divine event' symbolized by the opus fifty-nine, gleaming just within the portals of King Cole's paradise.

Ah, there is nothing like a taste of chamber-music to make the idle apprentice industrious. It is the real fiddler's lure, — the kindly light that has the power to lead him o'er musical moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the dusk of mere technic merges into the dawn of attainment. I sometimes wonder why American parents do not realize what kind of love it is that makes the musical world go round. German parents do — and that leads to my secondly.

German parents know, also, that there is nothing better for the unity of the home than the sport of chamber-music. To associate the hearth in the children's minds with the intimate, exquisite democracy of *ensemble*, with the rapture of perpetually new achievement, with the spirit of beauty and an ever growing appreciation of that spirit, is to go far toward insuring the success of the family, and even the solidarity of the neighborhood.

Chamber-music as a home sport can accomplish more yet. Who can doubt, in the third place, that fiddler's lure helps in smoothing the child's way through life? For the experienced amateur of chamber-music, go where he will, even in our semi-musical country, is sure of a welcome. His bow is

a master key to all doors. And the welcome is not always for the fiddle alone, — as the violinist thought who declined an invitation to dine on the ground that he had hurt his second finger. For the democracy, the constant give-and-take of the quartette and the sonata has extracted a deal of the stiffness and conceit and dogmatism from him and left him more human and more diplomatic.

Besides all these advantages, his talent adds a perpetual sparkle of romance — real or potential — to what might otherwise have turned out a hopelessly dun existence. You never can tell what friend-ever-after may not come rushing up to you after a concert with glowing face and outstretched hand, to announce himself. (I understand that my father first beheld my mother as he was ending an amateur flute solo.) A certain 'cellist was once snowbound for three hours at a small railroad station. He unpacked his 'cello and played his dozen fellow sufferers a request programme, with the result that one of them took him to Europe for a year. You never can tell as you bear your precious fiddle-case through the streets, what magic case-ment may not open on the foam (of steins), and what faery hand may not beckon you within to do the one thing needful to opus fifty-nine, or draw a valiant bow in the battle of Schumann Quintette.

True amateurs of chamber-music do not often have to be formally introduced. Theodore Thomas used to declare that he could tell a violinist from a 'cellist on the street by the swing of his arms. By kindred signs so subtle as to escape the layman, initiates recognize each other everywhere. And it is this world-wide confraternity of fiddlers that makes travel for the true amateur a joyous series of adventures.

It is particularly joyous, of course,

in Germany, where every third house holds a devotee ready to welcome a brother chamber-musician with open arms. In Dr. Hale's famous story, the belated traveler through a hostile countryside had merely to murmur 'In His name,' and hospitable hearths blazed for him like magic. But in certain German villages, if you are really of the elect, you need not say a word. You have merely to whistle some theme from opus fifty-nine.

During many years I have cherished an alluring plan for a sort of musical Inland Voyage. The outfit would comprise fiddlers three who would have to be kindred spirits of mine, a house-boat, a complete library of chamber-music, — and a cook. Then we would float down some beautiful German river, the Elbe, say, or the Neckar, and sit playing quartettes on the sunny deck until we came to a village that looked unmistakably chamber-musical. There we would land and invite all the local members of our great confraternity to repair to us. With them — even to the limits of the loathed nonet — we would perform mightily before the populace assembled on the shore, until it pleased us to cast off and drift down to adventures new.

Our craft should bear two inscriptions. Round about the prow we would write, —

To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign.

The Faerie Queene would furnish the motto astern: —

Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow.

Perhaps we should be arrested as unofficial vagrants and haled on shore to pay a fine of twelve cents and a half. Perhaps, even more delightful, some mighty composer whom we had all loved from afar might be summering at one of the river *Dörfer*, and might board us and enter into the spirit of the quest,

and, with his revered feet, like as not, trailing in the water back by the tiller, would then and there compose and dedicate with heartfeltest representations of his imperishable esteem to the high-well-born Fiddlers four, his destined-to-be-world-famous Vagabondia Quartette. But alas! I fear me that the Musical Inland Voyage, fraught as it is with rich possibilities in the way of music and life, — and magazine articles, — is destined to be the booty of fatter purses and more golden pens than mine.

At any rate, let us have done with the utilitarian side of fiddler's lure, — its toil-persuading, home-solidifying, friend-attracting, romance-compelling attributes. The royal sport I would sing for its own sake.

Why is *ensemble* music the sole recreation definitely promised us in the future life? Obviously because it combines the most fun with the fewest drawbacks. Milton, indeed, goes so far as to give the angelic musicians 'harps ever tuned,' thereby reducing the drawbacks to zero. True, we hear something of these harps being played *en masse*, which smacks more of orchestral than of chamber-music; though I cherish a hope that these masses are merely proportioned to the size of the chambers in the upper mansions. However this may be, we can rest assured that there wait above, the nobler delights of the string quartette, though reserved, perhaps, for those sainted capitalists, those plutocrats, of bliss who have on earth laid up the fattest dividends in heaven through dynamic self-abnegation when it was the other fellow's turn for a solo. For has not Melozzo da Forlì immortalized for us on the walls of St. Peter's a small combination of angelic amateurs who are having a simply heavenly time —

Where quartette-parties ne'er break up
And evenings never end?

By referring to 'the nobler delights of the string quartette,' I mean that chamber-music has a number of advantages over orchestral. There is the literature, for example. The majority of the classic composers have been more happily inspired when writing in the smaller forms than in the larger, and I know of three quartettes and one trio for every symphony of equal musical worth. *Vivitur parvo bene* indeed in the musical camera.

The string quartette possesses another little realized advantage over the orchestra: it can play in perfect tune. It can follow the natural law decreeing that G sharp is eternally different from A flat. It does not have to 'temper' the wind to the shorn bassoon like the orchestra, which finds its tonal life by losing it. For the latter, to secure concord among those baser instruments worked by keys, compromises by taking a nondescript, hybrid note and declaring it to be *both* G sharp and A flat, that is, both white and black, though its mongrel gray is palpable.

Besides these literary and scientific advantages, — the boon of playing 'where Art and Nature sing and smile,' — the quartette has the added advantage of democracy. Now, the orchestra is a monarchy, if not a tyranny, and is aristocratic to its very bow-tips; but in the republic of the string quartette there are no wretched hewers of wood and drawers of water. All men are free and equal. And though the first violin may sparkle, the 'cello wear its heart on its sleeve, and the viola sigh out its mystic soul to the moon with more abandon, perhaps, than the fourth member, yet *Secondo* knows that he is quite as important as any of his brothers. *Liberté, égalité, fraternité*. These make the quartette as fertile of friendships as the rush-line. There is a constant give-and-take among the members, a constant pocketing of one's

personal thunder in favor of the man with the message of melody.

And then the humor of the thing, — the infinite varieties of incongruity that are always popping up. There are the accidents, for instance; as when grave and reverend signor 'cello sits plump into a musical puddle; or, at the uttermost tension of his fine, careless rapture, the first violin's E slips slowly to earth with a most unmusical, most melancholy yowl. There is the endless play of humor in the music itself (which, by the way, deserves a separate essay), and the sudden droll resemblances of the players to non-musical groups of the philistine world outside, as when the amateurs in *Somehow Good* reminded De Morgan of a court scene, in 'the swift pertinence of the repartees of the first violin to the second, the apt *résumé* and orderly reorganization of their epigrammatic interchanges by the 'cello and the double-bass, the steady typewritten report and summary of the whole by the piano-forte, and the regretful exception to so many reports taken by the clarinet.'

A most convincing proof of the joy-giving qualities of chamber-music is the attitude of the professional musician toward it. One rarely hears of the reporter haunting the police court during off hours, or of the mail-carrier indulging in a holiday walking-tour. But many a jaded teacher and slave of the orchestra finds his real *raison d'être* in playing chamber-music 'for fun.'

I crossed once on a German liner which had an excellent orchestra among the stewards. This was kept at a surprisingly high standard, though the members were overwhelmed with menial occupations as hard on a fiddler's fingers as on his temperament; I still remember the pang it cost to see the artist who had just been leading the Unfinished Symphony so divinely, staggering along with a pail of slops.

But the spirit of the true chamber-musician is Antæan. I found that the men had formed a quartette, and every evening that they were in port they practiced together after the severe toil of the day, 'just for fun.' My old viola-playing steward touched me not a little when he inquired if I had ever come across 'the miracle-quartettes of Mozart.' With the flashing eye of youth, he told how he and his comrades had discovered them a few weeks before. 'Und now,' he cried 'to blay dem over eveninks — dat iss all we live for!' When it comes to comparative capacities for pleasure, however, the amateur, with his fresher, keener musical appetite and unimpaired digestion, can usually give odds to the professional. In my opinion, the real earthly paradise is the amateur quartette party.

I have a perfect memory of such an experience in one of the loveliest parts of Canada, at the home of two brothers, good friends, good fiddlers, and good fellows. As second violinist we had the best professional in that part of the Dominion. For one swift fortnight in that old mansion, girt with lawns and woods and waters, surrounded by congenial souls and the rare warmth of old-time Canadian hospitality, I tasted an experience that now seems like a visit to the Avilion of some former existence. Quartettes were interwoven with lacrosse; eager talk with forest excursions and trios and tennis; sonatas with swims; poetry with pantry-parties; canoeing with quintettes. Though our standards were not quite as lofty as those of professionals — such as they were, we were actually attaining them; and what artist ever does that?

Never, since our bows trembled on that last, lingering, poignant cadence of opus fifty-nine, have I enjoyed another such musical lark. And I wonder sometimes why it is that we Americans are so long-faced, so academic, over our

music; why we do not extract more fun from it. Certainly we possess three of the prime requisites for enjoying the quartette: love of adventure, good nerve, and that ready sympathy for the other fellow's point of view, which is vulgarly known as 'sporting blood.'

One of the chamber-musician's chief delights is to 'read,' — to spread out on the racks the crisp new parts, take a deep breath, and together voyage forth into uncharted waters, tensely strung as a captain in the fog, now shaving a sunken rock, now becalmed on a languorous mirror, now in the grip of a hurricane off a lee shore. Or, if the adventure prove not so desperate as this, at least one feels the stimulus, the constant exciting variety as in a close game of tennis, where — no matter what the emergency — one can exultantly depend upon himself to take measures not wholly inadequate to the occasion.

And, as in tennis doubles, there is that same strange, wireless, telepathic something shuttling back and forth between the comrades in the venture, — urging, cautioning, praising, advising with lightning speed, saving the other from utter disaster by a hair, adding, bar for bar, the ineffable commentary of the subliminal, — a thing more akin than aught else I can imagine to the communion of disembodied spirits.

More memorable yet, the experience when the mysterious waves of these soundless words break beyond the little excited circle of players, seemingly so intent upon the notes alone, — and compel the listeners; bending them to the music's mood.

Most other-worldly of all it is when, in playing with those near and dear, these waves go forth and find among

the hearers such capacious spirits that they recoil in tenfold volume to overwhelm the players, so that time and space and the feel of bow and finger-board go utterly lost and the very presence of the instrument passes, and, rapt out of touch and sight, one's self is only such another medium for the soul's expression as are the throbbing strings themselves. Then it is that

In ways unlike the labored ways of earth —
One knows not how —
That part of man which is most worth
Comes forth at call of this old sarabande
And lays a spirit hand
With yours upon the strings that understand.

Your painter-friend over yonder in the corner with closed eyes, — how he is offering all the tender, sonorous, melting, glowing resources of his young palette to color the music that stirs beneath your unconscious fingers. And there in the doorway leans the pale sculptor, the wonder-worker who can 'from the sterile womb of stone, raise children unto God.' In every fibre you feel that he is there, —

To make that sarabande in form more fair.

See in the far window-seat our lady of song. How the string voices broaden, turn canorous under her silent gaze! Brother, can you not feel the very heart of the music pulse faster, —

As our dear poet with the glowing eyes
Brings to the shrine of tone his evening sacrifice?

Ah! lure of lures indeed — the memory of incomparable hours like these

When our sheer souls, in the immortal way,
Have uttered what our lips might never say;

— the hope of hours yet in store when
— as in no other way earth offers —
we may 'feel that we are greater than we know.'

MYSELF AND I

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

MYSELF and I went wandering to-day.
We walked the long white webbed roads away,
Saw much green marsh-land, much blue splendid sea.
The wind was happy with Myself and me.

Now we had read a book whose burden blew
With a brave honest air of being true.
It said, 'Express Thyself, Thyself alway.
True to Thyself, thou canst not go astray.
Ask of the inner Voice, the inner Light,
And heaven-clear shall be thine outer sight.
Obey, — and thou shalt always seek and find
God in the clay, the Spirit on the wind.'

So said I, 'To Myself I will be true.
Speak on, Myself, what I to-day shall do.'
Myself, thereat rejoicing, crowed aloud.
We were elate as angels on a cloud!
The day was ours. Myself with merry mien
Said, 'Thou shalt wear thy gown of shoal-sea green:
Thy curious gown, and plaited in thy hair
Grasses and glistening sea-weeds dank and rare.
To-day thou shalt a mermaid-creature be,
And skip along the surges of the sea.'

Then must I labor with Myself. 'Indeed
I love the green gown and the wreathèd weed.
But every one would turn and stare at me
As I ran down the marshes to the sea!
And if beside the surf alone I go
What strange bad folk may meet me there? Dost know? —
Oh, dear Myself, such joys we cannot take,
Or every tongue will wag and head will shake!'

Myself, demurring, yet did give consent.
Discreetly garbed, on sober roads we went.

The wind came up from out the gleaming west,
And shook the poplar trees, and downward pressed
The bright gray-headed grasses, and the bay
Bristled its blue hair like a hound. Straightway
Myself, long throbbing in my throat, cried out,
'Run with the wind! Oh race with him and shout!
Sing to the sun! be merry as the grass!
Now all the gladness of the earth doth pass.
Thou wouldst not be my wild green mermaid-thing,
But oh, I prithee, laugh, and run, and sing!'

Then must I labor with Myself. 'But lo,
Along the road much people pass us. No. —
If I should sing and run, to-morrow we
In durance with the Crazy Folk might be.
Wouldst thou, strait-jacketed, be fain to sing?
Oh, dear Myself, ask not so mad a thing!'

Upon a porch with scarlet vines o'errun
A darling baby tottered to the sun.
With little cooing cries he greeted us.
'See!' said Myself, 'he is more glorious
Than all the sun. Go up and kiss him, thou.
He is more sweet than bloom on any bough.'

Then must I labor with Myself. 'But stay!
His mother by the lattice hid away
Doth watch him. She will hate me if I dare
To touch him. Look, already doth she stare
Because we loiter by the little wall.
Myself, that was the maddest thing of all.'

Myself made outcry. 'Shame! Thou hast not done
Of all the things I bid a single one.
If to Thyself thou art not ever true,
How shall the eyes of God come piercing through
This maskèd world?'

I had no answer pat.
 Myself had caught me, I admitted that: —
 And to atone, I swore by wind and sky,
 To do Myself's next bidding, should I die!

Myself triumphant, I not too content,
 Down divers white and sunny ways we went.

All suddenly across the curving road
 A youth as tall as plummy Hector strode;
 As tall, as brave in fashion. Faith, he seemed
 A hero-shape some epic minstrel dreamed!
 With proud high step and level sea-blue eyes,
 He looked a god on gallant enterprise.

Up leapt Myself. 'Oh, make him turn thy way!
 Stumble, or swoon! oh, somehow make him stay!
 Thy blood and his are kin, thy heart doth beat;
 Surely, ah surely, he would find thee sweet.
 Let him not pass, he is so brave to see!' —
 He passed. I know not if he glanced at me.

Then must I truly labor with Myself.
 I said, 'O vain, preposterous! Thou elf,
 Thou wicked witch, thou monstrous mischief, thou
 Consummate little mock at conscience, how
 Dost thou expect obedience to such
 Unseemly promptings? I have borne too much.
 Out on thee (yet I love thee)! Now be still.
 God help me if I work thy naughty will.'

At eve Myself and I came home. That book
 Down from its high and portly place we took,
 And read, 'Express Thyself, Thyself alway.
 True to Thyself thou canst not go astray.'
 — I looked Myself between the dancing eyes:
 They dazzled me, they were so wild and wise.
 'Myself,' I said, 'art thou a naughtier one
 Than any other self beneath the sun?

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Or why, why, why, — could I not once obey
Thine innocent glad bidding, all this day?’

Myself’s bright eyes were clouded o’er with tears,
Myself’s gay voice was dim as dust of years.
‘Ah,’ said Myself, ‘the book is true. And I
Am very naughty sometimes. See, I cry
Repentance. Yet so mad I needs must be
Or else the world would choke and smother me.
The world must choke me. No more like a faun
The Spirit, running free, takes dusk and dawn
With earth-simplicity. Thou canst not do
These sudden happy things I call thee to. —
And yet, young Puritan, be kind to me!
I am more precious than thy treasury
Of maxims. Yes, deny me often. Go
The sober road. Yet always deep below
Thy silent days, remember I am here
Defiant, singing, shadowed not by fear
Of Change or Death. Remember me, although
I am so wild, and wanton with thee so. —
For I, though all the world throw stones at me,
Am Light, am Voice, am God’s own spark in thee!’

— We laid the great book back upon its shelf.
Between two tears I smiled in at Myself.

CHRIST AMONG THE DOCTORS

BY GEORGE HODGES

WHEN Holman Hunt painted *The Light of the World*, his clear intention was to make a symbolic picture. Every detail was designed to carry a spiritual meaning. Hoffmann's Christ among the Doctors seems, in comparison, a piece of realism. The ideal figure of the eager Child is surrounded by rabbis attired with archaeological accuracy, whose faces seem to reproduce the features of actual Semitic persons. But this picture is as symbolic as the other. It is a portrayal of contemporary intellectual attitudes.

The difference is plain between the treatment of the theme by Hoffmann and its treatment by any mediæval painter. A mediæval master would have made the Christ the centre of adoration. There would have been kneeling figures in the lower corners, and angels in the upper ones. Hoffmann's men are both hearing Him and asking Him questions, but the questioners are in majority. The context, 'And all that heard Him were astonished at his understanding and answers,' enters but slightly into the picture. The doctors are for the most part independent persons, superior and critical. Some of them are kindly disposed and sympathetic, even reverent; but others are indifferent or hostile. There is little indication of discipleship. They are like the philosophers who listened to St. Paul at Athens, intellectually interested, but remote from any probability of conversion.

The picture might have been used for a frontispiece for Schweitzer's

Quest of the Historical Jesus,¹ for this review of the endeavors to write a Life of Christ shows a series of questioning doctors most of whom are antagonistic. 'There is no historical task,' says Schweitzer, 'which so reveals a man's true self as the writing of a Life of Jesus. No vital force comes into the figure unless a man breathes into it all the hate and all the love of which he is capable. The stronger the love, or the stronger the hate, the more lifelike is the figure which is produced. For hate as well as love can write a Life of Jesus, and the greatest of them are written with hate.'

For many centuries after the apostolic age, neither of these impulses directed men to undertake this work. The Apostles' Creed represented the emphasis of interest. Of the ministry of Christ, and of his teaching, the creed says nothing. And therein it reflects the whole New Testament, except the Gospels. When St. Paul said that he had no great desire to know Christ according to the flesh, he expressed the common feeling. His concern was in the death rather than in the life of Christ; in the death of Christ as related to the doctrine of the Atonement, and in the resurrection of Christ as an assurance of the life everlasting. He was interested in Christ doctrinally, not historically.

The same emphasis appears in the sermons of St. Peter in the Acts. There

¹ *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*. By ALBERT SCHWEITZER. London: Adam and Charles Black. 1910.

is hardly a reference either to the ministry or to the teaching of Jesus. No endeavor is made to continue his characteristic messages. Instead of trying to teach what He had taught, the whole effort is to set forth his personality. The emphasis is upon his person, not upon his instruction. Indeed, this interest is so strong and so exclusive that the wonder is, not that the Gospels tell us so little about his life, but that they tell us anything at all. The appearance of these historical Gospels in an age intent on doctrine is a remarkable phenomenon.

This feeling about the facts of the ministry of Jesus continued until recent times. The shrines of Italy and Germany represent to this day the general mind: in Italy, the shrines show the Madonna; in Germany, the crucifix. Inside the churches, the lives of the saints are depicted with much more detail than the life of Jesus. As for the construction of a coherent narrative, harmonizing the accounts given in the different Gospels, Luther said that the endeavor was not worth the effort. 'The Gospels,' he said, 'follow no order in recording the acts and miracles of Jesus, and the matter is not, after all, of much importance. If a difficulty arises in regard to the Holy Scripture, and we cannot solve it, we must just let it alone.' This is the method which Mr. Moody advised when he compared reading the Bible to eating fish. 'Don't try,' he said, 'to eat the bones; put them on the side of the plate.'

The study of the Gospels as historical documents with the purpose of finding the true order of events, and of interpreting the life of Christ in the light of contemporary literature and history, was begun only about a hundred years ago.

Indeed, as is pointed out by Montefiore, in the introduction to his com-

mentaries on the Synoptic Gospels,¹ it was not safe, until very recent times, for one to set about the free study of the Gospels. Suppose that he were to come to conclusions counter to the customary beliefs; suppose that his studies were to contravene the conventional doctrine of the inspiration of the Scriptures: he would find himself in a position of considerable discomfort, if not of immediate peril. As for the central faith of all, the faith in the divinity of Christ, any hesitation at that point would have exposed him to the stake or to the sword; at the least and gentlest, to loss of place and opportunity, and to the disesteem of his neighbors. Thus Strauss said of his *Life of Jesus*, 'I might well bear a grudge against my book, for it has done me much evil.'

The result was that when the historical study of the life of Christ was actually undertaken, a century ago, the men who engaged in it did so in the spirit of revolt. They reacted from the universal and oppressive reign of dogma. Their purpose was controversial. They were interested in the Gospels, not for the sake of their own souls, but in the hope that by means of the Gospels they might be able to disprove the creeds. They brought forward the Christ of history that He might dispossess the Christ of dogma. 'They were eager to picture Him as truly and purely human, to strip from Him the robes of splendor with which He had been appareled, and clothe Him once more with the coarse garments in which He had walked in Galilee.'

The effort of the new biographers to commend their work to their own consciences was pleasantly satirized by Semler in his reply to Lessing. Lessing had begun the whole movement by his publication of papers found among the manuscripts of Reimarus.

¹ *The Synoptic Gospels*. By C. G. MONTEFIORE. Macmillan & Co. 1909.

Disregarding the advice of his friends, and 'inwardly trembling for that which he himself held sacred, he flung the torch with his own hand.' Semler said that he was like the man who was arrested on the charge of burning down a house. There was no denial of the cardinal fact. He admitted that he had gone into the house and put a bundle of hay over a burning candle. But he defended himself stoutly. 'Yesterday,' he said, 'about four o'clock, I went into my neighbor's store-room, and saw there a burning candle which the servants had carelessly forgotten. In the course of the night, it would have burned down, and set fire to the stairs. To make sure that the fire should break out in the daytime, I threw some straw upon it. The flames burst out at the sky-light, the fire-engines came hurrying up, and the fire, which in the night might have been dangerous, was promptly put out.' 'But why,' asked the judge, 'did you not pick up the candle yourself, and put it out?' 'Because, your honor, had I put the candle out, the servants would not have learned to be more careful!' The judge committed the defendant to an asylum for persons of disordered mind, and this seemed to Semler a proper disposal of Lessing and all the others who were trying to preserve the Gospels by destroying them.

Anyhow, the fire was kindled, and the straw at least was burning briskly; it remained to be seen whether the fire companies could save the house, or not.

In the opinion of Reimar, the story of Jesus was founded upon a deliberate imposture on the part of the disciples. Jesus, indeed, really lived, and the Gospels are right in the main features of their account of Him; for the records show a career of failure, ending on the cross. But the apostles invented the resurrection, and all the super-

natural elements of the narrative came with it. Strauss found the basis of the Gospels, not in imposture, but in myth. He attributed the supernatural events to what he gently called 'creative reminiscence.' For example, the transfiguration which Paulus had explained as the impression made on the half-awake disciples by the sight of the Master coming down the hill in the first brightness of the rising sun, was ascribed by Strauss to a bringing over of the old story of the shining face of Moses. Bauer's theory was that of literary invention: some imaginative person wrote a Life of Jesus, and the evangelists copied it.

The honest purpose of these students of the Gospels was to cut away the ground beneath the feet of dogma. Their motive was frank hostility to the current faith in the supernatural. They were followed by a considerable company of ingenious writers who were impelled not so much by hostility as by the interest of novelty. The earlier critics, after some experiences of martyrdom, had demonstrated the fact that the time had come when one might say whatever one pleased, even in contradiction of the central positions of orthodoxy, and suffer no great harm. And this gave access to a new field. It disclosed a new liberty. It was like opening to occupation a new territory, and settlers swarmed in by hundreds, some for purposes of settlement, some for purposes of speculation.

Many clever students were desirous to contribute to a better knowledge of the Bible, and had, at the beginning, no other intention. But a contribution consists of that which we did not possess before. The aim of the ambitious student was to make discoveries, to propose a theory which nobody had thought of, to tell us something positively new. This process materially depreciates the old. Between two

possible interpretations, one of them supported by councils and commentaries, and the other appearing at that moment at the open door of the student's mind, the novel interpretation was given the 'glad hand' of hospitality. The privilege of difference had been so long denied, that men now made the most of it. Propositions had been prized in proportion to their age. So they were still, but the advantage now was on the side of youth. It was perceived that it was no longer possible to make an interesting book by quoting from the fathers. Then Bahrdt and Venturi suggested that the true hero of the gospel story was Nicodemus, the head of a secret order of Essenes who made Jesus their instrument. And Noach proposed the theory that the Fourth Gospel was written by the beloved disciple — Judas!

It can hardly be said that this destructive work went on under the protection of any policy of toleration. The conservatives would gladly have silenced these defiant persons, by the old methods. But the times had changed. It was possible to fling the stones of controversy, but the use of actual paving material was discredited. Somehow, by common consent, the final argument of Saul in his debate with Stephen was no longer held to be a fair resort. It therefore became possible at last to test the effect of free speech by experience. The main value to-day of the long series of lives of Christ is in the opportunity thus afforded to see how so perilous a liberty really works.

It must be confessed that at the beginning it seemed like the opening of the bags of contrary winds by the sailors of Ulysses. There was an immediate storm. Under the impulse of hostility and of novelty, men attacked everything in sight. The conclusions of the past became points of departure. Find-

ing themselves free to disagree with the Bible, the critics disagreed jubilantly. They had a certain joy in contradicting the prophets and apostles. As for the fathers and the councils, what they believed was discredited by the fact that they believed it. If they ascribed the Gospels to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, the presumption was that Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John had nothing whatever to do with them. Conservative people were grievously alarmed. Even the stoutest maintainers of the doctrine of the inerrancy of Scripture felt that there was something amiss in the proposal to give the tares a chance. They could not believe that it was good gardening.

But gradually the situation changed. It appeared that the early freedom was for the sake of freedom. It was like the irresponsible independence of youth. It was the audacity of adolescence. It seemed menacing enough, at the moment, and was distressingly destructive, but it had its place in those patient processes according to whose wise providence destruction is one of the natural exercises of new strength. All proper children are destructive. That is their way of finding out what things are made of. But they get over it. It is not well to take their inconvenient activities too seriously. The critics, too, get over it.

At first, in the season of revolt, they only were accounted 'liberal' whose minds were open to the new ideas. It was presently perceived, however, that genuine liberalism is an attitude, not toward novelty, but toward truth. He alone is liberal who welcomes truth under all conditions, and is as ready to recognize it in the formularies of the past as in the theories of the present. And he is the best 'conservative' who is so sure of the truth that he is not nervous about it. He watches the critic digging at the Bible, as he watches

the geologist digging at the hill. He has no fear that either of these monuments will fall down.

The critics dug away with great fierceness, and reinforced their picks and spades with occasional charges of dynamite, and for a good while the conservatives stood by, holding their breath. But, after all, nothing happened. And at last it became pretty plain that nothing was likely to happen.

Of course, there were times when the violence of the explosions seemed to signify tremendous destruction. Before the smoke had cleared away, men felt that the very foundations of the faith had been blown up. But, on examination, there they were as ever. The critics who had contracted to remove the mountain made enthusiastic reports of progress. Now they had taken away the Gospel of St. John, now they had reduced the other three to two chief sources, an account mainly of the life of Christ in Mark, and an account mainly of the teachings of Christ in Matthew; now Schmiedel had cleared everything away except nine texts, the 'foundation-pillars,' as he said, 'of a really scientific Life of Jesus,' authenticated by the fact that they 'could not have been invented.' But readers of these reports who went out expecting to find in the place of the everlasting hill only these nine flat stones, discovered to their surprise that no serious alterations had taken place in the landscape.

Thus, after all the activities of hostile criticism, Dr. Hastings issues his *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*,¹ Dr. Fairbairn publishes his *Studies in Religion and Theology*,² and the fellows and scholars of the Hartford Seminary

complete their translation of Zahn's *Introduction to the New Testament*.³ The writers are men the competency of whose scholarship is unquestioned. They are fully acquainted with all the operations of destructive criticism. They are honest men, who may not be suspected of thinking one thing and saying another. And their minds are undisturbed. They perceive, indeed, that there are difficulties which were not so evident before. Some of them they solve, some they do not solve. It appears, even in these conservative pages, that the critics have demolished the old doctrine of the inerrancy of Scripture. But that was only a wooden fence which cautious persons had built around the hill. The hill itself remains, from whose heights, as of old, men see God.

That is, after a hundred years of free criticism, much of it hostile, the changes in the old positions are mostly in detail. It has been proved by long experience that even the life of Christ may be subjected to rigorous analysis, not only with impunity, but with profit. The critics disclosed new aspects of the work of Christ. Moreover, as the early antagonists lost their bitterness, and criticism ceased to be a partisan contention with orthodoxy, the critics reexamined the conservative and traditional positions with a new respect. Gradually, the dates given to the Gospels were set further back. Harnack's return to the Lukan theory of the authorship of the Third Gospel is significant and representative.

Thus the progress of criticism vindicates the free study of religion. The students of the Gospels grow continually more patient, more appreciative, more conservative, and more religious. They are less inclined to dogmatic negation.

¹ *A Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*. By JAMES HASTINGS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1909.

² *Studies in Religion and Theology*. By A. M. FAIRBAIRN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1910.

³ *Introduction to the New Testament*. By THEODOR ZAHN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1909.

In fact, almost everything has now been said which even the most radical or the most hostile critic can find it in his heart to say. How much better to have it frankly said! How much wiser the policy of free speech than the policy of prudent repression! For the conservation which grows in the field of freedom strikes its roots deep into the soil, and is a part of the abiding nature of things. The conservation which is maintained by authority is a tender plant, which needs constant and anxious care, and even then may perish in a night. Free conservatism is a slow growth, but it is worth the expenditure of any amount of pain and patience.

When Johannes Weiss, in 1892, published his work on *The Preaching of Jesus concerning the Kingdom of God*, his readers were amazed to find that it was all contained in seventy-six pages. They were at first disposed to doubt the value of so brief a writing. Whoever, they argued, has a message of importance, will intrust it to the hands of a grown man. The small book seemed informal and undignified, like a small boy. But Weiss's brevity was highly significant. It meant that criticism was passing from the study of the documents to the study of the essential mission of Jesus.

Schweitzer specifies three alternatives in this discussion. There is, first, the debate between those who hold that the central Person of the Gospels was purely historical, and those who hold that He was purely supernatural. This discussion is fairly represented by the papers reprinted from the *Hibbert Journal* under the title "Jesus or Christ?"¹ One phase of it appears in such books as Meyer's *Jesus or Paul*,²

¹ *Jesus or Christ*. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. 1910.

² *Jesus or Paul*. By ARNOLD MEYER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1909.

and Weiss's *Paul and Jesus*.³ The second alternative is the choice between the first three Gospels and the fourth as the ultimate source of knowledge concerning the meaning and mission of Jesus. This is represented by Scott's *Historical and Religious Value of the Fourth Gospel*,⁴ and Bacon's *Fourth Gospel in Research and Debate*.⁵ The third question is as to the definition of the Kingdom of God. Did Jesus proclaim a Kingdom to be realized gradually by increasing obedience to the will of God, or to be realized suddenly by the appearance of the Son of Man, and the ending of all terrestrial things?

It is contended by some German theologians that between these alternatives one must be taken and the others left. But this is not acceptable to most thoughtful persons in this country or in England. The Germans, who make fun of a 'qualifying-clause' theology, and deride such saving phrases as 'yes, but,' and 'on the other hand,' and 'notwithstanding,' do not commend their thorough-going assertions to our minds. Such positiveness seems to us an academic fallacy, made possible by residing altogether in a library and a lecture-room, without much acquaintance with the larger course of human life. We like better the saying of Frederick Robertson that truth is to be found not by choosing one extreme to the denial of the other, still less by a compromise whereby neither extreme shall retain its original meaning, but by a holding of the two extremes together. Why must the Person of Christ be either historical or super-

³ *Paul and Jesus*. By JOHANNES WEISS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1909.

⁴ *The Historical and Religious Value of the Fourth Gospel*. By ERNEST F. SCOTT. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1909.

⁵ *The Fourth Gospel in Research and Debate*. By BENJAMIN W. BACON. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. 1910.

natural? Why not historical and supernatural at the same time? Why, if we take the first three Gospels, must we reject the fourth? Why must the two theories of the mission of Christ be mutually exclusive?

As a matter of fact, the great debates go on because both sides are right. Each contributes to the fuller knowledge of the truth. The formula 'either—or' is for lawyers, whose business is to leave the other side out of account, not for scholars who desire the truth. We approach to-day a better understanding and a better theology by its formula 'yes, but': 'yes' being an acceptance of the truth which is newly brought to our attention by those who differ from us; and 'but' being a maintenance still of our own previous truth which the new truth does but enrich and illuminate. The fathers at Nicæa very likely knew their own business better than we do, but they appear to have acted as politicians rather than as statesmen when they deliberately searched for a creed-word which Arius could not possibly accept. What we need for our better unity in faith and order is a comprehensive statement which shall have room for varying emphases and temperaments, and differences of opinion. The note is set by the doctrine of the Incarnation, that Jesus Christ is at the same time God and Man.

The heart of the whole matter is a certain spiritual attitude. The Gospels were not composed by individual authors, but by companies of Christian believers. They represent the impression which Jesus made upon his disciples. There is a social element in them which of necessity produces differences, because differences existed in the human nature of the believers. They reported what they saw and heard, some more, some less. The accounts of the discourses of Christ in the Fourth

Gospel differ much from the accounts in the First and Third, but the difference is scarcely greater than that which appears between the preaching of St. Paul as it is reported in the Acts and as it is given in his own words in the Epistles. Such variations do not present serious difficulties to persons who are living under the social conditions out of which the Gospels proceeded. The books are alive, and the mystery which pervades them is the elusive and indefinable mystery of life. The trouble with many of the German scholars is that they live in closets. They are professional persons who do not come into close contact with people. They were first pupils and then teachers, without the instructive intervention of any parochial experience. They have preached no sermons, and ministered to no souls. Thus they come to the study of these documents, and of Him concerning whom the documents were written, somewhat as Sir Christopher Wren might have undertaken a commentary on Shakespeare's Sonnets. Wren was an architect and thought in terms of length and height; Shakespeare thought in terms of passion and emotion.

The most reassuring recent book for those who are perplexed between the alternatives of criticism is Dr. Denney's *Jesus and the Gospel*.¹ He undertakes to answer two vital questions: 'Has Christianity existed from the beginning only in the form of a faith which has Jesus as its object, and not at all in the form of a faith which has had Jesus simply as its living pattern?' and 'Can Christianity, as even the New Testament exhibits it, justify itself by appeal to Christ?' Thus he encounters two ideas which are present, more or less consciously, in many minds: the idea that the early disciples

¹ *Jesus and the Gospel*. By JAMES DENNEY. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son, 1910.

in their enthusiasm for a noble teacher exalted their admiration into adoration; and the idea that such adoration is remote from Christ's own conception of Himself. These are at the centre of negative criticism. The critic who arrays the Christ of History against the Christ of Dogma honestly believes that a Galilean saint, against his own will and in disregard of his own teachings, was lifted by his disciples into the clouds. Dr. Denney finds no basis for this supposition, either in history or in psychology.

At the same time, he insists upon the difference between faith and doctrine, between a certain spiritual relation to Christ and the expression of it in the changing phrases of contemporary thought. He would substitute

for all clerical subscriptions the form which was used by the assembly which made the Westminster Confession:— 'I will maintain nothing in point of doctrine but what I believe to be most agreeable to the word of God: nor in point of discipline but what may make most for God's glory, and the peace and good of this Church.' And for all creeds, this comprehensive statement: 'I believe in God through Jesus Christ His only son, our Lord and Saviour.' For creeds and subscriptions are intended mainly for defense, and to put an end to the assaults of debate. But the best approach to truth and peace and unity is to follow Wesley's maxim: 'Think and let think.' It seems a fair conclusion from the actual results of the free criticism of the life of Christ.

TOLSTOI AND YOUNG RUSSIA

BY ROSE STRUNSKY

To Russia there are now two Tolstoïs — the Tolstoï who was alive and the Tolstoï who is dead.

The Tolstoï alive was looked upon with bitterness and pain, as a father who denied his love. Tolstoï sat within reach of all Russia on his estate in Yasnaya Polyana, looking out upon the infinite, 'applying his soul and meditating on the law of the Most High,' and the youth would come to him with questions and demands. 'Leo Nicholaievitch,' they would say, 'they are hanging us on every cross-road, they are starving and flogging the peasants to death, they are massacring the Jews, and all Russia is red with

blood. What are you going to say? What are you going to do?'

And Leo Nicholaievitch would answer, 'I do not like to speak on such matters, for I am a religious thinker and not a politician, but in so far as Russia disrupts union and harmony, she is in error, and in so far as you do so, you, too, are in error. We must all live in union and harmony — that is the reason of life.'

Then the youth would go away and look upon that wolf he was asked to lie down with, and anger and even distrust against Tolstoï — that great lover of mankind — would fill his heart.

But it is different with the dead Tol-

stoï. There is no rushing to him now to get his help or advice at each repetition of iniquity and calamity. He is no longer a figure living in Yasnaya Polyana in the nineteenth century, but a wise man, one of the great sons of Wisdom whom she has exalted. It took but the first footfall of Death for all Russia to realize this. A sob broke from them. They were bereft. Their glory had departed.

Yet because he lived on this earth only eighty-two years and three months, while as dead he may live many hundreds of years as one of the world's great men, it is interesting from an historical standpoint to see what were his thoughts and Russia's at the various periods of the eighty-two years they lived together.

I

The nineteenth century in Russia is characterized by periods of revolutionary outburst, — the aftermaths of the French Revolution, of the European unrest of 1848 and 1870 which found their way into that far country, — coupled with causes native to Russia itself; and by periods of reaction, of ebb-tides as it were, when the ardent youth, no longer ardent and no longer young, sat down passive and hopeless with folded arms. It was in such an ebb-tide that Tolstoï was born and reared.

The Decembrists of 1825 had fought and lost; the cynical cloak of Byronism, though rather threadbare, was still much in use even up to the forties. The result was that Tolstoï's detached, individualistic nature was not diverted from its natural groove as it might have been had he been born twenty years later, when the sense of social solidarity was developed and the energies and passions of the youth found their outlet through political and propagandist groups.

How different from the youth of the sixties was Tolstoï's own youth as he described it in the book of that name! Prince Nekludoff and the hero, who is Tolstoï, make a compact while at the university to tell each other every experience and emotion. The result was extreme self-analysis and introspection. Here we can almost see the foundation for that insulation of mind which was his increasingly to the very end. But it can only be fully understood through a definite picture of that cauldron of dreaming, thinking, fighting Russia into which he threw his writings, and which he did not seem to see or feel.

The Crimean War had destroyed the last shreds of Byronism, and the democratic movement of 1848 had rolled its waves into Russia. The country in the middle fifties was fired with the spirit of educational and political reform. The women broke away from their homes and demanded education; the young men rose to help spread education and encourage the women. The country was bent on freeing the serfs. Emancipation commissions were sitting, and there were rumors of great political changes. Not only was the serf to be free, but the landlord was to be divested of land, and Russia was to be turned into one glorious commonwealth!

But Tolstoï was already thirty and immune from contagion. He was in St. Petersburg leading the frivolous life of a nobleman, made more frivolous still by the fact that he was a fêted hero returned from the war and already a writer of good reputation. He makes no mention of this great political and educational movement, nor did he make friends with any of its leaders, not even with the editors of the *Contemporary* for which he wrote, Dabrolubeff, Michailloff and Tchernyshefsky, who kept up the fire of the agrarian reform and practically forced the issue

upon Alexander II. Even Turgenieff left him cold. He 'despised him,' he said, and it was only a few years later that he even sent him a pair of pistols and a challenge because of a petty quarrel over the education of Turgenieff's daughter. As for the revolutionary sheet, *The Bell*, which Turgenieff edited with Herzen for the purpose of hammering away at the system of serfdom, Tolstoi ignored it entirely.

No matter what his inner struggles were, — and his writings show that they were many, — he did not openly deny the class to which he belonged, an almost conventional thing to do at this time. This utter lack of sympathy with the movement of 'Fathers and Sons,' as this period is called in Russian history, had its effect upon his writings. His books dealt with situations and emotions already outgrown, and appeared like anachronisms to the Russia which read them.

His *Morning of a Landed Proprietor* deals with attempts at improving the condition of the serfs, and speaks of their intelligence. No doubt Tolstoi was telling of his experiences and feelings when he went down to Yasnaya Polyana as a lad of nineteen; but the story appeared at a time when almost all were agitating, not for the improvement of the condition of the serfs, but for the absolute abolition of serfdom, and were already beginning to recognize the peasant as an important factor in Russian progress as well as an intelligent being. The only question then raging was, how was this abolition to be accomplished, and in what form should the land be held — in communal or in private ownership?

His novel *Youth*, mentioned above, also created an unfavorable impression, because, although Tolstoi described faithfully in minute detail the ill effects of introspection and self-analysis, he nevertheless seemed to hold them

up as an ideal to be attained. The youth of this time were abandoning themselves to a great cause, and Tolstoi's ideal appeared egotistical and useless.

But the book which created the most violent discussion was the *Cossacks*, which appeared in 1860. It was begun eight years earlier, but it came out just when the country was struggling to get the last word of civilization and at great personal sacrifice was passing it on to the people. The book, showing as it did in strong colors the vital, virile, primitive life of the Cossacks as compared to the young effete hero who goes down among them, was misunderstood and thought to be a call to the primitive on the part of Tolstoi. It sounded reactionary. To overthrow serfdom meant to let the winds of western civilization sweep into Russia; it was obvious to all that it could not be done by a return to the primitive.

The misunderstanding took place in thinking that Tolstoi was writing to prove a point. He was writing of things which had made the greatest impression on him. But the difficulty for the Russian mind was to understand that the things which had made the greatest impression on him had nothing to do with the social whole at all, but with himself.

This accounts for the fact that at the time when emancipation was finally accomplished in 1861, he was away altogether from Russia and was busy writing that masterpiece, *War and Peace*, which was an epic poem of the year 1812.

Yet this individualistic type of mind did not mean callousness to the world at large, it only meant an inverted reaching out to it. Great as his mind and heart were, they were isolated. Reach out to the world as he would, he could not overtake the last thought of that most advanced country, Russia.

The task was beyond this greatest human soul, and all his life he gave the appearance of lagging after the current thought.

II

Thus we see Russia in 1863 — disappointed and angered; the serf freed, but with a burden of sixty years' taxes for arid, worthless patches of land. The need of organization for the purpose of gaining that for which one is educated became apparent. Unorganized peasant uprisings were general, and the authorities were quenching them with fire and sword. Back into this cauldron came Tolstoi, and began where Russia had left off five years before, with educational reform. He opened a school in Yasnaya Polyana, and his ideas were brilliant and valuable and made a sensation. But the police came and destroyed his school and took his notes.

It did not throw him into the revolutionary camp. He took the post of arbiter between peasant and landlord, and tried to enforce some justice even under the iniquitous standards. He listened to the complaints and arbitrated. But when his decisions were in favor of the peasants, the decisions were reversed from above. Nor did this throw him with the more advanced thought. Instead, we find him writing to the Grand Duke Constantine, urging him to grant land reforms and pointing out that such reforms would safeguard the autocracy against the revolution!

And for fifteen years he went on, struggling within, but outwardly at peace. He stayed on in Yasnaya Polyana, seeing that the carp did not escape from the lake, or sending horses for sale to Samara. Around him the struggle of 'Fathers and Sons' had begun. Russia was uttering that great cry, 'To the people!' 'It is the movement of the Will of the People! A hundred million souls were given glorious hopes and

then mocked, a hundred million souls were robbed and beaten and oppressed. If you love one another, go to one another, join hands with the hundred million, teach them all you know, fight with them.' It is hard to believe that Tolstoi did not know of this movement going on about him. The trials of the Netchaev groups, the Dolgushin groups, the 'Moscow Fifty,' the 'Trial of the Hundred and Ninety Three,' had full reports in the papers. The spirit that lay behind them could be told by the speeches of the men and women tried, it could be told by Turgenieff's *Virgin Soil*. And yet Tolstoi remained untouched. But all this time he was struggling with the question of how to live in harmony with the world. He was like a colossus walking blindfold through the jungle of life, and he had to grope solitary and unaided, to come to the same position in 1883 which the Russian youth had held in the seventies.

But before this great thing happened to him, before his 'crisis,' as it is called, his novel *Anna Karenina* appeared. It was received with open arms abroad, but again it was looked on with disfavor by the majority at home. Already in 1863 the question of love and marriage, and of separation after marriage, had been discussed in all circles of Russia. Tchernyshefsky, in his novel of that year, *What Is To Be Done*, had discussed this question with the utmost frankness, and had come to the conclusions which were accepted by all Russia, namely, that there were times when separation after marriage is inevitable, and that there are instances when a real love for a third person comes after marriage and that this love should be followed. Now in 1875 Tolstoi issued this masterpiece *Anna Karenina*, with the inscription, 'Vengeance is Mine. I Will Repay.' Russia felt that *Anna Karenina's* tragedy was due to man-made conditions and her

own nature, and not, as the inscription suggests, to a supernatural law which could not be avoided. Thus it was received with great displeasure by nearly all Russia, and hailed by the conservatives as the work of a Daniel come to Judgment.

III

It was at this time that the great crisis in his life took place, a crisis that had been foretold by several Russian critics. All these years he had searched for the answer to the problem of life, and when it came it was the same as the youth had found for themselves more than ten years before, — To the People! Love the People!

'The only reason for life,' said Tolstoi, 'is the universal desire for welfare which, in reasoning man, becomes expanded to a desire for universal welfare — in other words, to love. It (this universal desire for welfare) expands its limits naturally by love, first for one's family, — one's wife and children, — then for friends, then for one's fellow countrymen; but Love is not satisfied with this, and tends to embrace all!'

The youth of the eighties had not repudiated this doctrine of love for all, for the people, but by this time they had reached different territory. By the continued oppressions and persecutions of the government, this love for the people drove them in the name of the people into a militant attitude toward the government. It drove them to Terrorism. For Tolstoi it led, for the first few years, to the philosophical position of absolute non-resistance to evil. 'I know that the enemy and the so-called malefactors are all men like myself, they love good and they hate evil, and if they do an apparently evil thing, it has to be corrected by good; and in this way the immediate work of the world, which is the substi-

tution of union and harmony for division and discord, can be carried on.'

But he could not long continue his absolute non-resistance to evil. He found that when he said that government, which is coercion and force, is evil, and that resistance is evil, both tending to disrupt the union and harmony which is the universal desire, he was nevertheless himself abetting this evil, which was the government. It was not to the non-resistance to evil that the government took exception. That doctrine sounded almost as good as a ukase from the Czar. It was only when he modified his theory, 'Resist not evil,' to 'Resist not evil *by violence*,' that the government grew uneasy about him. For a while his passive resistance sounded threatening. 'Take no part in violence,' he reiterated. 'The government is violent, therefore it is evil. Take no part in it. Pay no taxes, refuse to serve in the army.' But even these treasonable words were more than mitigated by their corollary. To take no part in violence at all meant that when the authorities sent down Cossacks to beat the peasants and raze the villages for not paying taxes, or for refusing to send recruits, the peasants should not resist, but receive this scourging with humility and patience and thus carry on the 'universal desire of union and harmony.' No wonder Tolstoi was left alone in Yasnaya Polyana, no wonder there was misunderstanding between him and the ardent youth whose whole life was dedicated vigilantly and zealously to the task of resisting evil.

IV

But Tolstoi's position was anomalous even to himself, and he could not carry it out to its full logical sequence. Every now and then he stopped his 'applying his soul and his meditating on the law of the Most High,' to burst

forth in protest against the conditions around him. In fact his last years were spent in vigorous protest against evil, though always with a half apology. Thus his letter on the Kishineff massacre of the Jews begins, that although purely a religious thinker and a philosopher and unwilling to speak on temporal things, yet he cannot help raising his voice at this moment to cry out against this great iniquity which has been committed. His letter, 'I cannot be silent,' has the same ring to it. He does not justify the revolutionists for their acts of violence, but he condones their acts because of their youth, their passions, and the extreme provocations by the government, composed of older and more experienced men with infinitely more power to do both evil and good than the youth. And with this power the government is bestializing its people — making hangmen where there were no hangmen before, and setting up gallows for the youth on all the cross-roads in the land. Would that he, too, were considered one with the youth and could suffer the penalty with them, rather than live unharmed on his estate and protected by the government!

It was a reaching out of his hand to the youth, an almost forced acknowledgment that there is no neutral ground in Russia — nor in all life, for that matter. This great universal thinker had to think and feel and act in a limited, temporal period. His heart kept on bleeding for the present, while his philosophy pulled him into the infinite. This is the reason for his seeming inconsistency: in his continuous reiteration, on the one hand, of his moral truths which take no cognizance of their practical relation to everyday conditions, and which say that each individual can make his own world, and his ever-ready outbursts of indignation and protest against wrongs

which were being committed about him, and which he saw were beyond the control of the individual.

And herein lies the pathos and the tragedy of Tolstoi — that he was great in a great time, but that the time and the man did not fit. Herein lies the glory of death, that he can now be measured by the scope and the strivings of his soul.

At one moment he did fit into the thought of his own country, and that was when he issued *What is Art?* But here, too, — as with his educational reform, his going to the people, his ideas of simplicity, his conceptions of property and labor, — the ideas he set forth were already part and parcel of current Russian thought. The difference in this case was that Russia since the later twenties had never changed its position in regard to art, but had always held that the one purpose of art was the service of humanity. Tolstoi's confirmation of that principle was gratifying to Russian critics, for heretofore their opponents had considered Tolstoi as belonging to them. The real field of battle into which Tolstoi's *What is Art?* was cast was abroad, where German metaphysical æsthetics held sway. Abroad his *What is Art?* was iconoclastic, in Russia its significance was historical, and this differentiation is true of almost all his life and work.

As to Tolstoi himself, there was no dualism in his nature at all. He was not a hedonist one year and an ascetic the next. The problems of the boy of twelve were the same as those of the man of seventy. The years only brought their answers to him; and the answers came from within himself and not from life. Alone he took up the god-like task of creating man and life anew. That he should seemingly have left no impress on his family and his

fatherland is but natural. They did not belong to him, he belonged to himself, worked upon himself; he was his own material.

v

As one who had been in relation with his country for eighty-two years, Tolstoi was a failure. A scene in his own garden with his family, as the writer remembers it, is symbolic of the larger picture of himself and the Russia of his day.

It is May. A long table stands under a tree in an old garden surrounding a large country-house painted white. The place is suggestive of a nobleman's estate. About the table are seated Tolstoi, his eldest daughter, Tatyana, his son, Sergei, and his son's wife (a Swedish noblewoman), their two small sons dressed in white costumes with large sailor collars, and Tolstoi's youngest son, a rather portly young fellow in a silk pongee costume. Our little party of three completes the group.

A samovar is singing on the table. Tatyana is pouring tea at the head, and there is a bowl of Metchnicoff's curds on the table. Tolstoi sits on the right near the foot, eating curds. His first appearance is of one very old. He is slight and emaciated. His cheek-bones protrude, his chin is sunken, his eyebrows are thick and shaggy, and he lisps from toothlessness. One feels that he is but bones under that long peasant blouse. But the impression of age vanishes after a few minutes. He is sprightly in his movements, and his eyes are piercing under his shaggy brows. He talks animatedly, and seems conscious in a simple dignified way that it is he whom we have come to see, and that it is he who is the centre of interest. His children, too, know that he is of great importance, and their conversation centres around his home,

his house, his family, his tenets, his thoughts.

Sergei (rather slight, with a small beard, exquisitely groomed, sitting on my left). — Yes, Gorky got what he deserved in America. Why, the man does not even believe in private property!

Tolstoi (at the foot). — Of course I do not like to talk about politics; I am a religious thinker, but if you want to know what I think of the revolution and the Duma, I'll tell you: — it is a five-act drama, and you'll have to stay fifty years to see it through, and the Duma is the first scene of the first act and is high comedy.

Tatyana. — You know my husband is a deputy to the Duma. He is a Constitutional Democrat. You see, though, I don't always agree with my father. I am more in sympathy with him than these two here. Now, my brother [points to the youngest] says he is a monarchist.

The Young Man (looking up from his glass of tea). — Of course I am a monarchist. If we would all stand loyal by the Czar and not pull this way and that, and be good to the peasants, there would be no trouble at all. [Sips his tea again.]

Tolstoi (passing me a bowl of curds). — That's to live two hundred and fifty years.

Sergei. — I think I'll go to America and give a course of lectures on my father. I'll wager I'll be received differently from Gorky.

Tolstoi (to my brother-in-law). — I said to the Duma leader, if you have any better solution than that of Henry George, stand for it. But those labor people are n't really representative. Look at their hands.

My Brother-in-law. — But there are several good ones. Anikine, for example.

Tolstoi. — Yes; so I am told; my son-in-law said so.

Tatyana. — My husband was a widower with six children when I married him. You know my father believes in large families, we were thirteen ourselves.

Tolstoï. — The land question in Russia is the economic side of the problem, but it all goes back to the government question, to violence and the tax-gatherer. The agrarian programme of the labor group is socialistic, and I have no objection to Socialism if you take it broadly like the judge, who, when the witness said Socialism was the working together for the welfare of mankind, said he, too, was a Socialist.

Some One. — What about anarchism?

Tolstoï. — That too is all right, but the building-up afterwards, that is the trouble. And now I am going to tell you something you may not understand. I don't know whether I can make myself clear. The organization of the work of the world, that is the problem—it is difficult in the country, but much worse in towns.

My Sister. — And the solution of the problem is —

Tolstoï (shrugs his shoulders). — At present I am writing tracts on religion. Come to my room and I will give you some. Did you know that Garrison was a passive-resistance man? And also Thoreau? I'll wager you have n't read —

I. — His *Civic Disobedience*; yes, we have.

Tolstoï. — The first Americans I have met who have.

[We all rise and go to his room.]

Tolstoï (walking with arms folded over his chest). — No; I can't say I see

my way to the solution of the problem, but the solutions given by others are absurd. But yet if you stay long enough you will even see it — the revolution. It will come. But I do not speak of it. It will not bring with it that which I want.

Tatyana (to me). — Let me go with you. I can show you the whole house. There are wonderful busts and portraits of my father in the drawing-room, done by the greatest artists. And when we come back I'll show you the kitchen.

[We see the kitchen with the tile-oven large enough 'to cook banquets on,' and the *chef* in his white cap and coat as befits the household of a count. We leave the family smiling and bowing to us from the veranda steps.]

How absolutely detached he was from all, this great master of Negation!

He had risen in his negations from pinnacle to pinnacle, negator of his class, negator of his art, negator of his teaching, lover of all yet never one with all, until this arch-individualist wandered off on that memorable pilgrimage which ended at Astopova, to merge himself into the common whole and make the greatest sacrifice of all, the negation of his very self.

Like a mediæval Christian, like a follower of Buddha, Tolstoï found himself by his last act of Negation. He who had been detached from man in spirit was brought back to men by the hand of Death. Through Death he became himself, through Death was he made visible to those nearest him. Death took him and returned him to the world.

EDUCATIONAL EFFICIENCY

BY HENRY DAVIS BUSHNELL

To minds open and progressively inclined, the general topic of improvement and advance in educational methods is received with an interest measured only by the vast importance and far-reaching influence of the subject. It is, then, before broad-minded judges and to a prepared audience that Bulletin Number Five of the Carnegie Foundation makes its case for methods and means intended to increase efficiency in higher education. The suggestions of this publication, presented with persuasiveness and worked out with infinite and painstaking detail, may briefly be summed up (without intending to belittle the vast labor of the research) as an attempted application of the most modern, advanced, and best methods of industrial activity to the problems of education, to the end that less 'moss' shall exist upon the portals of our places of higher education. In other words, the business test of accounting is to be applied for the purpose of ascertaining with some degree of certainty whether each dollar expended in the cause of learning is reaping its dollar's worth of return on the investment. Taking all things into consideration, it is believed that this is a fair statement of the purpose and scope of the publication to which we have referred.

Now, it is obvious to all *alumni* who are worthy of the educational advantages that they enjoyed, that the cause of learning, training, culture — whatever name it may be desirable to use — must not lag behind the general march

forward of civilization in the generic sense. On the contrary, those entrusted with the problems of teaching must, to be entitled to consideration, be in the forefront of the advance, leading the advance, and more than that, willing to be led whenever and wherever light from any source shows clearly the way of advance to be.

No graduate of our universities, if he has obtained at the knee of his *Alma Mater* the best she has to give, — an open mind, a judgment in suspension, an abhorrence of the attitude of fixed and definitive opinion, — but will readily concede that there are serious shortcomings and wants in his own university, and, therefore, probably in all others; although when he is honest with himself, as he reviews his own personal experience and that of his intimates, he will be compelled to admit that many of the points he regrets are chargeable to his own indifference or indolence rather than to inefficient management.

But the faults of higher education in this country, which may be granted by all who know the facts, are present; and the problem is, how to correct them.

The author of Bulletin Number Five, approaching the subject from the point of view of business management, must necessarily see even at first sight much that distresses an orderly, systematic mind. He cites such instances as gardeners refraining from work about college grounds until professors' hours in class or lecture-rooms begin,

and on afternoons of intercollegiate games; he points out that some lecture-rooms are never fully in use or used fully only part of the time, causing a waste measured by a 'student-per-foot-per-hour' standard; he objects to professors writing by hand what should be dictated; he observes students loitering on the way to lectures, and so on. Granted the premises, there is inexorable logic and there are true conclusions in the argument, set forth so exhaustively and ably. But in spite of broad-mindedness, or rather, let us be not afraid to say, because of it, many of the graduates of American colleges and universities, men prominent in every department of enterprise, searching for the most up-to-date methods of doing business, — 'scrapping' machinery, men, or processes the instant that their efficiency is impaired below a standard, — will pause in their analysis of the proposed invasion of academic fields, and firmly if courteously deny the truth of the premises.

To apply the rule of false analogy to the argument in behalf of the innovation, will satisfy and convince many minds of the fallacy in the reasoning. We of this complexion of thought will gladly see gardeners and janitors, bookkeepers and others, who carry on the true business machinery of the university, caused to labor under conditions of the least waste and greatest efficiency; let supplies be standardized (if that be possible in the face of such diverse activities as experimental chemistry and the study of Chaucer in the original), but never with equanimity can we grant that there exists a parallel, an analogy between the processes of turning out steel rails and those of turning out men of the widely diversified capacities of our A.B. degree-holders — scholars, thinkers, leaders of men, mere gentlemen of cultured

tastes, the vast body of alumni who perhaps are distinguished by nothing more than that they have learned their own limitations and have found out how best to apply their individual capabilities.

In this body the ablest business man himself is not attracted by the idea of impressing upon the undergraduate the thought, baldly stated, that every hour that he occupies two square feet of lecture-room space he must be expected to produce so many dollars' worth of lecture-room-professor-student-hours' worth of education in money value. 'Produce?' That is not what he is there for, and that is what makes the fallacy in the argument apparent; industrial methods of efficiency look to the production of a commodity at the least expense for the greatest profit; all is subordinated to that theory.

Not so, however, do the results of higher education evolve. As the New York *Evening Post* suggested, the personality of instructors cannot be standardized,¹ and it is largely that which leads fathers to send their sons to this or that college — not in the hope of acquiring for each student-hour of instruction a tangible equal standardized block of learning. Human hands may be compelled to dig so many feet of ditch per hour, but human minds, to say the least, may be affected to-day by some loss of sleep last night, spent in the pursuit of some innocent but valuable aspect of life, better learned in the epitome of college days than in the shelved volume of later years.

More pernicious even is this invasion of material, monetary standards likely to be in the work of professor or instructor. Are the free play of his individuality, his painstaking research work, — often necessarily barren of results but no less valuable to learning,

—his maturing judgment and opinion, to be cramped and shriveled by the thought of profit-and-loss on the page of the ledger which bears his record?

It ever seems an ungracious task to criticize and tear down with no offer of a substitute for that which is attacked, yet that is the situation in which the present writer finds himself, and he must perforce cry *peccavi*. The subject of economical administration is, and has been too long, the burden of able and experienced men, for a layman to attempt suggestions of any value. But if the above outlined argument is valid, then the proposed adaptation of industrial methods, the plan of systematization, is wholly inapplicable, and we are left where we were at the beginning, or nearly so, although there are many excellent ideas brought to light in the pages of the Report.

In the last analysis, the efficiency of an institution of education depends upon the ability of its teachers, and that this is not and never can be measured by industrial or monetary values, witness the salaries paid, — as a general rule smaller in the older and better-known universities, which without prejudice may be said to be at least equally as efficient as the younger ones which pay higher salaries. Heaven and the professors know that not in *this* regard may charges of extravagance or waste be preferred!

As regards excess or non-use of floor-space in lecture-halls or laboratories, it is maintained that upon a true theory of education more loss or waste will occur where there is overcrowding and bad ventilation, distraction of attention and noise by reason thereof, than where each student has more than enough room for himself, whether in laboratory, library, or lecture-hall. In this view of the matter it would appear to be a short-sighted

policy of financing a college plant to attempt to make supply exactly equal to demand, for the demand is variable, both as to courses, and by years; and it would be impossible precisely to expand and contract floor-space as needs might grow or diminish. Let there be an excess or even a non-use; so much the better for comfort and health, which are in some respects alone things of value.

Furthermore, observing that the cost per student-hour is directly affected by the presence or absence of the individual at a given time and place, and waiving argument upon the point that “cuts” are sometimes justified by circumstances, or that the liberty of judgment in that regard may on the other hand be abused, it is certainly true that to urge or insist that a student shall be in his place at lectures or recitations *for the reason* that if he is not a money loss, a lowering of return on investment, will result from his absence, is to set before him a motive that he can never respect, one subversive of all ideals of true scholarship, and humiliating to the instructor. What progressive educators are trying to attain is the growth from within of a greater respect for high scholarship, and it is maintained that the application of mill methods upon the undergraduate body will react in a manner that will push back the attempted attainment as little else could.

Looking at the subject broadly, it would appear that only general principles of economy could be invoked to correct such financial evils as may exist in our colleges and universities. There is no real unit upon which to standardize, nor is it desirable that all colleges should even be similar in their organization and service. The man who goes to a University of Wisconsin does so with a different object from that of the man who decides for a Dartmouth. Is there no room for both?

These questions present themselves to the majority of lovers of the traditional benefits of higher education, and can be answered for them in only one way. At the risk of being set down as reactionaries, as non-progressives, this large conservative element finds this reply: Better a thousand times that waste should exist, than that it should be checked by methods derogatory to the creation of ideals, the setting high of spiritual standards of thought and conduct, appreciation and understanding, among the youth of the land. These attributes are among the best products of our learning-factories, and these come slowly, uncertainly: now educed by contact with the personality of this professor, now chastened by association with that fellow classman, again originated by the new-lighted flame of inspiration from research in chemistry or history.

Granted that we should insist upon more diligence in study by the student body, that high scholarship should receive somewhat the same amount of acclaim that athletics does, we *cannot* grant that these results will flow from

setting the dollar-mark over against things of the intellect, or of the spirit. The rough hand of commercialism too soon strips off the illusions of life when our lad leaves academic shades, and forthwith he becomes a disregarded, dispensable factor in the world's work. Therefore let every watch be set to keep the influence of commercialism out of the formative years, as well as out of the sight of those whose unselfish service it is to educate — to draw forth from the hearts and minds of their pupils a spark of the divine fire.

May the day never come when American students punch a time-clock, or instructors produce by the hour for their daily wage. The money donated by benefactors, so spent, would be money better not spent, for it would defeat its own purpose of spreading liberalizing education. Let us have more, rather than less, of the English theory of education for its own sake and the general enrichment of life. Its value should be measured, not by the money spent in obtaining it, but by the life and works of its possessor.

THE PATRICIANS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

XL

LEFT by her father and mother to the further entertainment of Harbinger, Barbara had said, 'Let's have coffee in here,' and passed into the withdrawing-room.

Except for that one evening, when together by the sea wall they stood contemplating the populace, she had not been alone with him since he kissed her under the shelter of the ragged box-hedge. And now, after the first moment, she looked at him calmly, though in her breast there was a fluttering, as if an imprisoned bird were struggling ever so feebly against that soft and solid cage. Her last jangled talk with Courtier had left an ache in her heart. Besides, did she not know all that Harbinger could give her?

Like a nymph pursued by a faun who held dominion over the groves, she, fugitive, kept looking back. There was nothing in that fair wood of his with which she was not familiar, no thicket she had not traveled, no stream she had not crossed, no kiss she could not return. His was a discovered land, in which, as of right, she would reign. She had nothing to hope from him but power, and solid pleasure. Her eyes said, How am I to know whether I shall not want more than you; feel suffocated in your arms; be surfeited by all that you will bring me? Have I not already got all that?

She knew, from his downcast, gloomy face, how cruel she seemed to him, and was sorry. She wanted to be good to

him, and she said almost shyly, 'Are you angry with me, Claud?'

Harbinger looked up.

'What makes you so cruel, Babs?'

'I am not cruel.'

'You *are*. Where is your heart?'

'Here!' said Barbara, touching her breast.

'Ah!' muttered Harbinger; 'but *I'm* not joking.'

She said gently, 'Is it as bad as that, my dear?'

But the softness of her voice seemed to fan the smouldering fires in Harbinger.

'There's something behind all this,' he stammered; 'you've no right to make a fool of me!'

'And what is the something, please?'

'That's for you to say. I'm not blind. What about this fellow Courtier?'

At that moment there was revealed to Barbara a new acquaintance — the male proper. No, to live with him would not be quite lacking in adventure!

Harbinger's face had darkened; his eyes were dilated, his whole figure seemed to have grown. On his fists, clenched in front of him, Barbara suddenly noticed the hair which covered them. All his suavity had left him. He came very close.

How long that look between them lasted, and of all there was in it, she had no clear-knowledge; thought after thought, wave after wave of feeling, rushed through her. Revolt and attraction, contempt and admiration,

queer sensations of disgust and pleasure, all mingled — as on a May day one may see the hail fall, and the sun suddenly burn through, and steam from the grass.

Then he said hoarsely: 'Oh! Babs, forgive; you madden me so!'

Smoothing her lips, as if to regain control of them, she answered, 'Yes, I think I have had enough,' and went out into her father's study.

The sight of Lord and Lady Valleys so intently staring at Milton restored her self-possession.

It struck her as slightly comical, not knowing that the little scene was the outcome of that word. In truth, the contrast between Milton and his parents at this moment was almost ludicrous.

Lady Valleys was the first to speak.

'Better comic than romantic. I suppose Barbara may know, considering her contribution to this matter. Your brother is resigning his seat, my dear; his conscience will not permit him to retain it, under certain circumstances that have arisen.'

'Oh!' cried Barbara; 'but surely —'

'The matter has been argued, Babs,' Lord Valleys said shortly; 'unless you have some better reason to advance than those of ordinary common sense, public spirit, and consideration for one's family, it will hardly be worth your while to reopen the discussion.'

Barbara looked up at Milton, whose face, all but the eyes, was like a mask.

'Oh, Eusty!' she said, 'you're not going to spoil your life like this! Just think how I shall feel!'

Milton answered stonily, 'You did what you thought right; as I am doing.'

'Does *she* want you to?'

'No.'

'There is, I should imagine,' put in Lord Valleys, 'not a solitary creature in the whole world but your brother

who would wish for this consummation. But with him such a consideration does not weigh!'

'Oh!' sighed Barbara; 'think of Granny!'

'I prefer not to think of her,' murmured Lady Valleys.

'She's so wrapped up in you, Eusty. She always has believed in you intensely.'

Milton sighed. And, encouraged by that sound, Barbara went closer.

It was plain enough that, behind his impassivity, a desperate struggle was going on in Milton. He spoke at last:

'If I have not already yielded to one who is more to me than anything, when she begged and entreated, it is because I feel this in a way you don't realize. I apologize for using the word comic just now; I should have said tragic. I'll enlighten Uncle Dennis, if that will comfort you; but this is not exactly a matter for any one, except myself.'

And, without another look or word, he went out.

As the door closed, Barbara ran towards it; and, with a motion strangely like the wringing of hands, said, 'Oh, dear! Oh, dear!' Then, turning away to a bookcase, she began to cry.

This ebullition of feeling, surpassing even their own, came as a real shock to Lord and Lady Valleys, ignorant of how strung-up she had been before she entered the room. They had not seen Barbara cry since she was a tiny girl. And in face of her emotion any animus they might have shown her for having thrown Milton into Mrs. Noel's arms, now melted away. Lord Valleys, especially moved, went up to his daughter, and stood with her in that dark corner, saying nothing, but gently stroking her hand. Lady Valleys, who herself felt very much inclined to cry, went out of sight into the embrasure of the window.

Barbara's sobbing was soon subdued.

'It's his face,' she said. 'And why? Why? It's so unnecessary!'

Lord Valleys, continually twisting his moustache, muttered, 'Exactly! He makes things for himself!'

'Yes,' murmured Lady Valleys from the window, 'he was always like that, uncomfortable. I remember him as a baby. Bertie never was.'

And then the silence was only broken by the little angry sounds of Barbara blowing her nose.

'I shall go and see mother,' said Lady Valleys suddenly. 'The boy's whole life may be ruined if we can't stop this. Are you coming, child?'

But Barbara refused.

She went to her room, instead. This crisis in Milton's life had strangely shaken her. It was as if Fate had suddenly revealed all that any step out of the beaten path might lead to, had brought her sharply up against herself. To wing out into the blue! see what it meant! If Milton kept to his resolve, and gave up public life, he was lost! And she herself! The fascination of Courtier's chivalrous manner, of a sort of innate gallantry, suggesting the quest of everlasting danger — was it not rather absurd? And — was she fascinated? Was it not simply that she liked the feeling of fascinating him? Through the maze of these thoughts darted the memory of Harbinger's face close to her own, his clenched hands, the swift revelation of his dangerous masculinity. It was all a nightmare of scaring, queer sensations, of things that could never be settled. She was stirred for once out of all her normal philosophy. Her thoughts flew back to Milton. That which she had seen in their faces then had come to pass! And picturing Agatha's horror, when she came to hear of it, Barbara could not help a smile. Poor Eustace! If only he would not take things so hard! If he really

carried out his resolve — and he never changed his mind — it would be tragic! It would mean the end of everything for him!

Perhaps he would get tired of Mrs. Noel, now! But she was not the sort of woman a man would get tired of. She would never let him! She would never try to keep him! Why could n't they go on as if nothing had happened? Could nobody persuade him? She thought again of Courtier. If he, who knew them both, would talk to Milton, about the right to be happy, the right to revolt? Eustace ought to revolt. It was his duty. She sat down and wrote; then, putting on her hat, took the note and slipped downstairs.

XLI

The flowers of summer in the great glass house at Ravensham were keeping the last afternoon-watch when Clifton summoned Lady Casterley with the words, 'Lady Valleys is in the white room.'

Since the news of Milton's illness, and of Mrs. Noel's nursing, the little old lady had possessed her soul in patience; often, it is true, afflicted with poignant misgivings as to this new influence in the life of her favorite, affected too by a sort of jealousy which she did not admit, even in her prayers. Having small liking now for leaving home, even for Catton, her country place, she was still at Ravensham, where Lord Dennis had come up to stay with her as soon as Milton had left Sea House. But indeed Lady Casterley was never very dependent on company. She retained unimpaired her intense interest in politics, and still corresponded freely with prominent men. Of late, too, a slight revival of the June war-scare had made its mark on her in a certain rejuvenescence, which always accompanied her contemplation

of national crises, even when such were a little in the air. At blast of trumpet her spirit still leaped forward, unsheathed its sword, and stood at the salute. At such times, she rose earlier, went to bed later, was far less susceptible to draughts, and refused with asperity any food between meals. She wrote too with her own hand letters which she would otherwise have dictated to her secretary. Unfortunately the scare had died down again almost at once; and the passing of danger always left her rather irritable. Lady Valleys's visit came as a timely consolation.

She kissed her daughter critically, for there was that about her manner which she did not like.

'Yes, of course I am well!' she said. 'Why did n't you bring Barbara?'

'She was tired!'

'H'm! Afraid of meeting me, since she committed that piece of folly over Eustace. You must be careful of that child, Gertrude, or she will be doing something silly herself. I don't like the way she keeps Claud Harbinger hanging in the wind.'

Her daughter cut her short: 'There is bad news about Eustace.'

Lady Casterley lost the little color in her cheeks; lost too all her superfluity of irritable energy.

'Tell me, at once!'

Having heard, she said nothing; but Lady Valleys noticed with alarm that over her eyes had come suddenly the peculiar filminess of age.

'Well, what do you advise?' she asked.

Tired herself, and troubled, she was conscious of a quite unwonted feeling of discouragement before this silent little figure, in the silent white room. She had never before seen her mother look as if she heard Defeat passing on its dark wings. And moved by sudden tenderness for the little frail body that

had borne her so long ago, she murmured almost with surprise, 'Mother, dear!'

'Yes,' said Lady Casterley, as if speaking to herself, 'the boy saves things up; he stores his feelings — they burst and sweep him away. First his passion; now his conscience. There are two men in him; but this will be the death of one of them.' And suddenly turning on her daughter, she said, 'Did you ever hear about him at Oxford, Gertrude? He broke out once, and ate husks with the Gadarenes. You never knew. Of course — you never have known anything of him.'

Resentment rose in Lady Valleys, that any one should know her son better than herself; but she lost it again looking at the little figure, and said, sighing, 'Well?'

Lady Casterley murmured, 'Go away, child; I must think. You say he's to consult Dennis? Do you know *her* address? Ask Barbara when you get back and telephone it to me.' And at her daughter's kiss, she added grimly, 'I shall live to see him in the saddle yet, though I *am* seventy-eight.'

As the sound of the car died away, she rang the bell.

'When Lady Valleys rings up, Clifton, don't take the message, call me.' And seeing that Clifton did not move, she added sharply, 'Well?'

'There is no bad news of his young lordship's health, I hope, my lady.'

'No.'

'Forgive me, my lady, but I have had it on my mind for some time to ask you something.'

And the old man raised his hand with a peculiar dignity, seeming to say, 'You will excuse me that for the moment I am a human being speaking to a human being.'

'The matter of his attachment,' he went on, 'is known to me; it has given me acute anxiety, knowing his lord-

ship as I do, and having heard him say something singular when he was here in July. I should be grateful if you would assure me that there is to be no hitch in his career, my lady.'

The expression on Lady Casterley's face was strangely compounded of surprise, kindness, defense, and impatience, as with a child.

'Not if I can prevent it, Clifton,' she said sharply; 'you need not concern yourself.'

Clifton bowed.

'Excuse me mentioning it, my lady,' a quiver ran over his face between its long white whiskers, 'but his young lordship's career is more to me than my own.'

When he had left her, Lady Casterley sat down in a little low chair — long she sat there by the empty hearth, till the daylight was all gone.

XLII

Not far from the dark-haloed indeterminate limbo where dwelt that bugbear of Charles Courtier, the great Half-Truth Authority, he himself had a couple of rooms at fifteen shillings a week. Their chief attraction was that the great Half-Truth Liberty had recommended them. They tied him to nothing, and were ever at his disposal when he was in London; for his landlady, though not bound by agreement so to do, let them in such a way that she could turn any one else out at a week's notice. She was a gentle soul, married to a socialistic plumber twenty years her senior. The worthy man had given her two little boys, and the three of them kept her in such permanent order that to be in the presence of Courtier was the greatest pleasure she knew. When he disappeared on one of his missions, explorations, or adventures, she inclosed the whole of his belongings in two tin trunks, and placed

them in a cupboard which smelled a little of mice. When he reappeared the trunks were reopened, and a powerful scent of dried rose-leaves would escape. For, recognizing the mortality of things human, she procured every summer from her sister, the wife of a market gardener, a consignment of this commodity, which she passionately sewed up in bags, and continued to deposit year by year in Courtier's trunks. This, and the way she made his toast — very crisp — and aired his linen — very dry, were practically the only things she could do for a man naturally inclined to independence, and accustomed from his manner of life to fend for himself.

At first signs of his departure she would go into some closet or other, away from the plumber and the two marks of his affection, and cry quietly; but never in Courtier's presence did she dream of manifesting grief — as soon weep in the presence of death or birth, or any other fundamental tragedy or joy. In face of the realities of life she had known from her youth up the value of the simple verb '*sto — stare* — to stand fast.'

And to her Courtier was a reality, the chief reality of life, the focus of her aspiration, the morning and the evening star.

The request, then, — five days after his farewell visit to Mrs. Noel, — for the elephant-hide trunk which accompanied his rovings, produced her habitual period of seclusion, followed by her habitual appearance in his sitting-room bearing a note, and some bags of dried rose-leaves on a tray. She found him in his shirt-sleeves, packing.

'Well, Mrs. Benton: off again!'

Mrs. Benton, plaiting her hands, for she had not yet lost something of the look and manner of a little girl, answered in her flat, but serene voice, 'Yes, sir; and I hope you're not going

anywhere very dangerous this time. I always think you go to such dangerous places.'

'To Persia, Mrs. Benton, where the carpets come from.'

'Oh! yes, sir. Your washing's just come home.'

Her apparently cast-down eyes stored up a wealth of little details: the way his hair grew, the set of his back, the color of his braces. But suddenly she said in a surprising voice, 'You haven't a photograph you could spare, sir, to leave behind? Mr. Benton was only saying to me yesterday, we've nothing to remember you by, in case you should n't come back.'

'Yes, here's an old one.'

Mrs. Benton took the photograph.

'Oh!' she said; 'you can see who it is.' And holding it perhaps too tightly, for her fingers trembled, she added, 'A note, please, sir; the messenger boy is waiting for an answer.'

And while he read the note, she noticed with concern how packing had brought the blood into his head.

When, in response to that note, Courtier entered the well-known confectioner's called Gustard's, it was still not quite tea-time, and there seemed to him at first no one in the room save three middle-aged women packing sweets; then in the corner he saw Barbara. The blood was no longer in his head; he was pale, walking down that mahogany-colored room, impregnated with the scent of wedding-cake. Barbara, too, was pale.

Being so close to her that he could count every eyelash, and inhale the scent of her hair and clothes, to listen to her story of Milton, so hesitatingly, so wistfully told, seemed very like being kept waiting, with the rope already round his neck, to hear about another person's toothache. He felt this to have been unnecessary on the part of Fate! And there came to him

perversely the memory of that ride over the sun-warmed heather, when he had paraphrased the old Sicilian song, 'Here will I sit and sing.' He was a long way from singing now; nor was there love in his arms. There was instead a cup of tea; and in his nostrils the scent of cake, with now and then a whiff of orange-flower water.

'I see,' he said, when she had finished telling him: "'Liberty's a glorious feast?'" You want me to go to your brother, and quote Burns. You know, of course, that he regards me as dangerous.'

'Yes; but he respects, and likes you.'

'And I respect and like him,' answered Courtier.

One of the middle-aged females passed, carrying a large white cardboard box; and the creaking of her stays broke the hush.

'You have been very sweet to me,' said Barbara suddenly.

Courtier's heart stirred, as if it were turning over within him; and gazing into his teacup, he answered, 'All men are decent to the evening star. I will go at once and find your brother. When shall I bring you news?'

'To-morrow at five.'

And repeating, 'To-morrow at five,' he rose.

Looking back from the door, he saw her face puzzled, rather reproachful, and went out gloomily. The scent of cake and orange-flower water, the creaking of the female's stays, the color of mahogany, still clung to his eyes, and ears, and nose. It was all dull, baffled rage within him. Why had he not made the most of this unexpected chance? why had he not made desperate love to her? A conscientious fool! And yet — the whole thing was absurd! She was so young! God knew he would be glad to be out of it. If he stayed he was afraid that he would play the cad. But the memory of her

words, 'You have been very sweet to me!' would not leave him; nor the memory of her face, so puzzled, and reproachful. Yes, if he stayed he would play the cad! He would be asking her to marry a man double her age, of no position but that which he had carved for himself, and without a rap. And he would be asking her in such a way that she might have some little difficulty in refusing. He would be letting himself go. And she was only twenty—for all her woman-of-the-world air, a child! No! He would be useful to her, if possible, this once, and then clear out!

XLIII

When Milton left Valleys House he walked in the direction of Westminster. During the five days that he had been back in London he had not yet entered the House of Commons. After the seclusion of his illness, he still felt a yearning, almost painful, toward the movement and stir of the town. Everything he heard and saw made an intensely vivid impression. The lions in Trafalgar Square, the great buildings of Whitehall, filled him with a sort of exultation. He was like a man who, after a long sea voyage, first catches sight of land, and stands straining his eyes, hardly breathing, taking in, one by one, the lost features of that face. He walked on to Westminster Bridge, and going to an embrasure in the very centre, looked back.

It was said that the love of those towers passed into the blood. It was said that he who had sat beneath them could never again be quite the same. Milton knew that it was true—desperately true, of himself. In person he had sat there but three weeks, but in soul he seemed to have been sitting there hundreds of years. And now he would sit there no more! And there rose up in him an almost frantic desire to free

himself from the coil around him. To be held a prisoner by that most secret of all his instincts, the instinct for authority! To be unable to wield authority because to wield authority was to insult authority. God! It was hard! He turned his back on the towers, and sought distraction in the faces of the passers-by.

Each of these, he knew, had his struggle to keep self-respect! Or was it that they were unconscious of struggle or of self-respect, and just let things drift? They looked like that, most of them! And all his inherent contempt for the average or common welled up as he watched them. Yes, they looked like that! Ironically, the sight of those from whom he had desired the comfort of compromise, served instead to stimulate that part of him which refused to let him compromise. They looked soft, soggy, without pride or will, as though they knew that life was too much for them, and had shamefully accepted the fact. They so obviously needed to be told what they might do, and which way they should go; they would accept orders as they accepted their work, or pleasures. And the thought that he was now debarred from the right to give them orders rankled in him furiously. They, in their turn, glanced casually at his tall figure leaning against the parapet, not knowing how their fate was trembling in the balance. His thin, sallow face and hungry eyes gave one or two of them perhaps a feeling of interest or discomfort; but to most he was assuredly no more than any other man or woman in the hurly-burly. That dark figure of conscious power struggling in the fetters of its own belief in power, was a piece of sculpture they had neither time nor wish to understand; having no taste for tragedy, for witnessing the human spirit driven to the wall.

It was five o'clock before Milton left the bridge, and passed, like an exile, before the gates of Church and State, on his way to his uncle's club. He stopped to telegraph to Mrs. Noel the time he would be coming to-morrow afternoon; and in leaving the Post Office, noticed in the window of the adjoining shop some reproductions of old Italian masterpieces, amongst them one of Botticelli's Birth of Venus. He had never seen that picture of everlasting love and joy; and, remembering that she had told him it was her favorite picture, he stopped to look at it. Ordinarily well versed in such matters, as became one of his caste, Milton had not the power of letting a work of art insidiously steal the private self from his soul, and replace it with the self of all the world. He examined this far-famed presentment of the heathen goddess with detachment, even with irritation. The drawing of the body seemed to him crude, the whole picture a little flat and Early; he did not like the figure of the Flora. That golden serenity, and tenderness, of which she had spoken, left him cold. Then he found himself looking at the face, and slowly, but with uncanny certainty, began to feel that he was looking at the face of Audrey. The hair was golden and different, the eyes gray and different, the mouth a little fuller; yet — it was her face; the same oval shape, the same far-apart arched brows, the same strangely tender, elusive spirit. And, as though offended, he turned and walked on.

In the window of a little shop was that for which he had bartered his life: the incarnation of passive and entwining love; that gentle creature who had given herself to him so utterly, for whom his senses yearned and his heart ached at the least thought, for whom love, and the flowers, and trees, and birds, music, the sky, and the slow-flowing river, were

all-sufficing; who, like the goddess in the picture, seemed wondering at her own birth. He had a sudden glimpse of understanding, strange indeed in one who had so little power of seeing into others' hearts. She was touching because of her dim wonder that into a world like this she should ever have been born! But this flash of insight quickly yielded to that sickening consciousness of his own position, which never left him now.

Whatever he did, he must get rid of that malaise! But what could he do? Write books? What sort of books could he write? Only such as expressed his views of citizenship, his political and social beliefs. As well remain sitting and speaking beneath those towers! He could never join the happy band of artists, those soft and indeterminate spirits for whom barriers had no meaning, content to understand, interpret, and create. What should he be doing in that galley? The thought was inconceivable. A career at the Bar — yes, he might take that up; but to what end? To become a judge! As well continue to sit beneath those towers! Too late for diplomacy. Too late for the army; besides, he had not the faintest taste for military glory. Bury himself in the country like Uncle Dennis, and administer one of his father's estates? It would be death. Go amongst the poor? For a moment he thought he had found a new vocation. But in what capacity — to order their lives, when he could not order his own; or, as a mere conduit pipe for money, when he believed that charity was rotting the nation to its core!

At the head of every avenue stood an angel or devil with drawn sword. And then there came to him another thought. Since he was being cast forth from Church and State, could he not play the fallen spirit like a man — be Lucifer, and destroy! And instinctively he

at once saw himself returning to those towers, and beneath them crossing the floor; joining the revolutionaries, the radicals, the freethinkers; scourging his present party, the party of authority and institutions. The idea struck him as supremely comic, and he laughed out loud in the street.

The club which Lord Dennis frequented was in St. James's, untouched by the tides of the waters of fashion — steadily swinging to its moorings in a quiet backwater, and Milton found his uncle in the library. He was reading a volume of Burton's travels, and drinking tea.

'Nobody comes here,' he said, 'so, in spite of that word on the door, we shall talk. Waiter, bring some more tea, please.'

Impatiently, but with a sort of pity, Milton watched Lord Dennis's urbane movements, wherein old age, pathetically, was trying to make each little thing seem important, if only to the doer. Nothing his great-uncle could say would outweigh the warning of his picturesque old figure! To be a bystander; to see it all go past you; to let your sword rust in its sheath, as this poor old fellow had done!

The notion of explaining what he had come about was particularly hateful to Milton; but since he had given his word, he nerved himself with secret anger, and began, 'I promised my mother to ask you a question, Uncle Dennis. You know of my attachment, I believe?'

Lord Dennis nodded.

'Well, I have joined my life to this lady's. There will be no scandal, but I consider it my duty to resign my seat, and leave public life alone. Is that right or wrong according to your view?'

Lord Dennis looked at his nephew in silence. A faint flush colored his brown cheeks. He had the appearance of one traveling in mind over the past.

'Wrong, I think,' he said, at last.

'Why, if I may ask?'

'I have not the pleasure of knowing this lady, and am therefore somewhat in the dark; but it appears to me that your decision is not fair to her.'

'That is beyond me,' said Milton.

Lord Dennis answered firmly, 'You have asked me a frank question, expecting a frank answer; is that so?'

Milton bowed.

'Then, my dear, don't blame me if what I say is unpalatable.'

'I shall not,' said Milton.

'Good! You say you are going to give up public life for the sake of your conscience. I should have no criticism to make, if it stopped there.'

He paused, and for quite a minute remained silent, evidently searching for words to express some intricate thread of thought.

'But it won't, Eustace; the public man in you is far stronger than the other. You want leadership more than you want love. Your sacrifice will kill your affection; what you imagine is your loss and hurt will prove to be this lady's.'

Milton smiled.

Lord Dennis continued very dryly and with a touch of malice, 'You are not listening to me; but I can see very well that the process has begun already underneath. There's a curious streak of the Jesuit in you, Eustace. What you don't want to see, you won't see.'

'You advise me, then, to compromise?'

'On the contrary, I point out that you will be compromising if you try to keep both your conscience and your love. You will be seeking to have it both ways.'

'That is interesting.'

'And you will find yourself having it neither,' said Lord Dennis sharply.

Milton rose. 'In other words, you, like the others, recommend me to desert

this lady who loves me, and whom I love. And yet, Uncle, they say that in your own case —

But Lord Dennis had risen, too, having lost all the appanage and manner of old age.

‘Of my own case,’ he said bluntly, ‘we won’t talk. I don’t advise you to desert any one; you quite mistake me. I advise you to know yourself. And I tell you my opinion of you — you were cut out by Nature for a statesman, not a lover! There’s something dried up in you, Eustace; I’m not sure there is n’t something dried up in all our caste. We’ve had to do with forms and ceremonies too long. We’re not good at taking the lyrical point of view!’

‘Unfortunately,’ said Milton, ‘I cannot, to fit in with a theory of yours, commit a baseness.’

Lord Dennis began pacing up and down. He was keeping his lips closed very tight.

‘A man who gives advice,’ he said, at last, ‘is always a fool. For all that, you have mistaken mine. I am not so presumptuous as to attempt to enter the inner chamber of your spirit. I have merely told you that, in my opinion, it would be more honest to yourself, and fairer to this lady, to compound with your conscience, and keep your love and your public life, than to pretend that you were capable of sacrificing what I know is the stronger element in you for the sake of the weaker. To that I can add nothing.’

Milton turned to the window. In the little side street over which the club looked, a man was sorting his evening papers before returning to the sale of them. And at the sight of that other creature quietly wrapped-up in his own life, Milton turned abruptly and said, ‘I am sorry to have troubled you, Uncle Dennis. A middle policy is no use to me. Good-bye!’ And without shaking hands, he went out.

XLIV

As he crossed the hall a man rose from a sofa. It was Courtier. ‘Run you to earth at last,’ he said: ‘I wish you’d come and dine with me. I’m leaving England to-morrow night, and there are things I want to say.’

There passed through Milton’s mind the rapid thought, Does he know? But he assented, and they went out together.

‘It’s difficult to find a quiet place,’ said Courtier; ‘this might do.’

He led the way into a little hostel, frequented by racing-men, and famed for the excellence of its steaks. As they sat down opposite each other in an almost empty room, Milton thought, Yes, he does know! Can I stand any more of this? And he waited savagely for the attack he felt was coming.

‘So you are going to give up your seat?’ said Courtier.

Milton looked at him a long time, before replying.

‘From what town-crier did you hear that?’

But something in Courtier’s face had checked his anger; its friendliness was too transparent.

‘I am about her only friend,’ said Courtier earnestly; ‘and this is my last chance; to say nothing of my feeling toward you, which, believe me, is very cordial.’

‘Go on, then,’ muttered Milton.

‘Forgive me for putting it bluntly. But her position — have you considered what it was before she met you?’

Milton felt all the blood in his body rushing to his face, but he sat still, clenching his nails into the palms of his hands.

‘Yes, yes,’ said Courtier, ‘but this pharisaism — you used to have it yourself — which decrees either living death, or spiritual adultery to women, makes my blood boil. You can’t deny

that those were the alternatives, and I say you had the right fundamentally to protest against them, not only in words but deeds. Well, I know, you did protest. But this present decision of yours is a climb-down; as much as to say that your protest was wrong.'

Milton half-rose from his seat. 'I cannot discuss this,' he said; 'I cannot.'

'For her sake, you must. If you give up your public work, you'll spoil her life again.'

Milton sat down again. At the word 'must' a steely feeling had come to his aid; his eyes began to look like the old Cardinal's. 'Your nature and mine, Courtier,' he said, 'are too far apart; we shall never understand each other.'

'Never mind that,' answered Courtier. 'Admitting those two alternatives to be horrible, which you never would have done unless the facts had been brought home to you personally —'

'That,' said Milton icily, 'I deny your right to say.'

'Anyway, you do admit them — if you believe you had not the right to rescue her, on what principle do you base that belief?'

Milton placed his elbow on the table, and leaning his chin on his hand, regarded the champion of lost causes without speaking. There was such a turmoil going on within him that it was with difficulty he could force his lips to obey him.

'By what right do you ask me that?' he said at last.

He saw Courtier's face go scarlet, and his fingers twisting furiously at those flame-like moustaches; but his answer was as steadily ironical as usual.

'I can hardly sit still, my last evening in England, without lifting a finger, while you half-murder a woman to whom I feel like a brother. I'll tell you what your principle is: authority, unjust or just, desirable or undesirable, must be implicitly obeyed. To break

a law, no matter on what provocation, or for whose sake, is to break the commandment —'

'Don't hesitate — say, of God.'

'Of an infallible fixed Power. Is that a true definition of your principle?'

'Yes,' said Milton between his teeth, 'I think so.'

'Exceptions prove the rule.'

'Hard cases make bad law.'

Courtier smiled sardonically. 'I knew you were coming out with that. I deny that they do with this law, which is behind the times and rotten. You had the right to rescue this woman.'

Milton's eyes had begun to burn.

'No, Courtier,' he said, 'if we must fight, let us fight on the naked facts. I have not rescued any one. I have merely stolen sooner than starve. That is why I cannot go on pretending to be a pattern. If it were known, I could not retain my seat an hour; I can't take advantage of an accidental secrecy. Could you?'

Courtier was silent; and with his eyes Milton pressed on him, as though he would dispatch him with that glance.

'Yes,' said Courtier at last, 'in such a case I could. I do not believe in this law as it stands. I revolt against it. It is tyrannical; it is the grave of all spirituality in the married state. I should not lose my self-respect, and that is all I care about.'

In Milton there was rising that vast and subtle passion for dialectic combat, which was of his very fibre. He had almost lost the feeling that this was his own future being discussed. He saw before him in this sanguine man, whose voice and eyes had such a white-hot sound and look, the incarnation of all that he temperamentally opposed.

'That,' he said, 'is devil's advocacy. I admit no individual as judge in his own case.'

Courtier rose. 'Ah!' he said, 'now

we're coming to it. By the way, shall we get out of this heat?'

They were no sooner outside in the cooler street than the voice of Courtier began again.

'Distrust of human nature, fear — it's the whole basis of action for men of your stamp. You deny the right of the individual to judge, because you've no faith in the essential goodness of men; at heart you believe them bad. You give them no freedom, you allow them no consent, because you believe their decisions would move downwards, not upwards. Well, it's the whole difference between the aristocratic and the democratic view of life. As you once told me, you hate and fear the crowd.'

Milton eyed him sidelong, with one of his queer, smouldering looks.

'Yes,' he said, 'I do believe that men are raised in spite of themselves.'

'You're honest,' muttered Courtier. 'By whom?'

Again Milton felt rising within him a sort of fury. Once for all he would slay this red-haired rebel; he answered with almost savage irony, 'Strangely enough, by that Being to mention whom you object — working through the medium of the best.'

Courtier gave him a no less sardonic look.

'High-Priest!' he said. 'Look at that girl slinking along there, with her eye on us; suppose now, instead of withdrawing your garment, you went over and talked to her as a human being, and got her to tell you what she really felt and thought, you'd find things that would astonish you. At bottom, mankind is splendid. And they're raised, sir, by the aspiration that's in all of them. Have n't you ever noticed that public sentiment is always in advance of the law?'

'And you,' said Milton, 'are the man who is never on the side of the majority?'

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The champion of lost causes uttered a short laugh.

'Not so logical as all that,' he muttered; 'the wind still blows; and Life's not a set of rules hung up in an office. Let's see, where are we?' They had been brought to a standstill by a group on the pavement in front of the Queen's Hall. 'Shall we go in and hear some music, and cool our tongues?'

Milton nodded, and they went in. The great lighted hall, filled with the faint bluish vapor from hundreds of little rolls of tobacco-leaf, was crowded from floor to ceiling.

As Milton took his stand among the straw-hatted crowd, he heard Courtier's voice murmuring, '*Profanum vulgus!* Come to listen to the finest piece of music ever written! Folk whom *you* would n't trust a yard to know what was good for them! Deplorable sight, is n't it?'

But Milton did not answer, for the first slow notes of the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven came stealing forth across a bank of flowers; and, save for the steady rising of that bluish vapor, as it were incense burnt to the god of melody, the crowd had become deathly still, as though one mind, one spirit, possessed every pale face and cranny of the hall, to listen to that music rising and falling, like the sighing of the winds, welcoming from death the freed spirits of the beautiful. When the last notes had died away he turned on his heel and walked out.

'Well,' said Courtier's voice behind him, as he emerged into the air, 'has n't that shown you how things swell and grow; how splendid the world is?'

Milton smiled.

'It has shown me how beautiful the world can be made by a great man.'

And suddenly, as if the music had loosened some band within him, he began pouring out a stream of words.

'Look at the crowd in this street,

Courtier! Of all crowds in the whole world it can best afford to be left to itself; it's secure from pestilence, earthquake, cyclone, drought, and from extremes of heat and cold, in the heart of the greatest and safest city in the world; and yet, see the figure of that policeman! Running through all the good behavior of this crowd, however safe and free it may look, there is, there always must be, the central force holding it together. Where does that central force come from? From the crowd itself, you say. I answer, no. Look back at the origin of human states. From the beginnings of things, the best man has been the unconscious medium of authority, of the controlling principle, of the divine force; he felt that power within him, — physical, at first, — he used it to take the lead, he has held the lead ever since, he must always hold it. All your processes of election, your so-called democratic apparatus, are only a blind to the inquiring, a sop to the hungry, a salve to the pride of the rebellious. They are merely surface machinery, they cannot prevent the best man from coming to the top; for the best man stands nearest to the Deity, and is the first to receive the waves that come from Him. I'm not speaking of heredity. The best man is not necessarily born in my class. I, at all events, do not believe he is any more frequent in that class than in other classes.'

He stopped as suddenly as he had begun.

'You need n't be afraid,' said Courtier, 'that I take you for an average specimen. You're at one end and I at the other — and very likely both wide of the golden mark. But the world is not ruled by power, and the fear which power produces, as you think; it is ruled by love. Society is held together by the natural decency in man, by fellow-feeling. The democratic principle,

which you despise, at root means nothing at all but that. Man left to himself is on the upward lay. If it were n't so, do you imagine for a moment your "boys in blue" could keep order? A man knows unconsciously what he can and what he can't do, without losing self-respect. He sucks that knowledge in with every breath. Laws and authority are not the be-all and end-all, — they are conveniences, machinery, conduit pipes, main roads. They are not of the structure of the building — they're only scaffolding.'

Milton lunged out with the retort, 'Without which no building could be built.'

Courtier parried : —

'That's rather different, my friend, from identifying them with the building. They are things to be taken down as fast as ever they can be cleared away, to make room for an edifice that begins on earth, not in the sky. All the scaffolding of law is merely there to save time, to prevent the temple, as it mounts, from losing its way, and straying out of form.'

'No,' said Milton, 'no! The scaffolding as you call it is the material projection of the architect's conception, without which the temple does not and cannot rise; and the architect is God, working through the minds and spirits most akin to Himself.'

'We are now at the bed-rock,' cried Courtier; 'your God is outside this world; mine within it.'

'“And never the twain shall meet!”'

There followed silence. They were now in Leicester Square — quiet at this hour, before the theatres had disgorged; quiet yet waiting, with the lights, like yellow stars low-driven from the dark heavens, clinging to the white shapes of the music-halls and cafés; and a sort of flying glamour blanching the still foliage of the plane trees.

'A "whitely wanton" — this square!'

said Courtier suddenly: 'alive as a face; no end to its queer beauty! And, by Jove, if you go deep enough, you'll find goodness even here.'

But Milton did not answer; he had begun to move on again towards the Temple. He felt weary all of a sudden, anxious to get to his rooms, unwilling to continue this battle of words, that brought him no nearer to any relief from his position.

It was with strange lassitude that he heard Courtier again speaking:—

'We must make a night of it, since to-morrow we die. You would curb license from without — I from within. When I get up and when I go to bed, when I draw a breath, see a face, or a flower, or a tree — if I did n't feel that I was looking on my God, I believe I should quit this palace of varieties, from sheer boredom. You, I understand, can't look on your God, unless you withdraw into some high place. Tell me, is n't it lonely there?'

But again Milton did not answer, and they walked on perforce in silence, till he suddenly broke out, 'You talk of tyranny! What tyranny could equal this tyranny of your freedom? What tyranny in the world like that of this "free," vulgar, narrow street, with its hundred journals, teeming like ants' nests, to produce — what? In the ent-ails of that creature of your freedom there is room neither for exaltation, discipline, nor sacrifice; there is room only for commerce, and license.'

Courtier did not answer for a moment, looking dubiously back at those tall, narrow houses, as they turned down towards the river. 'No,' he said at last; 'for all its faults, the wind blows in that street, and there's a chance for everything. By God, I would rather see a few stars struggle out in a black sky than any of your perfect artificial lighting.'

But the flame had died down again

in Milton, and he heard that answer with indifference.

The river's black water was making stilly, slow recessional under a half-moon. Beneath the cloak of night the chaos of the far bank, the forms of cranes, high buildings, jetties, the bodies of the sleeping barges, a million queer dark shapes, were invested with emotion. All was religious out there, all beautiful, all strange. And over this great quiet friend of man, lamps — those humble flowers of night — were throwing down the faint continual glamour of fallen petals; and a sweet-scented wind stole along, from the west, very slow as yet, bringing in advance the tremor and perfume of the innumerable trees and fields which the river had loved as she came by.

A murmur that was no true sound, but like the whisper of a heart to a heart, accompanied this voyage of the dark water.

Then a small blunt skiff manned by two rowers came by under the wall, with a thudding and creaking of oars.

'You said, "To-morrow we die,"' said Milton suddenly. 'Did you mean that "public life" was the breath of my nostrils, and that I must die, because I give it up?'

Courtier nodded. 'That, and other things.'

'We shall see. I am right, I suppose, in thinking it was my young sister who sent you on this crusade?'

Courtier did not answer.

'And so,' went on Milton, looking him through and through, 'to-morrow is to be your last day, too? You're right to go. *She* is not an ugly duckling, who can live out of the social pond; she'll always want her native element. And now, we'll say good-bye! Whatever happens to us both, I shall remember this evening'; and smiling wistfully, he put out his hand: '*Moriturus te saluto.*'

XLV

Courtier sat in Hyde Park waiting for five o'clock.

The day had recovered somewhat from a gray morning, as if the glow of that long hot summer were too burnt-in on the air to yield to the first assault. The sun, piercing the crisped clouds, those breast-feathers of heavenly doves, darted its beams at the mellowed leaves, and showered to the ground their delicate shadow stains. The first, too early, scent from leaves about to fall, penetrated to the heart. And sorrowful sweet birds were tuning their little autumn pipes, blowing into them fragments of spring odes to liberty.

And Courtier thought of Milton and his mistress. What strange fate had thrown those two together? to what end was their love coming? The seeds of grief were already sown: what flowers of darkness or of sorrow would come up? He saw her again as a little, grave, considering child, with her soft eyes, set wide apart under the dark arched brows, and the little tuck at the corner of her mouth that used to come when he teased her. Milton! A strange fellow — worshiping a strange God! A God that stood with a whip in hand, driving men to obedience. An old God that even now Courtier could conjure up staring at him from the walls of his nursery. The God his own father had believed in. A God of the Old Testament, that knew neither sympathy nor understanding. Strange that He should be alive still; that there should still be thousands who worshiped him. Yet, not so very strange, if, as they said, man made God in his own image! Here indeed was a curious mating of what the philosophers would call the Will to Love and the Will to Power.

A soldier and his girl came and sat down on a bench close by. They cast sidelong glances at this trim and up-

right figure with the fighting face; then, some subtle thing informing them that he was not of the disturbing breed called officer, they ceased regarding him, abandoning themselves to dumb and inexpressive felicity. Arm in arm, touching each other, they seemed to Courtier very jolly, having that look of living entirely in the moment, which always especially appealed to one whose blood ran too fast to allow him to speculate much upon the future, or brood much over the past.

A leaf from the bough above him, loosened by the sun's kisses, dropped and fell yellow at his feet. The leaves were turning very soon! It was characteristic of this man, who could be so hot over the lost causes of others, that, sitting there within half an hour of the final loss of his own cause, he could be so calm, so almost apathetic. This apathy was partly due to the hopelessness, which Nature had long perceived, of trying to make him feel oppressed; but also to the habits of a man incurably accustomed to carrying his fortunes in his hand, and that hand open. It did not seem real to him that he was actually going to suffer a defeat, to have to confess that he had hankered after this girl all these past weeks, and that to-morrow all that would be wasted, and she as dead to him as if he had never seen her. No, it was not exactly resignation, it was rather sheer lack of commercial instinct. If only this had been the lost cause of another person! How gallantly he would have rushed to the assault, and taken her by storm! If only he himself could have been that other person, how easily, how passionately, could he not have pleaded, letting forth from him all those words, which had knocked at his teeth ever since he knew her, and which would have seemed so ridiculous and so unworthy, spoken on his own behalf. Yes, for that other

person he could have cut her out from under the guns of the enemy, he could have taken her, that fairest prize.

And in queer, cheery-looking apathy — not far removed perhaps from despair — he sat, watching the leaves turn over and fall, and now and then cutting with his stick at the air, where autumn was already riding. And, if in imagination he saw himself carrying her away into the wilderness, and with his love making her happiness to grow, it was so far a flight, that a smile crept about his lips, and once or twice he snapped his jaws together.

The soldier and his girl rose, passing in front of him down the Row. He watched their scarlet and blue figures, moving slowly towards the sun, and a couple close to the rails crossing those receding forms. This new couple came nearer and nearer. Straight and tall, there was something exhilarating in the way they swung along, holding

their heads up, turning towards each other, to exchange words or smiles. Even at that distance they could be seen to be of high fashion; in their gait was the indescribable poise of those who are above doubts and cares, certain of the world and of themselves. The girl's dress was tawny brown, her hair and hat too of the same hue, and the pursuing sunlight endowed her with a hazy splendor. Then Courtier saw who they were.

Except for an unconscious grinding of his teeth, he made no sound or movement, so that they went by without seeing him. Her voice, though not the words, came to him distinctly. He saw her hand slip up under Harbinger's arm, and swiftly down again. A smile, of whose existence he was unaware, settled on his lips. He got up, shook himself, as a dog shakes off a beating, and walked away, with his mouth set very firm.

(To be concluded.)

THE EMBARRASSED ELIMINATORS

BY E. V. LUCAS

We were talking about Lamb.

'Supposing,' some one said, 'that by some incredible chance all the essays except one were to be demolished, which one would you keep?'

This kind of question is always interesting, no matter to what author's work or to what picture gallery it is applied. But for the best resulting literary talk it must be applied to Shakespeare, Dickens, or Elia.

'Why, of course,' at once replied H., whose pleasant habit it is to rush in

with a final opinion on everything at a moment's notice, with no shame whatever in changing it immediately afterwards, 'there's no doubt about it at all — Mrs. Battle. Absolutely impossible to give up Mrs. Battle. Or wait a minute, I'd forgotten Bo-Bo. "The Dissertation on Roast Pig," you know. Either Mrs. Battle or that.'

The man who had propounded the question laughed. 'I saw that second string coming,' he said. 'That's what every one wants: one or another. But

the whole point of the thing is that one essay and one only is to remain: everything else goes by the board. Now. Let's leave H. to wrestle it out with himself. What do you say, James?'

'It's too difficult,' said James. 'I was going to say "The Old Actors" until I remembered several others. But I'm not sure that that is not my choice. It stands alone in literature almost more than any of its companions; it is Lamb inimitable. His literary descendants have done their best or worst with most of his methods; but here, where knowledge of the world, knowledge of the stage, love of mankind, gusto, humor, style, and imaginative understanding unite, the mimics, the assiduous apes, are left behind. Miles behind. Yes, I vote for "The Old Actors."'

'But, my dear James,' said L., 'think a moment. Remember James Elia, in "My Relations"; remember Cousin Bridget, in "Mackery End." You are prepared deliberately to have these forever blotted out of your consciousness? Because, as I understand it, that is what the question means: utter elimination.'

James groaned. 'It's too serious,' he said. 'It's not to be thought of, really. It reminds me of terrible nights at school when I lay awake trying to understand eternity — complete negation — until I turned giddy with the immensity of dark nothingness.'

Our host laughed. 'You were very positive just now,' he said. 'But have you forgotten a wistful little trifle called "Old China"?''

'Or, more on your own lines,' said W., who hates actors and acting, "'The South Sea House" or "The Old Benchers"? I will grant you the perfection — there is no other word — of the full lengths of Dicky Suett and Bannister and Bensley's Malvolio. There is nothing like it — you are quite right.

Not even Hazlitt comes near it. One can see one's self with a great effort doing something passably Hazlittian in dramatic criticism if one were put to it; but Lamb, Lamb reconstructs life and dignifies and enriches it as he does so. In my opinion that essay is the justification of footlights, grease-paint, and the whole tawdry business. And yet' — W.'s face glowed with his eloquence, as it does always sooner or later every evening — 'and yet if I were restricted to one Elia essay — dreadful thought! — it would not be "The Old Actors" that I should choose, but — I can't help it — "Captain Jackson." I know there are far more beautiful things in Elia: deeper, sweeter, rarer. But the Captain and I are such old friends; and it comes to this, that I could n't now do without him.'

'Of course,' cried H., 'I had forgotten. You remind me of something I simply must keep — the Elliston.'

He snatched the 'Essays' from our host's hands and read the following passage, while we all laughed a double laughter, overtly with him and covertly at him, for if there is one man living who might be the hero to-day of a similar story it is H. himself, who has a capriciousness, an impulsiveness, a forgetfulness, and a grandiosity that are Ellistonian or nothing.

"Those who know Elliston," he read, "will know the *manner* in which he pronounced the latter sentence of the few words I am about to record. One proud day to me he took his roast mutton with us in the Temple, to which I had superadded a preliminary haddock. After a rather plentiful partaking of the meagre banquet, not unfreshed with the humbler sort of liquors, I made a sort of apology for the humility of the fare, observing that for my own part I never ate but of one dish at dinner. 'I too never eat but

one thing at dinner,' — was his reply; then, after a pause, — 'reckoning fish as nothing.' The manner was all. It was as if by one peremptory sentence he had decreed the annihilation of all the savoury esculents which the pleasant and nutritious-food-giving Ocean pours forth upon poor humans from her watery bosom. This was *greatness*, tempered with considerate *tenderness* to the feelings of his scanty but welcoming entertainer."

'No,' said H. emphatically as he closed the book. 'I stick to that. Ellison. That's my ultimate choice.'

'Well,' said our host, reclaiming the book, 'my vote if I had one would be "Mackery End in Hertfordshire," and I make the declaration quite calmly, knowing that we are all safe to retain what we will. James will of course disagree with the choice; but then you see I am a sentimentalist, and when Lamb writes about his sister and his childhood I am lost. And "Mackery End" delights me in two ways, for it not only has the wonderful picture of Bridget Elia in it, but we see Lamb also in one of his rapturous walks in his own country. I never see a field of wheat without recalling his phrase of Hertfordshire as "that fine corn country."'

'All very well,' said James, 'but if you talk like this, how are you going to let "Dream Children" go?'

'Ah, yes,' sighed our host, '“Dream Children” — of course. How could I let that go? No, it's too difficult.'

'What about this?' said the grave incisive voice of K., who had not yet spoken, and he began to read: —

"In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away 'like a weaver's shuttle.' Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of

mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets." — Who is going to turn his back forever on that passage?'

We all sighed.

K. searched the book again, and again began to read: —

"In sober verity I will confess a truth to thee, reader. I love a *Fool* — as naturally as if I were of kith and kin to him. When a child, with child-like apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those *Parables*, — not guessing at the involved wisdom, — I had more yearnings towards that simple architect that built his house upon the sand, than I entertained for his more cautious neighbour: I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and — prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat *unfeminine* wariness of their competitors — I felt kindness, that almost amounted to a *tendre*, for those five thoughtless virgins."

'Who is going to forswear that passage?' K. asked sternly, fixing his eyes on us as if we were one and all guilty of a damnable heresy. 'No,' he went on, 'it won't do. It is not possible to name one essay and one only; therefore I have an amendment to propose. Instead of being permitted to retain only one essay, why should we not be allowed a series of passages equal in length to the longest essay — say to "The Old Actors"? Then we should not be quite so hopeless. That for example would enable one to keep the page on Bensley's Malvolio, the description of Bridget Elia, a portion of the Mrs. Battle, Ralph Bigod, a portion of Captain Jackson,

the passages I have read, and — what personally I should insist upon including, earlier almost than anything — the fallacies on rising with the lark and retiring with the lamb.'

'Well,' said the suggester of the original problem, 'it's a compromise, and therefore no fun. But you may play with it if you like. The sweepingness of the first question was of course its merit. James is the only one of you with courage enough really to make a choice.'

'Oh no,' said our host, 'I chose one, and one only, instantly—"Old China."'

'Nonsense,' said James, 'you chose "Mackery End."'

'There you are,' said K. 'That shows.'

'Well, I refuse to be deprived of "Old China" anyway,' said our host, 'even if I named "Mackery End." How could one live without "Old China"?' Our discussion reminds me,' he added, 'of a very pretty poem. It is by an American who came nearer Lamb in humor and "the tact of humanity" than perhaps any writer — the Autocrat. Let me read it to you.'

He reached for a volume and read as follows: —

Oh for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,
Than reign, a gray-beard king.

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age!
Away with Learning's crown!
Tear out life's Wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And, calmly smiling, said,
'If I but touch thy silvered hair
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

'But is there nothing in thy track,
To bid thee fondly stay,

While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?'

'Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take — my — precious — wife!'

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
*The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!*

'And is there nothing yet unsaid,
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years.'

'Why, yes'; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
'I could not bear to leave them all —
I'll take — my — girl — and — boys.'

The smiling angel dropped his pen, —
'Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!'

And so I laughed, — my laughter woke
The household with its noise, —
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

'We,' said our host, 'are like that: we would eliminate most of Elia and have our Elia too.'

'Yes,' said K. 'Exactly. We want them all. And we value them the more as we grow older and they grow truer and better! For that is Lamb's way. He sat down — often in his employer's time — to amuse the readers of a new magazine and earn a few of those extra guineas which made it possible to write "Old China," and behold he was shedding radiance on almost every fact of life no matter how spiritually recon-dite or how remote from his own practical experience. No one can rise from Elia without having his nature deepened and enriched; and no one having read Elia can ever say either offhand or after a year's thought which one essay he will retain, to the loss of all the others.'

MY FIRST SUMMER IN THE SIERRA¹

BY JOHN MUIR

August 4. [1869.]—It seemed strange to sleep in a paltry hotel chamber after the spacious magnificence and luxury of the starry sky and Silver Fir grove. Bade farewell to my friend and the General. The old soldier was very kind, and an interesting talker. He told me long stories of the Florida Seminole war in which he took part, and invited me to visit him in Omaha. Calling Carlo, I scrambled home through the Indian Cañon gate, rejoicing, pitying the poor Professor and General bound by clocks, almanacs, orders, duties, etc., and compelled to dwell with lowland care and dust and din where Nature is covered and her voice smothered, while the poor insignificant wanderer enjoys the freedom and glory of God's wilderness.

Apart from the human interest of my visit to-day, I greatly enjoyed Yosemite, which I had visited only once before, having spent eight days last spring in rambling amid its rocks and waters. Wherever we go in the mountains, or indeed in any of God's wild fields, we find more than we seek. Descending four thousand feet in a few hours, we enter a new world; climate, plants, sounds, inhabitants, and scenery all new or changed. Near camp the gold-cup oak forms sheets of chaparral on top of which we may make our beds. Going down the Indian Cañon, we observe this little bush changing by regular gradations to a large bush, to a

small tree, and then larger, until on the rocky taluses near the bottom of the valley we find it developed into a broad, wide-spreading, gnarled, picturesque tree from four to eight feet in diameter, and forty or fifty feet high. Innumerable are the forms of water displayed. Every gliding reach, cascade, and fall has characters of its own. Had a good view of the Vernal and Nevada, two of the main falls of the valley, less than a mile apart, and offering striking differences in voice, form, color, etc.

The Vernal, four hundred feet high and about seventy-five or eighty feet wide, drops smoothly over a round-lipped precipice and forms a superb apron of embroidery, green and white, slightly folded and fluted, maintaining this form nearly to the bottom, where it is suddenly veiled in quick flying billows of spray and mist, in which the afternoon sunbeams play with ravishing beauty of rainbow colors.

The Nevada is white from its first appearance as it leaps out into the freedom of the air. At the head, it presents a twisted appearance by an overfolding of the current from striking on the side of its channel just before the first free outbounding leap is made. About two thirds of the way down, the hurrying throng of comet-shaped masses glances on an inclined part of the face of the precipice, and is beaten into yet whiter foam, greatly expanded, and sent bounding outward, making an indescribably glorious show, especially when the afternoon sunshine is pouring into it. In this fall,

¹ Earlier portions of this journal were published in the January, February, and March *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

one of the most wonderful in the world, the water does not seem to be under the dominion of ordinary laws, but rather as if it were a living creature full of the strength of the mountains and their huge, wild joy.

August 5. — We were awakened this morning before daybreak by the furious barking of Carlo and Jack, and the sound of stampeding sheep. Billy fled from his punk-bed to the fire, and refused to stir into the darkness to try to gather the scattered flock, or ascertain the nature of the disturbance. It was a bear attack, as we afterward learned, and I suppose little was gained by attempting to do anything before daylight. Nevertheless, being anxious to know what was up, Carlo and I groped our way through the woods, guided by the sound made by fragments of the flock, not fearing the bear, for I knew that the runaways would go from their enemy as far as possible, and Carlo's nose was also to be depended upon.

About half a mile east of the corral we overtook twenty or thirty of the flock, and succeeded in driving them back. Then turning to the westward we traced another band of fugitives and got them back to the flock. After daybreak I discovered the remains of a sheep carcass still warm, showing that Bruin must have been enjoying his early mutton breakfast while I was seeking the runaway. He had eaten about half of it. Six dead sheep lay in the corral, evidently smothered by the crowding and piling up of the flock against the side of the corral wall when the bear entered. Making a wide circuit of the camp, Carlo and I discovered a third band of fugitives, and drove them back to camp. We also discovered another dead sheep half-eaten, showing there had been two of the shaggy freebooters at this early breakfast. They were easily traced. They had each caught

a sheep, jumped over the corral fence with it, carrying them as a cat carries a mouse, laid them at the foot of fir trees a hundred yards or so back from the corral, and eaten their fill. After breakfast I set out to seek more of the lost, and found seventy-five at a considerable distance from camp. In the afternoon I succeeded with Carlo's help in getting them back to the flock. I don't know whether all are together again or not. I shall make a big fire this evening and keep watch.

When I asked Billy why he made his bed against the corral in rotten wood when so many better places offered, he replied that he 'wished to be as near the sheep as possible in case bears should attack them.' Now that the bears have come, he has moved his bed to the far side of the camp, and seems afraid of being mistaken for a sheep.

This has been mostly a sheep day, and of course studies have been interrupted. Nevertheless the walk through the gloom of the woods before the dawn was worth while, and I have learned something about these noble bears. Their tracks are very telling, and so are their breakfasts. Scarce a trace of clouds to-day, and of course our ordinary midday thunder is a-wanting.

August 10. — Another of those charming, exhilarating days that make the blood dance, and excite nerve-currents that render one unweariable and well-nigh immortal. Had another view of the broad ice-ploughed divide, and gazed again and again at the Sierra temple and the great red mountains east of the meadows.

We are camped near the Soda Springs on the north side of the river. A hard time we had getting the sheep across. They were driven into a horseshoe bend and fairly crowded off the bank. They seemed willing to suffer death rather than risk getting wet, though they swim

well enough when they have to. Why sheep should be so unreasonably afraid of water, I don't know, but they do fear it as soon as they are born, and perhaps before. I once saw a lamb only a few hours old approach a shallow stream about two feet wide and an inch deep, after it had walked only about a hundred yards on its life journey. All the flock to which it belonged had crossed this inch-deep stream, and as the mother and her lamb were the last to cross I had a good opportunity to observe them. As soon as the flock was out of the way, the anxious mother crossed over and called the youngster. It walked cautiously to the brink, gazed at the water, bleated piteously, and refused to venture. The patient mother went back to it again and again to encourage it, but long without avail. Like the pilgrim on Jordan's stormy bank, it feared to launch away. At length, gathering its trembling, inexperienced legs for the mighty effort, throwing up its head as if it knew all about drowning and was anxious to keep its nose above water, it made the tremendous leap and landed in the middle of the inch-deep stream. It seemed astonished to find that instead of sinking over head and ears, only its toes were wet, gazed at the shining water a few seconds, and then sprang to the shore safe and dry through the dreadful adventure. All kinds of wild sheep are mountain animals, and their descendants' dread of water is not easily accounted for.

August 12. — The sky-scenery has changed but little so far with the change in elevation. Clouds about .05. Glorious pearly cumuli tinted with purple of ineffable fineness of tone. Moved camp to the side of the glacier meadow mentioned above. To let sheep trample so divinely fine a place seems barbarous. Fortunately they prefer the

succulent broad-leaved triticum and other woodland grasses to the silky species of the meadows, and therefore seldom bite them or set foot on them.

The shepherd and the Don cannot agree about methods of herding. Billy sets his dog Jack on the sheep far too often, so the Don thought, and after some dispute to-day, in which the shepherd loudly claimed the right to dog the sheep as often as he pleased, he started for the plains. Now I suppose the care of the sheep will fall on me, though Mr. Delaney promises to do the herding himself for a while, then return to the lowlands, and bring another shepherd, so as to leave me free to rove as I like.

Had another rich ramble. Pushed northward beyond the forests to the head of the general basin, where traces of glacial action are strikingly clear and interesting. The recesses among the peaks look like quarries, so raw and fresh are the moraine-chips and boulders that strew the ground in Nature's glacial workshops.

Soon after my return to camp we received a visit from an Indian, probably one of the hunters whose camp I had discovered. He came from Mono, he said, with others of his tribe, to hunt deer. One that he had killed a short distance from here he was carrying on his back, its legs tied together in an ornamental bunch on his forehead. Throwing down his burden, he gazed stolidly for a few minutes in silent Indian fashion, then cut off eight or ten pounds of venison for us, and begged a 'lill' (little) of everything he saw or could think of, — flour, bread, sugar, tobacco, whiskey, needles, etc. We gave a fair price for the meat in flour and sugar, and added a few needles.

A strangely dirty and irregular life these dark-eyed, dark-haired, half-happy savages lead in this clean wilderness; starvation and abundance, death-like

calm, indolence, and admirable indefatigable action succeeding each other in stormy rhythm, like winter and summer. Two things they have that civilized toilers might well envy them — pure air and pure water. These go far to cover and cure the grossness of their lives. Their food is mostly good berries, pine-nuts, clover, lily-bulbs, wild sheep, antelope, deer, grouse, sage-hens, and the larvæ of ants, wasps, bees, and other insects.

August 13. — On my return after sunset to the Portuguese camp after a grand ramble along the Yosemite walls, I found the shepherds greatly excited over the behavior of the bears that have learned to like mutton. 'They are getting worse and worse,' they lamented. Not willing to wait decently until after dark for their suppers, they come and kill and eat their fill in broad daylight. The evening before my arrival, when the two shepherds were leisurely driving the flock toward camp half an hour before sunset, a hungry bear came out of the chaparral within a few yards of them and shuffled deliberately toward the flock. 'Portuguese Joe,' who always carries a gun loaded with buck-shot, fired excitedly, threw down his gun, fled to the nearest suitable tree, and climbed to a safe height without waiting to see the effect of his shot. His companion also ran, but said that he saw the bear rise on its hind legs and throw out its arms as if feeling for somebody, and then go into the brush as if wounded.

At another of their camps in this neighborhood a bear with two cubs attacked the flock before sunset just as they were approaching the corral. Joe promptly climbed a tree out of danger, while Antone, rebuking his companion for cowardice in abandoning his charge, said that he was not going to let bears 'eat up his sheeps' in daylight, and

rushed toward the bears, shouting and setting his dog on them. The frightened cubs climbed a tree, but the mother ran to meet the shepherd, and seemed anxious to fight. Antone stood astonished for a moment, eying the on-coming bear, then turned and fled, closely pursued. Unable to reach a suitable tree for climbing, he ran to the camp and scrambled up to the roof of the little cabin; the bear followed, but did not climb to the roof, only stood glaring up at him for a few minutes, threatening him and holding him in mortal terror, then went to her cubs, called them down, went to the flock, caught a sheep for supper, and vanished in the brush. As soon as the bear left the cabin the trembling Antone begged Joe to show him a good safe tree, up which he climbed like a sailor climbing a mast, and remained as long as he could hold on, the tree being almost branchless.

After these disastrous experiences the shepherds chopped and gathered large piles of dry wood, and made a ring of fire around the corral every night, while one with a gun kept watch from a comfortable stage built on a neighboring pine that commanded a view of the corral. This evening the show made by the circle of fire was very fine, bringing out the surrounding trees in most impressive relief, and making the thousands of sheep eyes glow like a glorious bed of diamonds.

August 14. — Up to the time I went to bed last night all was quiet, though we expected the shaggy freebooters every minute. They did not come till near midnight, when a pair walked boldly to the corral between two of the great fires, climbed in, killed two sheep and smothered ten, while the frightened watcher in the tree did not fire a single shot, saying that he was afraid he might kill some of the sheep, for the

bears got into the corral before he got a good clear view of them. I told the shepherds they should at once move the flock to another camp. 'Oh, no use, no use,' they lamented. 'Where we go the bears go too. See my poor dead sheeps, soon all dead. No use try another camp. We go down to the plains.' And as I afterwards learned, they were driven out of the mountains a month before the usual time. Were bears much more numerous and destructive the sheep would be kept away altogether.

It seems strange that bears, so fond of all sorts of flesh, running the risks of guns and fires and poison, should never attack men except in defense of their young. How easily and safely a bear could pick us up as we lie asleep! Only wolves and tigers seem to have learned to hunt man for food, and perhaps sharks and crocodiles. Mosquitoes and other insects would, I suppose, devour a helpless man in some regions, and so might lions, leopards, wolves, hyenas, and panthers at times, if pressed by hunger; but under ordinary circumstances perhaps only the tiger among land animals may be said to be a man-eater, unless we add man himself.

Clouds as usual about .05. Another glorious Sierra day, warm, crisp, fragrant, and clear. Many of the flowering plants have gone to seed, but many others are unfolding their petals every day, and the firs and pines are more fragrant than ever. Their seeds are nearly ripe, and will soon be flying in the merriest flocks that ever spread a wing.

On the way back to our Tuolumne camp, enjoyed the scenery if possible more than when it first came to view. Every feature already seems familiar, as if I had lived here always. I never weary gazing at the wonderful Cathedral. It has more individual character than any other rock or mountain I ever

saw, excepting perhaps the Yosemite South Dome. The forests too seem kindly familiar, and the lakes and meadows and glad, singing streams. I should like to dwell with them forever. Here with bread and water I should be content. Even if not allowed to roam and climb, tethered to a stake or tree in some meadow or grove, even then I should be content forever. Bathed in such beauty, watching the expressions ever varying on the faces of the mountains, watching the stars, which here have a glory that the lowlander never dreams of, watching the circling seasons, listening to the songs of the waters and winds and birds, would be endless pleasure. And what glorious cloud-lands I would see! storms and calms, a new heaven and a new earth every day, aye, and new inhabitants. And how many visitors I would have! I feel sure I would not have one dull moment. And why should this appear extravagant? It is only common sense, a sign of health, — genuine natural all-awake health. One would be at an endless Godful play, and what speeches and music and acting and scenery and lights! sun, moon, stars, auroras. Creation just beginning, the morning stars 'still singing together and all the sons of God shouting for joy.'

August 22. — Clouds none, cool west wind, slight hoar-frost on the meadows. Carlo is missing; have been seeking him all day. In the thick woods between camp and the river, among tall grass and fallen pines, I discovered a baby fawn. At first it seemed inclined to come to me, but when I tried to catch it, and got within a rod or two, it turned and walked softly away, choosing its steps like a cautious, stealthy, hunting cat. Then as if suddenly called or alarmed, it began to buck and run like a grown deer, jumping high above the fallen trunks, and was soon out of

sight. Possibly its mother may have called it, but I did not hear her. I don't think fawns ever leave the homethicket or follow their mothers until they are called or frightened. I am distressed about Carlo. There are several other camps and dogs not many miles from here, and I still hope to find him. He never left me before. Panthers are very rare here, and I don't think any of them would dare touch him. He knows bears too well to be caught by them, and as for Indians, they don't want him.

August 23. — Cool, bright day hinting Indian summer. Mr. Delaney has gone to the Smith Ranch on the Tuolumne below Hetch Hetchy Valley, thirty-five or forty miles from here, so I'll be alone for a week or more; not really alone, for Carlo has come back. He was at a camp a few miles to the northwestward. He looked sheepish and ashamed when I asked him where he had been, and why he had gone away without leave. He is now trying to get me to caress him, and show signs of forgiveness, — a wondrous wise dog. A great load is off my mind. I could not have left the mountains without him. He seems very glad to get back to me.

Rose and crimson sunset, and soon after the stars appeared the moon rose in most impressive majesty over the top of Mt. Dana. I sauntered up the meadow in the white light. The jet-black tree-shadows were so wonderfully distinct and substantial-looking, I often stepped high in crossing them, taking them for black charred logs.

August 28. — The dawn a glorious song of color. Sky absolutely cloudless. A fine crop of hoar-frost. Warm after ten o'clock. The gentians don't mind the first frost, though their petals seem so delicate; they close every night as if going to sleep, and awake fresh as ever in the morning sun-glory. The grass is

a shade browner since last week, but there are no nipped, wilted plants of any sort as far as I have seen. Butterflies and the grand host of smaller flies are benumbed every night, but they hover and dance in the sunbeams over the meadows before noon with no apparent lack of playful, joyful life. Soon they must all fall like petals in an orchard, dry and wrinkled, not a wing of all the mighty host left to tingle the air. Nevertheless new myriads will arise in the spring, rejoicing, exulting, as if laughing cold death to scorn.

August 30. — This day just like yesterday. A few clouds, motionless and apparently with no work to do beyond beauty. Frost enough for crystal-building, — glorious fields of ice-diamonds destined to last but a night. How lavish is Nature, building, pulling down, creating, destroying, chasing every material particle from form to form, ever changing, ever beautiful.

Mr. Delaney arrived this morning. Felt not a trace of loneliness while he was gone. On the contrary, I never enjoyed grander company. The whole wilderness seems to be alive and familiar, full of humanity. The very stones seem talkative, sympathetic, brotherly. No wonder when we think that we all have the same Father and Mother.

August 31. — Clouds .05. Silky cirrus wisps and fringes so fine they almost escape notice. Frost enough for another crop of crystals on the meadows, but none on the forests. The gentians, goldenrods, asters, etc., don't seem to feel it; neither petals nor leaves are touched, though they seem so tender. Every day opens and closes like a flower, noiseless, effortless. Divine peace glows on all the majestic landscape, like the silent, enthusiastic joy that sometimes transfigures a noble human face.

September 6. — Still another perfectly cloudless day, purple evening and morning, all the middle hours one mass of pure, serene sunshine. Soon after sunrise the air grew warm, and there was no wind. There is a suggestion of real Indian summer in the hushed, brooding, faintly hazy weather. The yellow atmosphere, though thin, is still plainly of the same general character as that of Eastern Indian summer. The peculiar mellowness is perhaps in part caused by myriads of ripe spores adrift in the sky.

Mr. Delaney now keeps up a solemn talk about the need of getting away from these high mountains, telling sad stories of flocks that perished in storms that broke suddenly into the midst of fine innocent weather like this we are now enjoying. 'In no case,' said he, 'will I venture to stay so high and far back in the mountains as we now are later than the middle of this month, no matter how warm and sunny it may be.' He would move the flock, slowly at first, a few miles a day until the Yosemite Creek Basin was reached and crossed; then while lingering in the heavy pine woods, should the weather threaten, he could hurry down to the foothills, where the snow never falls deep enough to smother a sheep. Of course I am anxious to see as much of the wilderness as possible in the few days left me, and I say again, — May the good time come when I can stay as long as I like with plenty of bread, far and free from trampling flocks, though I may well be thankful for this generous, foodful, inspiring summer. Anyhow, we never know where we must go, nor what guides we are to get, — men, storms, guardian angels, or sheep. Perhaps almost everybody in the least natural is guided more than he is ever aware of. All the wilderness seems to be full of tricks and plans to drive and draw us up into God's light.

September 9. — Weariness rested away, and I feel eager and ready for another excursion a month or two long in the same wonderful wilderness. Now, however, I must turn toward the lowlands, praying and hoping Heaven will shove me back again.

The most telling thing learned in these mountain excursions is the influence of cleavage joints on the features sculptured from the general mass of the range. Evidently the denudation has been enormous, while the inevitable outcome is subtle, balanced beauty. Comprehended in general views, the features of the wildest landscape seem to be as harmoniously related as the features of a human face. Indeed, they look human, and radiate spiritual beauty, divine thought, however covered and concealed by rock and snow.

Mr. Delaney has hardly had time to ask me how I enjoyed my trip, though he has facilitated and encouraged my plans all summer, and declares I'll be famous some day, — a kind guess that seems strange and incredible to a wandering wilderness lover with never a thought or dream of fame, while humbly trying to trace and learn and enjoy Nature's lessons.

The camp stuff is now packed on the horses, and the flock is headed for the home ranch. Away we go, down through the pines, leaving the lovely lawn where we have camped so long. I wonder if I'll ever see it again. The sod is so tough and close it is scarce at all injured by the sheep. Fortunately they are not fond of silky, glacier meadow grass.

The day is perfectly clear, not a cloud or the faintest hint of a cloud is visible, and there is no wind. I wonder if in all the world, at a height of nine thousand feet, weather so steadily, faithfully calm and bright and hospitable may anywhere else be found.

We are going away fearing destructive storms, though it is difficult to conceive weather changes so great.

September 17. — Left camp early, ran over the Tuolumne divide and down a few miles to a grove of sequoias that I had heard of, directed by the Don. They occupy an area of perhaps less than a hundred acres. Some of the trees are noble, colossal old giants surrounded by magnificent sugar pines and Douglas spruces. The perfect specimens not burned or broken are singularly regular and symmetrical, though not at all conventional, showing infinite variety in general unity and harmony. The noble shafts, with rich brown, purplish, fluted bark, are free of limbs for one hundred and fifty feet or so, and are ornamented here and there with leafy rosettes. The main branches of the oldest trees are very large, crooked, and rugged, zigzagging stiffly outward, seemingly lawless, yet unexpectedly stopping just at the right distance from the trunk and dissolving in dense bossy masses of branchlets, thus making a regular though greatly varied outline, — a cylinder of leafy, outbulging spray masses terminating in a noble dome that may be recognized while yet far off, upheaved against the sky above the dark bed of pines and firs and spruces: the king of all conifers, not only in size but in sublime majesty of behavior and port. I found a black charred stump about thirty feet in diameter, and eighty or ninety feet high, a venerable, impressive old monument of a tree that in its prime may have been the monarch of the grove; seedlings and saplings growing up here and there, thrifty and hopeful, giving no hint of the dying-out of the species. Not any unfavorable change of climate, but only fire threatens the existence of these noblest of God's trees. Sorry I was not

able to get a count of the old monument's annual rings.

Camp this evening at Hazel Green, on the broad back of the dividing ridge near our old camp-ground when we were on the way up the mountains in the spring. This ridge has the finest sugar-pine groves, and finest manzanita and ceanothus thickets, I have yet found on all this wonderful summer journey.

September 21. — A terribly hot, dusty sun-burned day, and as nothing was to be gained by loitering where the flock could find nothing to eat save thorny twigs and chaparral, we made a long drive, and before sundown reached the home ranch on the Yellow San Joaquin plain.

September 22. — The sheep were let out of the corral one by one this morning and counted, and strange to say, after all their long adventurous wanderings in bewildering rocks and brush and streams, scattered by bears, poisoned by azalea, kalmia, alkali, all are accounted for. Of the two thousand and fifty that left the corral in the spring lean and weak, two thousand and twenty-five have returned fat and strong. The losses are, ten killed by bears, one by a rattlesnake, one that had to be killed after it had broken its leg on a boulder-slope, and one that ran away in blind terror on being accidentally separated from the flock; thirteen all told. Of the other twelve doomed never to return, three were sold to ranchmen, and nine were made camp mutton.

Here ends my forever memorable first High Sierra excursion. I have crossed the Range of Light, surely the brightest and best of all the Lord has built. And, rejoicing in its glory, I gladly, gratefully, hopefully pray I may see it again.

(*The End.*)

A LITTLE BABY

BY CAROLINE BRETT McLEAN

'I won't have no lump of a child,' said Judith tremulously.

'An' I won't have no squallin' baby,' retorted her husband. He spoke with the air of a man goaded by the unreasonableness of one he was willing to indulge to almost any limit. 'A child three or four year old, now. Surely that 'ud be young enough for you, an' no trouble to what a reel young 'un 'ud be, an' good comp'ny for you all day. Not but that I think a kid ten or eleven year old 'ud be best to adopt. But I'm willin' to take one three or four, if yer that dead set on havin' a young 'un.' There was a pleading note in his voice.

Judith's was sullen as she answered, 'I won't have no child three or four years, any more than one ten or eleven.'

Mason grew more nearly angry with Judith than he had ever been in his life before.

'I won't have no kid a couple o' months old,' he cried. 'I don't want one at all, but if you do, I'm willin' to take one. But it'll have to be one three or four year old. I won't have no young babies, an' that's flat.'

In the newspaper he had been reading there was an advertisement offering for adoption a little girl four years old. After reading it aloud, Mason had cut out the address to which inquiry was to be made, remarking as he did so, 'I'll call there when I'm in town on Saturday. A lump of a child like that is what we're lookin' for.'

And Judith had cried with tremulous defiance, 'I won't have no lump of a child.'

Presently she left the kitchen and went into the bedroom leading off it. She was trembling as she sat on the edge of the bed in the darkness. She had been entirely submissive toward her husband during all their married life. She had had no will apart from his. Now to find herself opposed to him was bewildering, even terrifying, to her. She knew that he looked upon her as a helpless being, incapable of judging for herself, requiring thought to be taken for her in every relation of life. Judith had accepted this estimate of herself without resentment. It seemed to her an entirely natural attitude. Her husband practically managed the household. He bought all Judith's clothes as well as his own, and his preference ruled in the choice of the former as of the latter. Judith never expressed dissatisfaction with what he purchased for her. He spent probably twice as much on anything he bought for her as she would have spent. The price was to him a guarantee that what he bought was much more desirable than the cheaper something which perhaps Judith had expressed a preference for. His desire was always to please his wife. He was essentially a good husband, but he took his own way of pleasing her, not hers. Nothing in his knowledge of Judith had prepared him for the tenacity with which she clung to her idea that the child they proposed to adopt should not be more than a couple of months old at the most.

In not having children, Mason had never felt any loss, and until Judith

had fallen sick, he did not know that she had felt any. A young doctor, lately settled in the neighborhood, had been called in to attend her. After prescribing medicine, he said to James Mason at the door, 'She has never had any children?'

'No,' the husband said, adding, 'an' a good thing, too. She ain't never been what you'd call a reel strong woman.'

'But she might have been a happier one if she had,' the young doctor rejoined.

James Mason looked after the retreating figure of the doctor in vague perplexity. The idea that Judith was not entirely happy and satisfied was a new one to him.

A day or so later, their nearest neighbor, the hurried mother of a large family, who ran over when she could spare a minute, to do what she could for Judith, said something that seemed a corroboration of the doctor's opinion.

'I think it's just mopin' here alone all day that's the matter with her. Sometimes it seems as if I'll be drove distracted with the noise of my six. But when I come over here, it's that quiet, I just want to get back to the noise again. I could n't stand the quiet and bein' alone all day. As ye ain't likely to ha' none o' yer own now, I'd think you an' her 'ud be thinkin' of adoptin' a child. Have ye ever thought of adoptin'?'

'I ain't never thought of it, an' I'm sure Judith ain't,' Mason said emphatically. 'Other folks' children ain't much in my line, or in hers either, I guess.'

'Other folks' children is all right when wimmen can't ha' none o' their own,' rejoined the woman. 'An' if it was n't for nothin' but not bein' alone when ye get old, I'd think ye'd be wantin' to 'dopt one. She'd be a lot sight happier havin' some one to look after, and be comp'ny for her.'

James Mason pondered over his pipe for a long time after the woman had gone, and then went into the room where Judith lay.

'Sally Forsyth's been talkin' 'bout us 'doptin' a kid. I ain't never thought of it. But, I guess, there ain't nothin' to prevent it, if you wanted one,' he said doubtfully.

Judith raised herself on her elbow. 'If I wanted one,' she said. Rapture and hunger were on her face.

'Why, I never knewed you cared for kids that much,' Mason cried, in vexed perplexity that a desire so vital as Judith's face showed this to be should have been kept from him. 'We could ha' 'dopted one long ago, if ye'd only said so.'

'I did n't think so much 'bout adoptin'. I wanted one o' me own. An' when I did think of it, I did n't know whether you'd ha' been willin'.'

'I'd ha' been willin' enough if I knew that you wanted it. But how was I to know when you never said a word? An' you never was one to take up much with kids, kissin' them an' all that.' He looked at Judith with sudden suspicion, as if he found it hard to believe in the existence of so strong a desire without some outward manifestation of it.

Judith lay back on her pillow. It was true that she had never manifested any particular delight in the children that came across her path. She was even diffident with them. Mason himself was on easier terms with children than she. But from her window she would watch them for hours, until she knew every trick and charm of childhood by heart, tricks and charms to be brooded over in her solitary days. The child she had never had would have had all those diverting little ways and more. Because of her very hunger for a child of her own, she could not easily caress the children of happier women.

'Well, there ain't anything to hinder us from gettin' one right away,' Mason said after watching his wife for a while. 'There's always lots for adoption. Twelve year old 'ud be about the right age, I guess. One that old 'ud be nice comp'ny for you, and able to help you some, too. Would you fancy a boy or a girl?'

Judith raised herself on her elbow again. Her eyes were very bright. 'I don't care whether it's a boy or a girl. But I don't want one twelve year old. I don't want one any age at all. I mean, I want a little, little baby — a baby just born.'

'A baby just born,' Mason almost shouted. 'Yer crazy. What would you do with a kid that young, an' you sick half the time. You don't know what yer talkin' about.'

That was the beginning of the trouble. From twelve years, Mason came down by successive degrees to three or four, but a child younger than that he declared he would not have.

'If you won't let me have the kind I want, I don't see what you want to be always talkin' about it. I don't want one three or four years old; you say you don't want one at all. Then ha' done talkin' about it. Things'll be just the same as they always was,' Judith exclaimed one day, when at breakfast Mason had again broached the subject.

'But I know now that you want one, an' I did n't then. Ain't I always tried to get you what you wanted?' the man demanded in genuine grief and wrath.

'I ain't ever wanted anything *bad* that you ever got me,' Judith flung back at him. 'I guess, if I'd wanted anything reel bad, I would n't ha' got it.'

'An' you that sick last night that you could n't get my supper. Supposin' ye'd had a kid to 'tend to? Yer clean crazy.'

'I would n't be sick then.' Judith's voice was piteous.

'I don't see that that 'ud keep you from bein' sick,' Mason said, rising from the table. 'Ye'd likely be sicker than ever. A kid's a lot more trouble than you think. You don't know when yer well off.'

Judith watched him out of the house with a dull resentment in her heart. She thought that she would not have his supper ready for him to-night either. It had not been sickness so much as some strange new feeling that was growing in her heart against him that had kept her from having his supper ready the night before. Yet, as she watched the plodding figure going down the road to the adjacent market-garden where he worked, a sudden sense of the futility of such warfare on her part came to her. Some men might show impatience or resentment coming home to an unlit fire and an uncooked meal. Mason never showed either. He had lit the fire and cooked the supper and waited on his wife solicitously; and he would do the same to-night and every night, uncomplainingly, patiently, if she chose to carry on the warfare, accepting without question and with sympathy her plea of sickness.

But this willingness to acknowledge his good qualities did not soften Judith toward him. His question, 'Ain't I always tried to get you what you wanted?' had not been without a certain pathos. Judith had recognized the pathos. She knew why he could n't let the matter drop, and allow things to go on as they had been before. Knowing now her desire, he could not be content while it was ungratified. Ready to credit him with a desire for her happiness, willing to admit that his refusal to agree to the adoption of a very young child arose from apprehension of trouble for her, yet all his good qualities were in danger of becoming as naught in Judith's eyes, because of his inability to understand that the trouble

and pains of motherhood go to make up its joys. In her heart was a sense of growing estrangement from him, deepening at times to a feeling she could not name, but of which she was afraid. He was a stranger to her, in that he was incapable of understanding or sympathizing with her deepest feelings.

For Judith would not forego one jot or tittle of all that went with motherhood. She was avid of all its experiences, pain as well as joy. A child so young even as three years could do little things for itself, help itself in some degree, be to a certain extent independent. Judith wanted the utter helplessness and futility of earliest infancy. To take a child three years old would be to cut short by that many years the chapter of life that was the sweetest. Judith would not cut it short by one moment. At best it was too short. The little helpless baby grew so quickly into a romping child, and the romping child into sturdy boy or girl, and the boy or girl into man or woman. Doubtless, there was happiness and satisfaction in every stage of parenthood, but to Judith no after-happiness could compare with the days of clinging helplessness and utter dependence of little children.

When Mason was out of sight, she went into the bedroom. From a drawer she took out a long parcel carefully wrapped in a sheet. Within the sheet there was a further wrapping of tissue paper, as if the contents were very precious. Judith sat down on the edge of the bed, the parcel on her lap. The look on her face was reverent. The parcel held a variety of little garments, some yellowed as if they had been there a long time, some fresh as if just from the needle. That was Judith's life — that part of her to which her husband was a stranger. Those tiny garments had not been prepared in the expectation of a child. Very shortly after her marriage,

Judith had known she would never have a child. But her yearning must have some outlet, some expression. And in the surreptitious fashioning of those tiny garments, it had found expression. Her hands hovered over them now, smoothing, folding, straightening.

In saving the money to procure the material and in the procuring of the material, there was a certain element of excitement which Judith found pleasurable. It required some strategy to evade the constant care of her husband. The material was of the finest that self-denial on Judith's part had been able to procure, but the workmanship was crude. Judith was as little skilled with her needle as she was in other womanly craft. Stitches were long and clumsy, and seams were not always straight; but in the making of them Judith had found much joy. The long hours when she was alone, which Sally Forsyth deplored, were not always unhappy ones for Judith. The door locked, safe from interruption, lawn and lace about her, Judith was transported to another world, a world in which the hours slipped by unheeded. Oftentimes, lawn and lace had to be hastily thrust into the nearest hiding-place at the click of the gate announcing her husband's return from his work. If Mason had been given to voicing his impression of his wife's manner at such times, he would have described it as 'dazy.' But he never did so voice it. Her dazedness and his unprepared supper were accepted with the patience with which he accepted all Judith's incapacities.

But to-day the going over of those tiny garments did not bring any joy to Judith. She could not shut out realities; could not conjure up the child for whom those garments had been fashioned. At times as her needle went in and out, that child had seemed to become actual flesh and blood. Her im-

agination had gone beyond the making of the garments to the putting them on the child. With what gentleness must the soft body be handled, little arms inserted into sleeves, tiny, tiny feet, that she could hide in her hand, covered with socks. Judith, childless, had not been without some of the happiness of motherhood.

But now as she sat there folding and unfolding the little clumsily-made garments, she remembered suddenly that not since the subject of adoption had been broached had she experienced that secret joy that had in some measure been compensation for her childlessness. She had not been able to evoke a form to fill those little garments, as she so long had done. It had been but a counterfeit of happiness at best, but never expecting to have the real happiness, Judith had made it suffice. Then had come the suggestion of adoption, and in the prospect of the real the counterfeit had been swept away, and swept away forever. Judith felt. The little dresses were empty and would remain empty. She would never feel again in her hands round, soft little limbs; little soft, soft crushable hands and feet to be touched so gently.

And with the conviction, the vague, nameless feeling that had been in her heart towards her husband, took on definiteness, became a resentment so fierce as for the moment to be almost hate. He had done this. She might have cherished her counterfeit to the end, getting the most out of it that she could. If there had been many, many hours in which she could not pretend, there also had been many in which the pretense had seemed real. Now all the hours would be desolate. She could never pretend again. For to have a child whose first years of life had not been with her, would be worse than having no child at all. Deep-rooted as her instinct was for the utter helpless-

ness of the tiny infant, there would be joy, too, in growth and strength. But Judith wanted to see each leaf unfold, to gloat over dawning intelligence, to receive the first conscious smile and touch. Only then, she felt, could she be truly mother to one not of her own flesh.

That night Mason came home again to a disordered house and an unprepared supper. Judith did not plead sickness. He assumed it for her.

'You ain't been well, then, to-day, either,' he said; then, as moved less by his forbearance than by some remote sense of duty she owed to this man, her husband, Judith began to set about preparation for supper, he added, 'You sit quiet. I'll get what I want to eat. I ain't very hungry, anyway.'

After supper, Mason lit his pipe and went out and leaned over the gate to smoke. He had not eaten with any appetite, and now he smoked without any enjoyment. With not the faintest conception of what was in Judith's heart against him, he yet felt something which caused him a vague uneasiness. 'She ain't happy,' he said to himself as he leaned over the gate. Her unhappiness came as a reproach to him. He searched his mind for an instance of anything on his part that could have caused her unhappiness, but could find none.

'Cept it's not givin' in to her 'bout the kid. But what could she do with a kid so young as she wants? I guess I know what's best for her.'

Presently, he left the gate and strolled down the road in the direction of Sally Forsyth's cottage. A swarm of children played noisily about the door. The mother, hot and tired-looking, sat on the porch, a sleeping child in her lap. Mason sat down beside her.

'How's Judith?' she asked.

'She ain't no better. That is — I don't think she's sick — not sick like

she was a while ago. She's just —' He did not finish, but sat looking before him.

'You remember what you said 'bout adoptin'?' he said after a while. 'Me an' Judith talked about it. She'd like one, but she wants a young 'un — younger than that.' He touched the six-months-old child in her lap. 'Babies that young ain't no good for comp'ny, an' they're an awful trouble, an' she could n't look after one, bein' sick so much, but she's that set on havin' a young 'un. I want her to take one three or four year, but she won't; an' she ain't happy,' he concluded miserably.

The mother pressed the little head more closely against her breast.

'Young babies is a lot o' trouble,' she admitted. 'What with havin' to be up at night and teethin' later on, an' one thing an' another. I guess Judith don't know anything about the trouble they'd be. I'd think one three or four year old 'ud suit her best.'

'That's what I say,' Mason exclaimed eagerly. 'One like yer little Katie, now. There was a advertisement in the paper the other night, a little girl four year old. I was thinkin' o' callin' at the place to-morrow when I'm in town.'

Sally Forsyth nodded concurrence.

He added slowly, 'Judith never found fau't with nothin' I ever done before, an' if she was suitable — the little girl — I was thinkin' I'd just bring her along 'thout any more to-do. I guess she'd like it all right? She's allus been easy to please an' to get on with. You think it 'ud be better than havin' a reel young baby?' he questioned anxiously.

'I'd think so,' Sally Forsyth said. 'A young baby 'ud be a awful trouble to Judith. 'Tain't as if she ever had none of her own. Babies take a awful lot o' lookin' after an' doin' for. I'd

think it 'ud be far better to have one three or four year old.'

On his way home, presently, fortified by the opinion of one whom he looked upon as an authority on such matters, Mason made his resolution. He knew what was best for Judith better than she herself could. He would call to-morrow at the address given in the advertisement and see the child. If she were not suitable, some other child could be procured. He would end the situation, and end it in the best possible way for Judith. He recalled occasions when he had been commissioned by Judith to procure something in town — a dress, a hat, style and color specified. If anything of a different style or color had seemed to him handsomer or richer, he had never hesitated to disregard the instructions. And Judith had never complained. As he told Sally Forsyth, she had always been pleased with anything he had ever done before. Once this thing was accomplished, she would be as peaceable as she had always been. He should have done it before.

Just before he blew out the light that night, preparatory to getting into bed, he said to Judith in as casual a tone as he could command, 'I'm goin' to see that little girl that was advertised for adoption to-morrow. If she don't suit, I'll look 'round for another that age.'

Judith made no answer, and Mason got into bed and was soon asleep.

But Judith could not sleep. She had reached the point where she could no longer resist. Her heart was hot within her. She got as far from him as the limits of the bed would allow. She thought that the feeling surging in her heart against him must be hate. Presently, when the late moon shining through the uncurtained window fell on his face, she raised herself on her elbow and looked at him. Judith had been in love with Mason when she mar-

ried him. For a long time she had not been sure whether he cared for her or not. She remembered that time of hope and fear now, as she leaned on her elbow watching his face. And it seemed unbelievable that she was the same person as the girl who had been transported when he had declared himself; unbelievable that he could ever have inspired that rapturous joy in her.

'Girls don't know,' she said to herself. 'They think if they're in love with a man an' he marries them, they'll never want anything else. Oh, they don't know.'

For her longing for a child had been of an intensity compared to which the girl's longing for her lover had been as nothing. And now she would never know again even the vicarious joy that had at last come in some measure to satisfy her. He had decreed that. She would find no joy in the child he forced upon her; whose helplessness had not been her care. She flattened herself against the wall, shrinking from any contact with him, and she, too, thought of the dresses and hats she had desired and had never had, because they had not seemed desirable to him. Such trivial things she had let go without murmur or complaint; she had thought none the worse of him in those instances for substituting his desires and tastes for hers; but this she could not forgive.

When the moonlight had faded and it was time for him to get up, as he did abnormally early on the mornings he went to market, she turned her face to the wall and lay very still. He never required her to rise to get him off, however early he had to start, and for perhaps the first time in her married life she appreciated this; not in acknowledgment of any merit in his so doing, but because it saved her from speech with him. As she heard him, heavy with sleep, move clumsily about, she quivered in every nerve,

lest, after all, he should come in and rouse her. She felt that she could not bear to speak to him or look at him. Yet, she knew things would have to continue as they always had been; that he would probably see no difference in her; but for this once, she let repugnance have full sway. When finally, she heard him close the door with an elaborate carefulness, she drew a long breath of relief.

It was always late when James Mason came home on market-days, dead-tired and ready for bed. To-night he reached home about his usual hour, but the heaviness of fatigue that always sat upon him was absent. As he sat down to the supper which Judith had ready for him, he said, 'Well, I saw her, an' she's a little daisy. I said I'd take her. The papers'll be ready to sign on Saturday, an' I'll bring her out then.'

Judith sat as if turned to stone.

'You'll like her, Judith,' went on Mason pleadingly. 'I ain't no great hand for kids, as you know, but I declare I'm fond o' her already; a lovin' little thing, with her little soft hands on my cheek when she kissed me. Purty, too, like a picture. An' comes o' respectable folks. Father an' mother killed in a accident. You'll like her, Judith? You'll be good to her?' he said in sudden anxiety for the happiness of the little child who had won him.

'I guess I ain't one to be bad to a poor little orphan child,' Judith said slowly, 'an' I guess I'll get to like her, all right. But,' she got up and came close to him, 'James Mason, you won't never know what you've done. P'raps, bein' a man, you ain't to blame for not understandin' why it was I wanted as young a baby as I could get, but understandin' or no, you might 'a' let me have what I wanted.'

His look was uneasy. 'Aw, a little baby! What's the good of a little baby, that don't know nothin'; would n't

even know you? D'ye think any one could take to a little baby like I took to this little girl? 'Tain't in reason that any one could like a baby so well. When the people told her I was goin' to be her father, she put her little soft hands on my cheek and kissed me, an' called me father. A baby could n't do nothin' like that. An' a baby 'ud grow, anyhow, so what dif'rence does it make? When you see her, you'll be glad that I did n't get no little baby.'

Voice and look pleaded with her, but Judith's face remained hard. When she began to clear away the dishes, he offered to do it, alleging that he felt wonderfully fresh. Heretofore, Judith had always been willing to let him take such tasks upon himself even after a hard day's work; but now she declined. In this moment of infinite separation from her husband, she recognized, as she had never recognized before, her shortcomings as wife and housekeeper; and her movements as she cleared away had a briskness and quickness about them that was evidently puzzling to Mason as he sat and watched her. Judith's mind, going over all the many things in which as housekeeper she had been remiss, realized his patience and forbearance with her manifold shortcomings with an almost startling vividness. Few men would have been so patient, would have taken on themselves the duties that quite plainly belonged to the wife. But hereafter she would do her part to the best of her ability. There was no longer anything between them that would justify her acceptance of more than she gave.

And in the few following days, Mason was made more materially comfortable than he had ever been made before. In the morning Judith rose to get his breakfast, against his protest. Supper was ready on the table when he came home at night. None of the household

tasks, so prone to be left for him, were now left. But Mason was not comfortable. His state of mind toward Judith was conciliatory. He would fain have taken upon himself all the household tasks, waited upon her hand and foot, as the only means of conciliation he knew. But Judith in her new-found competency baffled as well as bewildered him. She gave him no opening for conciliation.

On the morning that he was to go to town, wakened by the alarm that he had set at his usual hour, he heard from the kitchen the rattle of dishes. Judith was not beside him. Getting out of bed, he went to the door that opened to the kitchen. It was so early that although it was summer a lamp was lighted; but the table was spread, and Judith, bending over the stove, was frying meat. She turned at some sound he made.

'Yer up. I was thinkin' o' callin' you,' she remarked.

'There was no call for you to rise,' Mason said. 'I could 'a' got a bite for mysel', same as I've allus done.'

'A bite would n't be much good with that long drive ahead o' you,' Judith said as casually as if for years he had not taken the long drive on what he had been able to pick up for himself. 'Better hurry. Everything's ready,' she advised.

Mason did not enjoy his substantial breakfast. Judith, sitting opposite him, looked small and thin and tired, and her smallness and thinness and tiredness reproached him.

'The idea o' gettin' up at this time o' the morning,' he muttered. 'Ye'd best go to bed again, soon's I've gone.' He swallowed a great gulp of tea, and looked away from Judith. 'Ye'll have to stay up for me to-night. I'll be bringin' her home, an' she'll be wantin' some lookin' after, I guess. Best take all the rest you can in the day.'

When he was gone and Judith had put the house in order, she went to the secret place, and took out the little garments. She would have to find a place yet more secret for them; a place that even she herself could not have access to. When it was dark, she would go out in the garden and dig a grave and bury them. Burial, following upon death and loss, would be a fitting disposition of them. Judith felt that something within her had died; that the spiritual happiness which the fashioning and contemplation of those little garments had brought to her would never be hers again. She must put out of sight the things that had stood for that dead happiness.

She sat on the floor, with the little garments spread out around her. Some of them doubtless would fit the little girl her husband was bringing home to her. Preparation had been made for the growth and development of the child of her imaginings. But Judith had no thought of putting these apart. She could as little bear to see this real child wear anything that had been made for that visionary child, as a mother could bear to see another dressed in the garments of her dead child. Sitting on the floor, she sorted and folded the little garments for the last time, one moment with feverish quickness as if eager to get her task done, the next lingeringly, unfolding what she had folded, to smooth out each crease and straighten each fold. And she knew what mothers suffer when they fold up and put away the clothes of their little dead children.

She did not expect her husband home before his usual time. When it grew dark, she took the bundle she had made to the bottom of the garden. On her way back to the house for a spade, she heard Mason call her loudly, 'Judith, Judith!' He had returned earlier than usual. Judith stood motion-

less outside the kitchen door. He called again, and she heard his steps receding as he went to the unused front room to look for her. As she stood out there in the darkness, breathing quickly, Judith thought again of the time when Mason had been her undeclared lover, and again she was swept with an incredulous wonder that he had ever been able to evoke in her emotions of joy. When he came back to the kitchen she stepped inside.

The lighted kitchen, after the darkness outside, dazed her. She could not see for a moment or two.

'I did n't think you'd be home so soon; I was down in the garden,' she said. Then she looked about her. 'Did n't you — did n't you bring her?'

A bundle lay upon the table, and Mason began to unwrap it.

'I did n't bring her, but I brought this.' He threw back the shawl, — 'I could n't find a littler 'un,' he grinned.

The child wrapped up in the shawl was very little, not more than a week or two old apparently. Judith, speechless, bent over it, and inserted a finger in the little curled-up fist. Immediately the tiny fingers closed upon it. Countless times in imagination had Judith felt her finger thus held, but imagination had never brought the ecstasy that flooded her whole being at the touch of actual baby fingers upon hers. Still speechless, she raised her eyes to where Mason stood, and they widened with sudden wonder. For the glamour of the days of courtship had fallen upon him again, and as he stood there watching her, with an expression half shame-faced, half anxious, he seemed in all things as he had seemed then — the man desirable, the man to make her happy. She smiled at him as long ago she had smiled at her lover; and Mason smiled back in relief.

'I could n't get a littler 'un,' he repeated.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION: AN APOLOGIA

BY ANNE HARD

. . . non quia crasse
Compositum inlepidave putetur, sed quia nuper.
HORACE.

I

THE Master-Builder spoke not alone of his own time when he said: 'Just you see, Doctor, presently the younger generation will come knocking at the door!' He voiced the eternal dread of displacement, that most terrible tragedy of Age.

Age sometimes seems to see itself surviving in a sort of earthly immortality of influence, an exquisite wraith whose sustenance is human opinion. Like sounds which can vibrate to birth only upon strings of fixed length and thickness, so this influence must find a human organism responsive to itself or it must vanish with the mind which gave it birth. Age desires not to survive only in an epitaph. Age demands that Youth shall be its earthly immortality.

Youth knocks at the door of the House of Life and presents its passport to-day just as it always has; it will enter on its own terms whether the Warder will visé its passport or not. Just as once Youth gave the warm humanity of Euripides when the Warder asked for the sombre majesty of Æschylus; as it gave the vernacular Bible when the Warder demanded the decrees of all the councils; as it gave chemistry and physics and biology when the Warder demanded the classics, so to-day it offers a determined spirit of inquiry instead of loyalty to accepted standards; a broader instead of a more deeply

thoughtful intellectual life; a more socialized ethics instead of stronger individual virtues.

It is easy to see why Age distrusts us. Broader spaces, fewer interests, beliefs more single, combined with a perhaps not less important inheritance of unmixed blood, gave to an earlier generation in this country a stability, an unbendable quality which stands as one of the supreme monuments to the possibilities of human character. It is little wonder that it hopes for the worst from a generation born of blended racial strains into crowded areas, multifarious occupations and conflicting opinions.

Age expects to find our manners as formless as our environment. And it does find them so. I can remember how carefully, for example, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart taught us the correct attitude for the drawing-room. I can see us walking gingerly across those highly polished floors, seating ourselves with carefully distributed weight, finally achieving a pose which in retrospect looks very Egyptian-monumental, but which at the time indicated ease combined with a determination never never to admit the presence of knees by crossing them. I can see, too, that long refectory with two rows of young-ladies-in-training, each one carefully eliminating her elbows. And the very first thing we found when we emerged into 'the world' was that every beautiful lady in the most lustrant of the illustrations not only owned knees, but crossed them, and the lady who was

so beautiful that she burst out on to the cover, invariably had elbows, which she rested on a table.

There are only two conditions which keep formal manners alive. One is the importance of ceremonial, — such a symbol of the vicarious performance of leisure for example as the uncut finger nails of the high-class Chinese, the necessity, in short, for impressing others in order to maintain a caste or a cult. The other is an intense belief in one's personal dignity.

Of the many elements which have gone to wipe out both these conditions for the young, none, I believe, is more powerful than the substitution of an objective interest in which young men and young women are equally engaged, for the purely personal interest which but a short time ago was the basis of all intercourse between the sexes. They grow used to being together without awareness of one another's personality. You may see it in the laboratory: young men and young women checking results by test tube or microscope. You may see it again on the links or on the tennis court.

Or it may be a September day, all sapphires and pure light, when the wind is like a teasing school-boy and every boat that sets a prankish sail does so to test the hearts that laugh at courage. More things go down than ships and men. Many a fine distinction, many a delicate phrase, many a pretty dignity — and Kit and Tom emerge.

Is it because we are becoming more socialized, that we approach in tone a state of society where people cry 'Comrade' to each other? Certainly we do not feel that our manners must support a caste, and to the younger generation nothing among its contemporaries is so sure a mark of an 'unarrived' person as any suspicion that an effort of the sort is being made.

Almost too defiantly perhaps youth

longs to make a sacrifice of everything to Revealment. It is perfectly aware of the genuineness of that greater dignity in its parents and yet it cannot help a secret feeling that the old-fashioned manner covered up something just for the sake of the covering. They believed in closed parlors, in heavy hangings at the windows, in tidies, and feather-dusters. They desired above all that things should 'look nice.'

Just as their manners were genuine for them, our manners are genuine for us. We do not believe in concealment. We want a great many windows all wide open. We have burned up tidies and heavy curtains. A feather-duster will soon be as interesting a domestic antiquity as a warming-pan. If the vacuum cleaner is being mended we leave the dust right where we can find it when we are ready to clean up.

It is not only among people of the same age that there is greater frankness. Fathers are talking more plainly to their sons; mothers to their daughters. We are beginning to see that the eighth deadly sin and the worst of all is Ignorance. Many of our mothers were held in restraint by a sort of a general terror of they knew not what. We are not afraid to go ahead, because we know all the implications of each step. The result is significantly a boldness of manner, founded on a consciousness that we have nothing to conceal.

The rising generation has heard of 'fine reserve' and 'noble reticence,' but it refuses to believe in them as ends in themselves. If they are to form a sort of spiritual antimacassar, concealing worn places in the mental furniture, — unworthy suspicions, base unbeliefs, false interpretations — they would better be thrown into the flames of self-examination. In Mr. Galsworthy's *Fraternity*, the situation is completely suggested by Stephen's jest: 'If young

people will reveal their ankles, they'll soon have no ankles to reveal.'

A woman of an older generation, a gentlewoman, whose life has brought her into contact with the young people of two coeducational universities, admitted this greater freedom and informality. But she got from it a hopeful interpretation: —

'I find greater frankness — and more purity!' she said; 'less putting girls upon a pedestal, — and less smashing them afterwards!'

In short these manners, crudely, perhaps, are of a piece with a passionate belief in its own intellectual honesty, which is to the new generation the most essential element in its self-respect. They are of a piece with a determined seeking after truth, whithersoever the argument may lead; with a conviction that uncleanness is the child of ignorance, and that once the white light of frank simplicity is turned upon the darker corners of the mind, much that was once thought a moral dust heap will turn out to be but floatingscintillant particles, soon dissipated. The younger generation is ashamed to be ashamed.

II

If from a half-conscious longing for recognizing only the big and strong elements, our manners lose something, they are in this respect symbolic of another characteristic of the spiritual life of the young. It would be folly to deny that many of the older religious sanctions which had broken down for our parents have not been reërected by their children. But from that wreck of the religious sense which followed closely upon the scientific movement of the middle nineteenth century, those children are reclaiming for themselves two powerful principles. One is a broad but sincere acceptance of those spiritual beauties common to all beliefs, and

the other, the socialization of its system of ethics.

'I believe we are just as earnest!' said a College Secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association in one of the largest of our Universities; 'but it is often hard to convince our elders because we are broader in our definitions. We can have a good time without doing wrong. We can combine religion and pleasure.'

Because we wear our philosophies easily, because we have enlarged our inheritance from some unknown drop of foreign blood, or from our spreading out into warmer places than the chilly rocks where our Puritan forefathers 'rescued this land from the Devil,' because we can jest even at things we secretly hold sacred, we are often inexplicable to our parents. It was not a part of their manners so to do. And it is hard for many of them to believe in our sincerity when we do it. And yet in our own extraordinary fashion we are probably reconstructing under new forms some resemblance to the light-hearted singleness of primitive Christianity.

'These early Roman Christians received the Gospel message, a command to love all men, with a certain joyous simplicity. The image of the Good Shepherd is blithe and gay beyond the gentlest shepherd of Greek mythology,' Miss Addams says, as she pauses at her fiftieth milestone to interpret that life into which she has read so deeply; . . . 'I believe there is a distinct turning among many young men and women toward this simple acceptance of Christ's message.'

Left free in our choice by the rulelessness of our upbringing, early allowed to conclude that there was in every creed much that could never be assuredly proven, we have come to judge creeds by their output in action and to unite upon lines of conduct

rather than upon lines of belief. Religious determinations which a few years ago were followed simply because they were the recognized aims of definite sects, which one had 'joined,' on quite other grounds, now unite the offspring of many different creeds or of no creed at all.

Missionary enthusiasm for example caused about four thousand college students, most of them undergraduates, to give up their Christmas holidays for the sake of attending a recent convention of the Student Volunteer Movement. Last year four thousand three hundred and seventy-seven *more* young college men and college women offered themselves as missionaries to the foreign field than could be accepted. Growing with extraordinary rapidity in membership, in financial ability, in enthusiasm, this is a young people's movement; its very founders and its great names are the names of persons still in their early thirties.

And yet note that the content of this movement is a content which has always been most intimately identified with certain dogmatic systems. The younger generation takes out of the separate theologies one object and unites on that.

One can hardly note such facts as these, and others like them, and still maintain that the older sanctions have not their followers and their thousands of followers among the younger generation.

III

The difference of emphasis, however, which distinguishes the younger from the elder time, is that ours is an emphasis not upon *form* but upon *content*.

The younger generation is far more concerned with what you have to say than with how you wish to say it. It is not much interested in personal impression, general theory. It is pro-

foundly interested in first-hand studies carefully made, in new or more vigorous interpretations of well-known facts. The 'mob of gentlemen who write with ease' is tailing the gray beaver and the hoop-skirt around the corner while the band just passing is playing for the man who writes because he has something to say.

You expect that such a shift of stress as this would profoundly affect our theories of the proper education to give our children. And it has so affected it. No better illustration could be made of the difference between two generations than is to be found in a comparison of the questions our fathers had to answer when they sat down to write an examination in geography with those which confront the children of to-day.

'Why does the St. Lawrence never have floods?'

'Give causes for the difference in climate between England and New England.'

'Why has New York become the greatest commercial centre in the United States?'

'Why, why, why?' that is the question we constantly set before our children. Not 'define,' not 'name,' no rhymed lists of capital cities and principal rivers, no 'What sea lies east of Cochin China?' or 'In what direction does the St. Lawrence flow?'

In most of the comparisons of our time with another we are at one painful disadvantage. Our fathers confute us by combining what they remember of themselves with what they guess about us. But in these often made and quite unfounded assertions that the youth of to-day is deficient in the three R's because he is proficient in a fourth R — Raffia, — we can reply to their personal impressions with a few actual facts. For several schoolmasters, smarting under these stings, have been at pains to poultice themselves and us.

Proceeding in the modern experimental method, they have first unearthed such monuments of the alleged golden age in American spelling as could be found in their several school safes. Under conditions designed to promote the greatest fairness, if they did not even put our children at a disadvantage, those same questions in geography and history, those same spelling lists, were dusted and inserted into the intellectual quick of the infant minds of Springfield in Massachusetts, Norwich in Connecticut, and Cleveland in Ohio.¹

The average *gain in efficiency* in spelling of the children of to-day was from 4.5 to 9.6 per cent, the combined *average gain in efficiency* in arithmetic, history, geography and grammar, was 20 per cent.

In other words, in spite of the fact that we do not apparently care so much about these things as our fathers did we actually do them better. And I believe that it would be safe to make the same assertion for our knowledge of the classics, although I could not so easily prove it.

You can however prove for yourself how different is the standard of work required in the classical departments of our universities from that of a few decades ago. And it is only fair to remember that of the armies of youth who on entering college desert the humanities for the utilities, a large proportion have already done much of the Latin which would have been called 'college work' by our Fathers. There are so many of us who have done much more than that, 'even in the Latin or the Greek,' that we do not pride ourselves on having read only Virgil and Cicero. We forget to mention it and

thereby lose much credit. To have read so much was a fair Latinity to our grandfathers in America. But Germany has caught our youth by the wing and applies the grindstone of the cuneiform syllabary of Cyprian or the velar *q* to the edge of our classical appetite. In other words unless we specialize in the classics we are n't classical. Even when we do specialize we are not always classical in the old sense. As soon as we specialize we begin to become scientific.

In this respect we are perfectly consistent. Education, man's greatest luminal, seems in another aspect to be the shadow of the life of man;—it is always just one lap behind, panting after life in a never-ending race to catch up with life's always accumulating, changing demands.

In other words, the knowledge of the time that is past was as the life of that time. Our knowledge is as our life. In place of the few books which it was serviceable to have in one's private collection, we have a card on the circulating library, where any sort of book leaps conformably to hand to meet our need of information or to share our hours of ease. In place of the three simple professions which had, since Adam delved, adorned the life of our grandfathers, all life has become a profession, commerce an art. Our souls demand study, and there are psychological laboratories; typhoid oppresses us, and there are bacteriological laboratories; we eat, and there are special laboratories for the chemical analysis of foods; animal life is all about us, and there are biological laboratories; we read, and there is a workshop for library science. Physical science impinges upon chemistry; here is an electrical furnace! We must have newspapers; here is a school of journalism! Men live in groups apparently under the dominance of certain forces; we

¹ "The Norwich Tests." By HENRY A. TERRILL, in *The School Review*, May, 1910.

"The Springfield Tests." By JOHN LAWRENCE RILEY.

"The Three Rs." By WILLIAM H. ELSON.

will begin studies leading to a true establishment of Sociology!

Through elementary school and high school giving hours to making wooden toys or gingham aprons as well as to Greek and mathematics; through colleges giving hours to horticulture or cookery as well as to early Gothic; through all the seethe of struggling elements, is there any one clue which one may hold fast to bring one safe to daylight? I think there is. Just as our manners are adapted to the newer thought of Pureness in Revealment; just as we unite on the content rather than on the form of religious teaching, so our education ministers to a society which feels that its greatest interest is in investigation. We need to acquire the power of independent thought. For that purpose there are many things as valuable as a remembrance of the fact that the genitive of *supellex* is not *supellicis*, but *supellectilis*.

IV

The demand that we shall get our intellectual nourishment from one source is of a piece with the demand that we shall get our spiritual nourishment from one source. We are glad that the day is gone which believed in only one avenue to culture; we are glad that the day is come which believes that in the house of beauty there are many mansions.

Some people seem to look at life through a sort of mental opera-glass, which, when directed upon the extraordinary range of experience surrounding the youth of to-day, encircles only those elements which are debasing or demoralizing, which permits them to see in our manners only their element of vulgarity, in our spiritual life only the quality of negation, in our education only a lack of discipline. Still more restricted does that encirclement ap-

pear to us when it finds in our drama only the lower form of vaudeville, in our art only the 'Sunday Sup.'

It is not grandmother, it is the young mamma who hurries to the front porch to tear from the morning newspaper its brilliant stuffing. It is the young mamma who believes that such pictures are 'unmoral.' Indeed, one of the most successful Sunday editors in the country asserts that the 'Sunday Sup' is a 'circulation-getter' among the mature of the crowded quarters rather than among the American-born of tender years.

The Sunday Supplement however is a fact. It is a disagreeable fact. But more significant we think is the fact that the simple performances of our daily lives can be carried on constantly under increasingly beautiful conditions. Children may see cheap and ephemeral pictures. Salvation lies in this, that they are ephemeral. But those same children sit long hours in school rooms hung with fine reproductions of Corot or of Millet, or set with the winged Niké dimly wonderful against a background carefully studied to give just the proper value. Their hands are trained to execute what their minds are trained to work out, in color, in pottery, in textiles. Even the children of careless or busy parents have their chance to receive the finer, nobler impressions when their class is taken on little 'gallery tours' in the great centres; when they can see and talk over a 'loan exhibition' sent out to the smaller communities.

As a work of pure art compare 'the little red school house' with such public schools as those of Mr. Perkins in Chicago, Mr. Sturgis in Boston or Mr. Ittner in St. Louis. Compare the carefully modeled shafts from which depend the lights in our finer streets with the T-shaped lamp posts of a few years ago. Compare the brown stone hor-

rors of the seventies, the ornate furniture, the involuted draperies, the flowered carpets, the fringes, the tassels, with a domestic art based upon the idea that form must follow function, with our adaptations of the best in our native colonial houses, with our simple lines, our spare furnishings, our devotion to the gradual acquisition of the money for a really good rug. When you have made that comparison, do you conclude that public taste is really degenerating? Do you not rather see that there is at work a new spirit in American art, a spirit which allies it to the brightest time of the art of other countries, the spirit of youth which is one with that spirit of joy without which the best in art is never born? Moreover, the younger generation, listening to the Friday afternoon concert of the Theodore Thomas orchestra, — as it does, — or to the Boston Symphony, — as it does, — or to the Cincinnati festival chorus, — as it does, — is having its taste trained and satisfied by Bach and Strauss, by Beethoven and Brahms. And listening to those unworded revealings of the human soul, the younger generation is aware that in half a million homes throughout the country those same strains, less true perhaps, but existent still in some resemblance to their first great artistry, are heard and heard again.

More than a handful of the younger generation are the supporters, more than a handful are the admirers of Volpe, of Horatio Parker, of Arthur Foote, of Chadwick, of Damrosch, Grover, Stock, Lutkin, and Hadley. Where in the generation of our fathers and mothers there were at most but two cities in America where the best music was constantly interpreted by competent musicians, there are now at least a dozen. Musical Art or Choral Societies, string quartettes, full orchestras in New York and Boston, — yes,

but also in Seattle, in Chicago, in St. Louis, in Minneapolis, St. Paul, Cincinnati, and — with occasional interruptions — in Pittsburg! Add to this the children's choruses, singing really good music extraordinarily well; add to this such an organization as the A Cappella Choir of Northwestern University; add to it sustained musical departments in almost every university of consequence, and one reaches some suggestion of the reason why many of the greatest singers now before the public are Americans, why even 'Herr This' and 'M. That' in Berlin and Paris, with waiting lists of pupils and an acknowledged position in the musical life of the continent, are 'Old Chicago boys,' or 'Used to live in Albany.'

V

It is, however, confusing to dismiss in a paragraph the total effect of our æsthetic surroundings on the younger public, because there is not one public, there are a score. And true as this may be of the artistic or the musical public it is quite as true of the dramatic. Not only can we get the rug, the picture, the jewel, the preserved fruit, the bit of lace, — from north, from south, from next state, from far country; that this one, that that one, momentarily needs; but there is also a commercial response to the dramatic tastes of every section of the community.

Those who demand cheap and vulgarizing exhibitions may have their tastes satisfied just as they always have had them satisfied, but with the greater competence made possible by the superiority of our commercial organization. But those who demand a fine interpretation of the best plays can find the best plays also. It is completely unfair to the influences which bear upon the youth of to-day, to turn a jaundiced gaze upon one of these and

to disregard entirely the other. We have heard that our mothers and fathers spent some of their time in laughing at the extraordinary humor of such lines as 'I learn, on inquiry, that cows do not give sardines,' when lisped off by the elder Sothern, or in fascinated attention to the writhings of the comical Mr. Muldoon about the legs of a high chair, as well as in attending upon occasional performances of Booth or Barrett. And we call attention in turn to the fact that we derive some entertainment from *The Blue Bird*, and *The Faun* and *Peter Pan* as well as from *Mme. Sherry*, from *Herod* and *Everyman* as well as from *The Girl in the Taxi*, and that both the scenically glorious Shakespeare of Miss Marlowe and the scenically barren Shakespeare of Mr. Ben Greet have been applauded with some enthusiasm in recent years.

It is not merely the varying tastes of different publics which are met, but the varying moods of the individual. And to the young it seems a misfortune for you if you have not varying moods. Granted that the spectacle be clean, — it seems to them a misfortune if you cannot get enjoyment out of many differing kinds of dramatic effort. You cannot yourself be close to all sorts of the wonderful ranging life of to-day; but you can get just a little closer to it through the theatre. And this is the point at which vaudeville, the best vaudeville, makes its appeal to us. Remember, not all of us by any means are devotees of the 'top-liners.' But don't despair of us if we are!

While we pause to observe that we did not invent the entertainment, we may nevertheless also insist that there is variety in vaudeville. You may thrill to an act of daring, or take your joy in that magnificent display of human physique which indicates not only skill but years of abstemiousness which would do credit to an anchorite. You

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may hear the sort of 'stunts' that good musicians do when they lay aside their professional manner and play with their art among their friends. Is n't it worth noticing that the house-filling popularity of the 'most beautiful woman in the world' is equaled by that of a serious, uncompromising study of real life such as Mr. J. M. Patterson's *Dope* or by that of such an artistic presentation of a social message as Mr. George Beban's *The Sign of the Rose*?

The element in it all which is terrifyingly new to our discouraged ancestors is that we who ought to be the children of light are enjoying every bit of it. Of course we are! and rightly! It mirrors back to us our environment. Just so the great Elizabethan drama lived through the dreary days of Anne even to our own time, most surely because it was Elizabethan. It was *alive*. It was written by live people about live people. It reproduced its own environment through all classical disguise. It was as good and as bad as itself. Our drama seems to us to do the same thing. *Paid in Full*, *The Fourth Estate*, *The Man of the Hour*, — you know them and the many others like them, — studies of our day, they may be called. They may be called studies of our environment. And in that respect they seem not only to be most unlike the drama of a generation ago but to reflect and to present therein a similar unlikeness in ourselves.

VI

The complete lack of *recognition of the public point of view* is to us one of the most amazing disclosures as we pursue our researches into the history of the era just preceding us. More menacing, it seems to us, than individual greed, than poor little aldermen taking a job for brother-in-law in consideration of a 'right' vote on a gas franchise; more menacing than poor little legis-

lators 'holding-up' the rich gun-club's game-preserve bill till a few dollars trickle into their silly little pockets; more menacing than any number of examples of individual 'graft,' is the widespread existence of that social attitude which saw in politics only a 'cess-pool'; which placed the rewards of private business above those of public service; which would make our government the handmaid of special privilege — in short, the social attitude into which we were born.

Here acres of state land quietly handed over to a steel mill, there a city's lake front given over to a railroad; here a stream — of all the wonderful universe, one would think, most sacred gift to all, — poisoned its length, there the very air noxious with unnecessary vapors; forests and mines which should have been the bread of the future children of America made the wine of the women of the Riviera, — these are the conditions, into which we were born. These are the conditions for which the noble Romans of another generation are responsible. Having made these conditions they tremble to think how we are going to face them.

Our forbears, preoccupied with ideals of individual beauty, seem to us to have failed to realize their environment. We resent an individual virtue which exists in the midst of social wrong. Therefore we resent that interpretation of our conduct which calls us individualistic. For it seems to us that never before has a sense of social ethics been so widespread.

There are various signs you may read if you doubt that statement. Try for example the one-time heard argument that because a man is good to his family he will probably make a good United States Senator; you will arouse the rude and violent laughter of to-day.

One illustration may be found in a recent incident in the newspaper busi-

ness. A letter of Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, written during the war to his wife, and printed last fall for the first time, told of having received a check from the manufacturer of a certain cannon, and says that he 'will boom this cannon in the future.' In its editorial comment, the *Chicago Tribune* pointed out how far the ideals of the newspaper profession had progressed since the sixties, that a man of Mr. Stedman's undoubted honesty and character could, without a thought, do what no self-respecting reporter could do to-day — and retain his self-respect.

VII

The talk of 'temperament' and 'self-expression' was much more characteristic of those who were young at the feet of Whitman than it is of those who are young at the feet of Mr. Dooley. The test of effect upon individual character was then the only test by which to try even social conduct. For like an unperfumed rose, that penitential spirit which led to countless mystical expressions in the middle ages, grew up again unlovely in the individualistic interpretations of earlier America. It survives among us in that attitude of mind which demands a certain drawing-room posture partly because it is uncomfortable, not because it is beautiful; which prescribes certain studies because they are disciplinary, not because they teach anything worth knowing; which finds something intrinsically valuable in cleaning lamps, even though the room may be better lighted by pressing a button; which cannot believe that you really want to make the world better unless you have a private individual tear to shed at each of its miseries.

For a mediæval saint to wash the feet of twelve poor old men was a sanctified act because it cleansed not the

feet of the old men, but the soul of the saint. If Saint-of-To-day were to be assigned that task his entire thought would be the better preparation of those twelve old men for their next necessary walk, with a mental reservation in favor of so constituting society that it would never be necessary for some one else to do it for them.

We are glad that the time is gone which in the words of Simon Patten 'endeavored to extract nobility of character out of domestic maladjustments.' We are going to use for social service the leisure created by business organization and by mechanical invention.

We are perfectly willing that you call this a 'sense of duty,' — this newly awakened social conscience. In fact we don't care in the least what name you call it by. You may come as a Socialist, a single-taxer, a neighborhood-improver, an art-leaguer, a charity-organizer. You need not have 'a passion of Christ-like pity,' you may merely think it is better business policy. It does n't, to the youngsters, make very much difference by what name you choose to be called, — any more than it made any difference in what order you entered a drawing-room, or whether you studied mathematics or bacteriology, — provided, PROVIDED — you get to making life more livable for *most people*. We demand a sort of race-patriotism.

Patriotism to the human race will include the old patriotism and the old religion in one. No age of religion ever recoiled more from blood, ever came closer to a conception of ultimate peace, than this age. No age has produced greater martyrs to religion than this age has dedicated to humanity.

And you think that the broadening notion of service has not its glories of individual character, that the new has not its martyrs like the old? I like to think of the woman who has given up wealth and lives meanly, willingly enduring not only material discomforts but to be misjudged, insulted and abused, in order to give to those social causes in which she believes not only her money but the influence of her extraordinary personality. I might mention her name. But she has many names. She is in every city.

I like to think of Lazear, — thirty-four years old, happily married, widely loved, at the gate of his profession, scientist and soldier, embracing death gloriously, hurrying to meet it, that he might rip but by a little thread this veil of ignorance which so enshrouds mankind. To us he seems hardly less glorious because his life was given not for the sake of single creed nor for the hope of future unspeakable reward, but simply that other men might *know* one fact, — one fact about one disease — simply that other men might even in a small degree come closer to a right relationship to their environment.

For however light-heartedly this generation may try to take its fundamental philosophies it is always conscious of the underlying pathos of its position. It cannot name the port whither, it seems, our bark is set. With the ship under full sail our fathers first tore up the sailing orders and then steered into uncharted seas. This generation, with no sailing orders, voluntarily must unite for charting those seas. It must be for some other generation to bring the ship to port.

CRITICISM

BY W. C. BROWNELL

I

CRITICISM itself is much criticized, which logically establishes its title. No form of mental activity is commoner, and, where the practice of anything is all but universal, protest against it is as idle as apology for it should be superfluous. The essentially critical character of formularies alleging the inferiority to books of the books about books that Lamb preferred, finding the genesis of criticism in creative failure, and so on, should of itself demonstrate that whatever objection may be made to it in practice there can be none in theory. In which case the only sensible view is that its practice should be perfected rather than abandoned. However, it is probably only in — may one say? — ‘uncritical circles,’ notoriously as skeptical about logic as about criticism, that it encounters this fundamental censure. ‘Nobody here,’ said Lord Morley recently, addressing the English Association, ‘will undervalue criticism or fall into the gross blunder of regarding it as a mere parasite of creative work.’ And, indeed, I should be conscious of slighting just proportion and intellectual decorum in laying any particular stress on the aspersions of the sciolists of the studios, such as, for example, the late Mr. Whistler, and of literary adventurers, such as, for another instance, the late Lord Beaconsfield.

As a matter of fact these two rather celebrated disparagers of criticism were greatly indebted to the critical faculty,

very marked in each of them. It is now becoming quite generally appreciated, I imagine, — thanks to criticism, — that Degas’s admonition to Whistler about his conduct cheapening his talent, which every one will remember, was based on a slight misconception. Whistler’s achievements in painting, however incontestable their merits, would certainly have enjoyed less of the vogue he so greatly prized had his prescription that work should be ‘received in silence’ been followed in his own case by himself. And it was certainly the critical rather than the creative element in Disraeli’s more serious substance that gave it the interest it had for his contemporaries, and has now altogether lost.

More worth while recalling than Disraeli’s inconsistency, however, is the fact that in plagiarizing he distorted Coleridge’s remark, substituting ‘critics’ for ‘reviewers’ as those who had failed in creative fields. The substitution is venial in so far as in the England of that day the critics were the reviewers. But this is what is especially noteworthy in considering the whole subject: namely, that in England, as with ourselves, the art of criticism is so largely the business of reviewing as to make the two, in popular estimation at least, interconvertible terms. They order the matter differently in France. Every one must have been struck at first by the comparative slightness of the reviewing in French journalism. One’s impression at first is that they take the business much less seriously

than one would expect in a country with such an active interest in art and letters. The papers, even the reviews, concern themselves with the current product chiefly in the 'notice' or the *compte rendu*, which aims merely to inform the reader as to the contents of the book or the contributions to the exposition, whatever it may be, with but a meagre addition of comment either courteous or curt. The current art criticism even of Gautier, even of Diderot for that matter, is largely descriptive. In the literary *revues* what we should call the reviewing is apt to be consigned to a few back pages of running *chronique*, or a supplementary leaflet.

Of course one explanation is that the French public reads and sees for itself too generally to need or savor extensive treatment of the essentially undifferentiated. The practice of reviewing scrupulously all the output of the novel factories, exemplified by such periodicals as even the admirable *Athenæum*, would seem singular to it. But with us, even when the literature reviewed is eminent and serious, it is estimated by the anonymous expert, who at most, and indeed at his best, confines himself to the matter in hand and delivers a kind of bench decision in a circumscribed case. And in France this is left to subsequent books or more general articles, with the result of releasing the critic for more personal work of larger scope. Hence, there are a score of French critics of personal quality for one English or American. Even current criticism becomes a province of literature instead of being a department of routine. Our own current criticism, anonymous or other, is, I need not say, largely of this routine character, when it has character, varied by the specific expert decision in a very few quarters, and only occasionally by a magazine *article de fond*

of a real synthetic value. This last I should myself like to see the Academy, whose function must be mainly critical, encourage by every means open to it, by way of giving more *standing* to our criticism, which is what I think it needs first of all.

For the antipathy to criticism I imagine springs largely from confounding it with the reviewing — which I do not desire to depreciate, but to distinguish from criticism of a more positive and personal order and a more permanent appeal. The tradition of English reviewing is almost august, and it is natural that Coleridge should have spoken of reviewers as a class, and that Mr. Birrell should have them exclusively in mind in defining the traits of the ideal critic. And we ourselves are not without journals which review with obvious resources of scholarship and skill, and deliver judgments with the tone, if not always with the effect, of finality. But of course, taking the country as a whole, reviewing is the least serious concern of the journalism that seems to take so many things lightly. And it is this reviewing that I fancy the authors and artists have in mind when they disparage criticism. The critics of reviewing, however, deem it insufficiently expert, and I dare say this is often just. But the objection to it which is apparently not considered, but which I should think even more considerable, is its tendency to monopolize the critical field and establish this very ideal of specific expertness, which its practice so frequently fails to realize, as the ideal of criticism in general. This involves, I think, a restricted view of the true critic's field, and an erroneous view of his function. Virtually it confines his own field to that of the practice he criticizes; and his function to that of estimating any practice with reference to its technical standards. In a word, expert criticism

is necessarily technical criticism, and, not illogically, those whose ideal it is insist that the practitioner himself is the only proper critic of his order of practice.

This was eminently the view of the late Russell Sturgis, who had an inexhaustible interest in technic of all kinds and maintained stoutly that only artists should write about art. And though his own practice negatived his principle so far as painting and sculpture are concerned, that was perhaps because the painters and sculptors were themselves so remiss in lending a hand to the work he deemed it important to have done. They were surely excusable, in many cases, since they could allege preoccupation with what they could do even better in proportion as they were either satisfactorily good at it or successful with it. Sturgis's theory was that art should be interpreted from the artist's point of view, assuming of course the existence of such a point of view. As a matter of fact there is none, and when it is sought what is found is either *an* artist's point of view, which is personal and not professional, or else it is that of every one else sufficiently educated in the results which artists could hardly have produced for centuries without, sooner or later, at least betraying what it is their definite aim distinctly to express. The esoteric in their work is a matter, not of art, — the universal language in which they communicate, — but of science; it does not reside in the point of view, but in the process.

All artistic accomplishment divides itself naturally, easily, and satisfactorily, however loosely, into the two categories, moral and material. The two certainly overlap, and this is particularly true of the plastic arts, whose peculiarity — or whose distinction, if you choose — is to appeal to the senses as well as to the mind. A certain tech-

nic therefore — that is to say, the science of their material side — is always to be borne in mind. But a far less elaborate acquaintance with this than is vital to the practitioner is ample for the critic, who may in fact easily have too much of it if he have any inclination to exploit rather than to subordinate it.

The artist who exacts more technical expertness from the critic than he finds is frequently looking in criticism for what it is the province of the studio to provide; he requires of it the educational character proper to the classroom, or the qualifications pertinent to the hanging committee. Now, even confined within its proper limits, this esoteric criticism suffers from its inherent concentration on technic. Artistic innovation meets nowhere with such illiberal hostility as it encounters in its own hierarchy, and less on temperamental than on technical grounds. On the other hand, a painter like Bouguereau may systematically invert the true relations of conception and execution, employing the most insipid conventionalities to express his exquisite drawing, and remain for a generation the head of the professional corner in the school edifice where the critical faculty has been paralyzed by the technical criterion. And of course in technical circles such a criterion tends to establish itself. Millet, who refused to write about a fellow painter's work for the precise reason that he was a painter himself and therefore partial to his own different way of handling the subject, was a practitioner of exceptional breadth of view, and would perhaps have agreed with Aristotle, who, as Montaigne says, 'will still have a hand in everything,' and who asserts that the proper judge of the tiller is not the carpenter but the helmsman. Indeed, 'The wearer knows where the shoe pinches' is as sound a maxim as

'*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*'; and the authority of the latter itself may be invoked in favor of leaving criticism to critics. And even the literary critic of plastic art may quite conceivably need to be reminded of Arnold's caution: 'To handle these matters properly, there is needed a poise so perfect that the least overweight in any direction tends to destroy the balance . . . even erudition may destroy it. Little as I know therefore, I am always apprehensive, in dealing with poetry, lest even that little should [quoting a remark by the Duke of Wellington] "prove too much for my abilities."' "

It is true that we have in America — possibly in virtue of our inevitable eclecticism — a considerable number of practicing artists who also write distinguished criticism. But to ascribe its excellence to their technical expertness, rather than to their critical faculty, would really be doing an injustice to the felicity with which they subordinate in their criticism all technical parade beyond that which is certainly too elementary to be considered esoteric. Certainly some of them would be indisposed to measure work by their own practice, and in that case what critical title does this practice in itself confer? As a rule indeed, I think, they rather help than hinder the contention that criticism is a special province of literature with, in fact, a technic of its own in which they show real expertness, instead of a literary adjunct of the special art with which it is variously called upon to concern itself. And in this special province, material data are far less considerable than moral — with which latter, accordingly, it is the special function of criticism to deal. Every one is familiar with plastic works of a perfection that all the technical talk in the world would not explain, as no amount of technical expertness could compass it. However

young the artist might have begun to draw, or model, or design, whatever masters he might have had, however long he might have practiced his art, whatever his skill, native or acquired, whatever his professional expertness, in a word, no artist could have achieved the particular result in question without those *qualities* which have controlled the result, and which it is the function of criticism to signalize, as it is the weakness of expert evaluation to neglect.

Criticism, thus, may not inexactly be described as the statement of the concrete in terms of the abstract. It is its function to discern and characterize the abstract qualities informing the concrete expression of the artist. Every important piece of literature, as every important work of plastic art, is the expression of a personality, and it is not the material of it, but the mind behind it, that invites critical interpretation. Materially speaking, it is its own interpretation. The concrete absorbs the constructive artist whose endeavor is to give substance to his idea, which until expressed is an abstraction. The concern of criticism is to measure his success by the correspondence of his expression to the idea it suggests and by the value of the idea itself. The critic's own language, therefore, into which he is to translate the concrete work he is considering, is the language of the abstract; and as in translation what is needed is appreciation of the foreign tongue and expertness in one's own, it is this language that it behooves him especially to cultivate.

As it is the *qualities* of the writer, painter, sculptor, and not the *properties* of their productions, that are his central concern, as his function is to disengage the moral value from its material expression, — I do not mean, of course in merely major matters, but in minutiae as well, such as even

the lilt of a verse or the drawing of a wrist, the distinction being one of kind, not of rank, — qualities, not properties, are the very substance and not merely the subject of the critic's own expression. The true objects of his contemplation are the multifarious elements of truth, beauty, goodness, and their approximations and antipodes, underlying the various phenomena which express them, rather than the laws and rules peculiar to each form of phenomenal expression; which, beyond acquiring the familiarity needful for adequate appreciation, he may leave to the professional didacticism of each. And in thus confining itself to the art and eschewing the science of whatever forms its subject — mindful mainly of no science, indeed, except its own — criticism is enabled to extend its field while restricting its function, and to form a distinct province of literature, while relinquishing encroachments upon the territory of more exclusively constructive art.

Of course thus individualizing the field and the function of criticism neither predicates universal capacity in nor prescribes universal practice to the individual critic, who however will specialize all the more usefully for realizing that both his field and his function are themselves as special as his faculty is universally acknowledged to be.

II

The critic's equipment consequently should be at least commensurate with the field implied by this view of his function. But it should really even exceed it, on the well-known principle that no one knows his subject who knows his subject alone. And this implies for criticism the possession of that cognate culture without which specific erudition produces a rather lean result. If, which is doubtful, it achieves rect-

itude, it misses richness. The mere function of examining and estimation can hardly be correctly conducted without illumination from the side-lights of culture. But certainly if criticism is to have itself any opulence and amplitude, any body and energy, it must bring to its specific business a supplementary fund of its own. If literature—or art as well for that matter—is a criticism of life, criticism in a similar sense and in the same degree determines the relations of the two, and thus needs as close touch with life as with art and letters. Thus, whatever the subject, the critical equipment calls for a knowledge of life, and in proportion to its depth and fullness, a philosophy of life. In no other way, indeed, can the critic's individuality achieve outline, and the body of his work attain coherence.

Obviously, therefore, that general culture which is a prerequisite to any philosophy of life is a necessity of his equipment, without which he can neither estimate his subject aright nor significantly enrich his treatment to the end of producing what constitutes literature in its turn — an ideal which, as I have already intimated, exhibits the insufficiency of what is known as expert criticism. And of this general culture, I should call the chief constituents history, æsthetics, and philosophy. 'The most profitable thing in the world for the institution of human life is history,' says Froissart; and the importance of history to any criticism which envisages life as well as art and letters, would need no more than mention were it not in fact so frequently and so generally overlooked by those who unconsciously or explicitly take the belletristic or purely æsthetic view of criticism. Since Taine such a view seems curiously antiquated. Evidently however it underlies much current practice, which seems to assume that current critical

material is the product of spontaneous generation and that, accordingly, even its direct ancestry, as well as its ancestral influences, is negligible. And the same view is apparently held, not only in the class-room, but in what we may call professional circles, where both reasoning and research are so often strictly confined within the rigid limits of the special branch of study pursued or expounded.

Art and letters are nevertheless neither fortuitous phenomena, on the one hand, to be savored and tested merely by the sharp senses of the impressionist, nor, on the other, technical variants of an isolated evolution. Poetry for instance is neither pure music nor pure prosody. Even that of Blake or Whitman cannot be correctly judged by the senses unilluminated by the light which history sheds on its conformity to or deflection from the ideal laws to which legitimately it is responsible; *a fortiori*, of course, in the case of poetry that is truly expressive instead of melodiously or otherwise explosive. But in general the criticism which either correctly estimates or successfully contributes to art or letters rests firmly on that large and luminous view of life and the world which alone furnishes an adequately flexible standard for measuring whatever relates to life and the world, and which is itself furnished by history alone. Of course no one would prescribe a minute knowledge of the Carthaginian constitution any more than of the reasons for the disappearance of the digamma as a necessity of critical equipment, but a lack of interest in the distinctly cultural chapters of the book of human life witnesses, one would think, a lack of even that spirit of curiosity characteristic of the dilettante himself and naturally leading him beyond the strict confines of belles-lettres and pure æsthetics.

Æsthetics, however, in their broader aspect may be commended to even the purely literary critic as an important element of his ideal equipment at the present day. They constitute an element of cognate culture which imposes itself more and more, and literary critics who deem them negligible are no doubt becoming fewer and fewer. No one could maintain their parity with history as such an element, I think, for the reason that they deal with a more restricted field. On the other hand, the extent rather than the particularity of this field is now increasingly perceived, and the prodigious part played by the plastic in the history of human expression is receiving a recognition long overdue. I remember once, many years ago, a number of us were wasting time in playing one of those games dear to the desultory, consisting of making lists of the world's greatest men. We had discussed and accredited perhaps a dozen, when Homer Martin, being asked to contribute, exclaimed, 'Well, I think it's about time to put in an artist or two.' The list was revised, but less radically, I imagine, than it would be to-day.

In France to-day no literary critic with a tithe of Sainte-Beuve's authority would be likely to incur the genuine compassion expressed for Sainte-Beuve when he ventured to talk about art by the Goncourts in their candid Diary. In England such a critic as Pater owes his reputation quite as much probably to his sense for the plastic as to his Platonism. In Germany doubtless the importance of æsthetics as a constituent of general culture has been generally felt since Lessing's time, and could hardly fail of universal recognition in the shadow of Goethe. With us in America, progress in this very vital respect has notoriously been slower, and it is not uncommon to find literary critics who evince, or who even profess, an

ignorance of art that is more or less consciously considered by them a mark of more concentrated literary seriousness. And if an Academy of Arts and Letters should contribute in the least to remove this misconception it would disclose one *raison-d'être* and justify its modest pretensions. For so far as criticism is concerned with the æsthetic element, the element of beauty, in literature a knowledge of æsthetic history and philosophy, theory and practice serves it with almost self-evident pertinence.

The principles of art and letters being largely identical, æsthetic knowledge in the discussion of belles-lettres answers very much the purpose of a diagram in a demonstration. In virtue of it the critic may transpose his theme into a plastic key, as it were, and thus get nearer to its essential artistic quality by looking beyond the limitations of its proper technic. Similarly useful the art critic of any distinction has always found literary culture, and if this has led him sometimes to overdo the matter, it has been due not to his knowledge of literature but to his ignorance of art. But this ignorance is measurably as incapacitating to the critic of belles-lettres, whose ability to deal with the plastic that can only be felt must manifestly be immensely aided by an education in the plastic that can be seen as well. And for the critic of thought as well as of expression, the critic who deals with the relations of letters to life, the culture that is artistic as well as literary has the value inherent in acquaintance with the history and practice of one of the most influential, inspiring, and illuminating fields that the human spirit has cultivated almost from the beginning of time.

Finally, since nothing in the way of cognate knowledge comes amiss in the culture pertinent to criticism, to the history and æsthetics of the critic's

equipment, a tincture at least of philosophic training may be timidly prescribed. I am quite aware that this must be sparingly cultivated. Its peculiar peril is pedantry. Drenched in philosophy, the critical faculty is almost certain to drown. This faculty, when genuine, however, is so constituted that a smattering of philosophy makes a saturated solution for it. And such training in the realm of abstract thought, as *some* practice with its terms and processes involves, will help the critic in his thinking — which is, after all, his main business. It will serve to coördinate his analysis, and it will purge his constructive expression of inconsistencies even if it endue this with no greater cogency, and supply it with no additional energy. For criticism, dealing, as I have said, with the abstract, — though with the abstract held as closely to the concrete as a translation to the original, — the grammar of the abstract is as useful as its rhetoric is in general superfluous. What it needs is the ability to 'play freely' with such of its elements as it can use, avoiding sedulously the while contagion from the petrification of its systems in which the concrete, which is the constant preoccupation of criticism, disappears from the view. Duly on his guard against its insidious attractions, the critic may surely justify himself in his endeavor to make the abstract serve him by such examples as Aristotle, Longinus, Goethe, and Coleridge, not to mention Arnold, who with less training in it would have attacked it with far less success. It is at all events, in whatever degree it may prove adequate or become excessive, thoroughly pertinent to a matter so explicitly involving the discussion of principles as well as of data.

Examples in abundance fortify the inherent reasonableness of this general claim for what I have called cognate

culture. The 'cases' confirm the theory, which of course otherwise they would confute. The three great modern critics of France show each in his own way the value of culture in the critical equipment. Sainte-Beuve's criticism is what it is largely because of his saturation with literature in general, not belles-lettres exclusively; of the sensitiveness and severity of taste thus acquired, or at least thus certified and invigorated; and of the instinctive ease, and almost scientific precision, with which he was thus enabled to apply in his own art that comparative method already established in the scientific study of linguistics and literary history. Thus, too, he was enabled to add perhaps his most distinguished contribution to the practice of criticism — the study, sympathetic but objective, of character, namely, the personality of the author which informs and explains his productions, and in which his productions inevitably inhere so far as they have any synthetic value, or significant purpose. Such study can only be pursued in the light of standards furnished by the sifting of innumerable examples, and illustrated in the work of the surviving fittest. Moreover the range within which Sainte-Beuve's exquisite critical faculty operated so felicitously acquired an extension of dignity and authoritativeness, quite beyond the reach of belles-lettres, in the production of his massive and monumental history of Port Royal. His culture, in a word, as well as his native bent, was such as considerably to obscure the significance of his having 'failed' in early experimentation as a novelist and as a poet.

How predominant the strain of scholarship and philosophic training is in the criticism of Taine it is superfluous to point out; the belletristic fanatics have been so tireless in its disparagement that at the present time, probably,

his chief quality is popularly esteemed his characteristic defect. It is true that, though serving him splendidly, his philosophy on occasion dominates him rather despotically. After all, the critical faculty should preside in the critic's reflection, and not abdicate in favor of system — should keep on weighing and judging, however directed by philosophy and erudition, and not lapse into advocacy or administration. Poise, one of the chief critical requirements, settles into immobility in Taine. His point of view is so systematically applied that his criticism certainly, as I think his history also, is colored by it. But the colors are brilliant in any case, and if now and then untrue, are sure of correction by contemporary lenses which are rather discreditably adjusted to depreciate his superb achievements—at least among English readers for whom he has done so much. And the apt consideration for our present purpose is the notable *service* which his philosophy and history have rendered a remarkable body of criticism, both æsthetic and literary; not the occasional way in which they invalidate its conclusiveness. Almost all histories of English literature are inconsecutive and desultory, or else congested and casual, compared with Taine's great work — whose misappreciations, as I say, correct themselves for us, but whose stimulus remains exhaustless.

And one may say that he has established the criticism of art on its present basis. The *Lectures* and the *Travels in Italy* first vitally connected art with life, and demonstrated its title by recognizing it as an expression rather than an exercise. Certainly the latter phase demands interpretative treatment also, and it would be idle to ignore in Taine a lack of the sensuous sensitiveness that gives to Fromentin's slender volume so much

more than a purely technical interest; just as it would be to look in him for the exquisite appreciation of personal idiosyncrasy possessed by Sainte-Beuve. But in his treatment of art as well as of literature, the philosophic structure around which he masses and distributes his detail is of a stability and significance of design that amply atones for the misapplication or misunderstanding of some of the detail itself.

Another instance of the value of culture in fields outside strictly literary and æsthetic confines, though, as I am contending, strictly cognate to them, is furnished by the Essays of Edmond Scherer. To the comparative personal and circumstantial judgments of Sainte-Beuve, to the systematic historical and evolutionary theory of Taine, there succeeded in Scherer the point of view suggested rather than defined in the statement of Rod to the effect that Scherer judged not with his intelligence but with his character. Rod meant his epigram as a eulogy. Professor Saintsbury esteems it a betrayal, his own theory of criticism being of the art-for-art's-sake order, finding its justification in that 'it helps the ear to listen when the horns of Elf-land blow,' and denying to it, or to what he calls 'pure literature,' any but hedonistic sanctions — piquant philosophy, one may remark, for a connoisseur without a palate.

Character at all events forms a signal element in the judgments of Scherer's austere and elevated criticism, and if it made him exacting in the presence of the frivolous, the irresponsible, and the insincere, and limited his responsiveness to the comic spirit, as it certainly did in the case of Molière, it undoubtedly made his reprehensions significant and his admirations authoritative. He began his career as a *pasteur*, and though he gradually reached an agnostic position in theo-

logy, he had had an experience in itself a guarantee, in a mind of his intelligence, of spirituality and high seriousness in dealing with literary subjects, and as absent from Sainte-Beuve's objectivity as from Taine's materialistic determinism. Without Renan's sinuous charm and truly Catholic openmindedness, this Protestant-trained theologian turned critic brings to criticism not merely the sinews of spiritual centrality and personal independence, but a philosophic depth and expertness in reasoning that set him quite apart from his congeners, and establish for him a unique position in French literature. Criticism has never reached a higher plane in literature conceived as, in Carlyle's words, 'the Thought of Thinking Souls'; and it holds it not only in virtue of a native ideality and a perceptive penetration that atone in soundness for whatever they may lack in plasticity, but also, it is not to be doubted, in virtue of the severe and ratiocinative culture for which Geneva has stood for centuries.

III

Its equipment established, criticism calls for a criterion. Sainte-Beuve says somewhere that our liking anything is not enough, that it is necessary to know further whether we are right in liking it — one of his many utterances that show how thoroughly and in what classic spirit he later rationalized his early romanticism.

The remark judges in advance the current critical impressionism. It involves more than the implication of Mr. Vedder's well-known retort, to the time-honored philistine boast, 'I know nothing of art, but I know what I like': 'So do the beasts of the field.' Critical impressionism, intelligent and scholarly, such as that illustrated and advocated by M. Jules Lemaitre and

M. Anatole France, for example, though it may, I think, be strictly defined as appetite, has certainly nothing gross about it, but, contrariwise, everything that is refined. Its position is, in fact, that soundness of criticism varies directly with the fastidiousness of the critic, and that consequently this fastidiousness cannot be too highly cultivated, since it is the court of final jurisdiction. It is, however, a court that resembles rather a star chamber in having the peculiarity of giving no reasons for its decisions. It has, therefore, at the outset an obvious disadvantage in the impossibility of validating its decisions for the acceptance of others. So far as this is concerned, it can only say, 'If you are as well endowed with taste, native and acquired, as I am, the chances are that you will feel in the same way.'

But it is of the tolerant essence of impressionism to acknowledge that there is no certainty about the matter. And, in truth, the material to be judged is too multifarious for the criterion of taste. Matthew Arnold's measure of a successful translation, that is, the degree in which it produces the same effect as the original to a sense competent to appreciate the original, is an instance of a sensible appeal to taste: first, because the question is comparatively simple; and secondly, because in the circumstances there can be no other arbiter. The very fact that so much matter for criticism still remains matter of controversy proves the proverb that tastes differ and the corollary that there is no use in disputing about them. It is quite probable that M. France would find M. Lemaître's plays and stories insipid, and quite certain that M. Lemaître would shrink from the strain of salacity in M. France's romance. High differentiation and the acme of aristocratic fastidiousness, which both of these critics illustrate,

manifestly do not serve to unify their taste. There is no universal taste. And criticism to be convincing must appeal to some accepted standard. And the aim of criticism is conviction. Otherwise actuated it must be pursued on the art-for-art theory, which, in its case at least, would involve a loss of identity. Recording the adventures of one's soul among masterpieces, which is M. France's variant of Eugène Véron's definition of landscape, — the first formal appearance of the idea, I think, — 'painting one's emotions in the presence of nature' must be a purely self-regardant exercise unless the reader has an answering soul and can himself authenticate the masterpieces.

Feeling the unsatisfactoriness of the impressionist's irresponsibility, the late Ferdinand Brunetière undertook a campaign in opposition to it. He began it, if I remember aright, in his lectures in this country a dozen years ago. These lectures and the course of polemic which followed them excelled particularly, I think however in attack. They contained some very effective destructive criticism of mere personal preference, no matter whose, as a final critical criterion. Constructively, on the other hand, Brunetière was less convincing. In a positive way he had nothing to offer but a defense of academic standards. He harked back to the classic canon — that canon in accordance with which were produced those works designed, as Stendhal says, 'to give the utmost possible pleasure to our great-grandfathers.'

The case might perhaps have been better stated. Brunetière was devoted to the noble French literature of the seventeenth century. The august had no doubt a special attraction for the self-made scholar. Out of reach the aristocratic always looks its best — the less attainable the more admirable. But though he became a distinguished

scholar, Brunetière retained the temperament of the schoolmaster, which was either native to him or the result of belated acquaintance, however thorough, with what French impatience calls the *déjà-vu*. It was because he had so explicitly learned that he wished always to teach.

Now there is nothing strictly to teach save the consecrated and the canonical. Criticism is a live art, and contemporaneity is of its essence. Once codified, it releases the genuine critic to conceive new combinations,—the ‘new duties’ taught by ‘new occasions,’—and becomes itself either elementary or obsolete. It is important to know which, of course, as Wordsworth’s failure to recast the catalogue of the poetic *genres*, noted by Arnold, piquantly attests. Moreover in his devotion to the seventeenth, Brunetière was blind to the eighteenth century, and heedless of Voltaire’s warning that the only bad style is the *style ennuyeux*. His style alone devitalized his polemic in favor of prescription. Finally, instead of winning adherents for him, this ardent advocacy of authority took despotic possession of his entire mind and gathered him to the bosom of religious and political reaction.

Whatever our view of criticism, it is impossible at the present day to conceive it as formula, and the rigidity of rules of taste is less acceptable than the license permitted under the reign of taste unregulated, however irregular, individual, and irresponsible. In spite of the logical weakness of the impressionist theory, it is to be observed that a high level of taste, uniform enough to constitute a very serviceable arbiter, at least in circumstances at all elementary, is practically attainable; and as a matter of fact is, in France at least, often attained.

For in criticism as elsewhere it is true that we rest finally upon instinct, and

faith underlies reason. The impressionist may properly remind us that all proof, even Euclidian, proceeds upon postulates. The postulates of criticism, however, are apt unsatisfactorily to differ from those of mathematics in being propositions taken for granted rather than self-evident. The distinction is radical. It is not the fact that everybody is agreed about them that gives axioms their validity, but their self-evidence. Postulates that depend on the sanction of universal agreement, on the other hand, are conventions. Universal agreement may be brought about in a dozen ways. It may be imposed by authority, as in the case of classic criticism, or it may develop insensibly, illogically, and indefensibly; it may derive, not from truth but from tradition, or it may certainly be the result of general reaction, and promptly crystallize with a rigidity equivalent to that from which it is just emancipated. Examples would be superfluous. The conventions of romanticism, realism, impressionism, symbolism, or what-not, are no more intrinsically valid than those underlying the criticism of academic prescription, as is attested by this variability of the universal agreement which is their sanction.

The true postulates of criticism have hardly varied since Aristotle’s day, and impressionism itself, in imagining its own advance upon them, would be in peril of fatuity. Even sound intuitions, fundamental as they may be, do not take us very far. Pascal, who though one of the greatest of reasoners is always girding at reason, was obliged to admit that it does the overwhelming bulk of the work. ‘Would to God,’ he exclaims, ‘that we had never any need of it, and knew everything by instinct and sentiment! But nature has refused us this blessing; she has, on the contrary,

given us but very little knowledge of this kind, and all other knowledge can only be acquired by reasoning.' But if intuitions had all the importance claimed for them, it would still be true that *conventions* are extremely likely to be disintegrated by the mere lapse of time into what every one sees to have been really inductions from practice become temporarily and more or less fortuitously general, and not genuine intuitive postulates at all. Still clearer is the conventionality of the systems erected upon them, beneath which as a matter of fact they customarily lie buried. All sorts of eccentricity are incident to elaboration, of course, whether its basis be sound or unsound.

So that, in brief, when the impressionist alleges that a correct judgment of a work of literature or art depends ultimately upon feeling, we are quite justified in requiring him to tell us *why* he feels as he does about it. It is not enough for him to say that he is a person of particularly sensitive and sound organization, and that his feeling, therefore, has a corresponding finality. In the first place, as I have said, it is impossible to find in the judgments derived from pure taste anything like the uniformity to be found in the equipment as regards taste of the judges themselves. But for all their fastidiousness they are as amenable as grosser spirits to the test of reason. And it is only rational that the first question asked of them when they appeal to the arbitrament of feeling should be: Is your feeling the result of direct intuitive perception, or of unconscious subscription to convention? Your true distinction from the beasts of the field surely should lie, not so much in your superior organization resulting in superior taste, as in freedom from the conventional to which even in their appetites the beasts of the field, often extremely fastidious in this respect, are

nevertheless notoriously enslaved. In a word, even if impressionism be philosophically sound in the impeachment of reason unsupported by intuitive taste, it cannot dethrone reason as an arbiter in favor of the taste that is not intuitive but conventional. The true criterion of criticism therefore is only to be found in the rationalizing of taste.

This position once reached, it is clear that the only way in which the impressionist, however cultivated, can be at all sure of the validity of the *feeling* on which he bases his judgment is by the exercise of his reasoning faculty. Only in this way can he hope to determine whether his 'impression' originates in a genuine personal perception of the relations of the object producing it to some self-evident principle of truth or beauty, or proceeds from habit, from suggestion, from the insensible pressure of current, which is even more potent than classic, convention. Absolutely certain of achieving this result, the critic can hardly expect to be. Nothing is more insidious than the conventional. Civilized life is continually paying it tribute in innumerable ways. Culture itself, so far as it is uncritical, is perhaps peculiarly susceptible to it. But the critic can discharge his critical duty only by approximating this certainty as nearly as possible, by processes of scrutiny, comparison, and reflection, and in general that arduous but necessary and not unrewarding exercise of the mind involved in the checking of sensation by thought.

There is nothing truistic at the present time in celebrating the thinking power, counseling its cultivation and advocating its application — at least within the confines of criticism where the sensorium has decidedly supplanted it in consideration. Nor, on the other hand, is there anything recondite in so doing.

It is as true as it used to be remembered that it is in 'reason' that a man is 'noble,' in 'faculty' that he is 'infinite,' in 'apprehension' that he is 'like a god.' The importance of his exquisite sensitiveness to impressions is a post-Shakespearean discovery. I certainly do not mean to belittle the value of this sensitiveness, in suggesting for criticism the advantages of its control by the thinking power, and in noting the practical disappearance of the latter from the catalogue of contemporary prescription. If my topic were not criticism, but performance in the field of American imaginative activity, to belittle taste would at the present time be unpardonable. The need of it is too apparent. The lack of it often cheapens our frequent expertness, ruptures the relation between truth and beauty, and is responsible for a monotonous miscellaneity that is relieved less often than we could wish by works of enduring interest.

It cannot, however, be maintained that the standard of pure taste is a wholly adequate corrective for this condition even in the field of performance. At least it has been tried, and the results have not been completely satisfactory. We have in literature more taste than we had in days when, perhaps, we had more talent. (I exclude the domain of scholarship and its dependencies, in which we have made, I should suppose, a notable advance.) But its very presence has demonstrated its insufficiency. In literature, indeed, if its presence has been marked, its effect is not very traceable, because it has been mainly exhibited in technic. For though, no doubt, concentration upon technic contributes to sterility in the sphere of ideas, our literature is not in that sphere the marvel of fecundity it is in others. In that sphere it has, in proportion to its productiveness, very

considerably dispensed with taste; and, in truth, taste cannot fairly be called on to originate ideas. In two of the arts, however, taste has long had full swing—I mean architecture and sculpture; and the appreciation it has met with in these is, though general, not rarely of the kind that confuses the merits of the decorative with those of the monumental, and the virtues of adaptation with those of design. A rational instead of a purely susceptible spirit, dictating constructive rather than merely appreciative and assimilative activity, might have been more richly rewarded in these fields—might even have resulted in superior taste.

In the restricted field of criticism, at all events, which is my theme, the irresponsibility of pure temperament seems currently so popular as to imply a general belief that reasoning in criticism died with Macaulay and is as defunct as Johnson, having given place to a personal disposition which perhaps discounts its prejudices but certainly caresses its predilections as warrant of 'insight' and 'sympathy.' Yet our few star examples in current criticism are eminently critics who give reasons for the hope that is in them; and certainly American literature has one critic who so definitely illustrated the value of the thinking power in criticism that he may be said almost to personify the principle of critical ratiocination. I mean Poe. Poe's perversities, his caviling temper, his unscrupulousness in praise if not in blame, his personal irresponsibility, invalidate a great deal of his criticism, to say nothing of its dogmatic and unspeculative character; but at its best it is the expression of his altogether exceptional reasoning faculty. His reasons were not the result of reflection, and his ideas were often the crotchets Stedman called them; but he was eminently prolific in both, and his handling of them was expert-

ness itself. His ratiocination here has the artistic interest it had in those of his tales that are based on it, and that are imaginative as mathematics is imaginative. And his dogmas were no more conventions than his conclusions were impressions. His criticism was equally removed from the canonical and the latitudinarian. If he stated a proposition he essayed to demonstrate it, and if he expressed a preference he told *why* he had it.

Poe's practice is, indeed, rather baldly ratiocinative than simply rational, and its felicity in his case does not, it is true, disguise its somewhat stark, exclusive, and exaggerated effect. I do not cite M. Dupin as an example of the perfect critic. There is something debased — not to put too fine a point upon it — in the detective method wherever used. It is not merely subtle, but serpentine — too tortuous and too terrene for the ampler upper air of examination, analysis, and constructive comment. Reason is justified of her children, not of her caricaturists. But if the answer to the question *Why?* which I have noted as her essential monopoly (since prescription precludes and impressionism scouts the inquiry), be challenged as an advantage to criticism, I think its value can be demonstrated in some detail.

The epicurean test of the impressionist, let me repeat, is of course not a standard, since what gives pleasure to some gives none to others. And some standard is a necessary postulate, not only of all criticism, but of all discussion or even discourse. Without one, art must indeed be 'received in silence,' as recommended by the taciturn Whistler. In literature and art there are, it is true, no longer any statutes, but the common law of principles is as applicable as ever, and it behooves criticism to interpret the cases that come before it in the light of these. Its function is judicial, and its business

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to weigh and reason rather than merely to testify and record. And if it belongs in the field of reason rather than in that of emotion, it must consider less the pleasure that a work of art produces than the worth of the work itself. This is a commonplace in ethics, where conduct is not approved by its happy result but by its spiritual worthiness. And if art and literature were felt to be as important as ethics, the same distinction would doubtless have become as universal in literary and art criticism. Which is of course only another way of stating Sainte-Beuve's contention that we need to know whether we are right or not when we are pleased. And the only guide to that knowledge — beyond the culture which, however immensely it may aid us, does not automatically produce conformity or secure conviction — is the criterion of reason applied to the work of ascertaining value apart from mere attractiveness. The attractiveness takes care of itself, as happiness does when we have done our duty.

At all events, aside from its superior philosophic satisfactoriness, thus indicated, a rational — rather than either an academic and authoritative or an impressionist and individual — criticism is especially useful, I think, at the present time, in two important particulars. It is, in the first place, especially fitted to deal with the current phase of art and letters. Of this phase, I take it, freedom and eclecticism are the main traits. Even followers of tradition exercise the freest of choices, tradition itself having become too multifarious to be followed *en bloc*. On the other hand, those who flout it and pursue the experimental, illustrate naturally still greater diversity. Both must ultimately appeal to the criterion of reason, for neither can otherwise justify its practice and pretensions. Prescription is a practical ideal if it is coherent; it

loses its constituting sanction the moment it offers a choice. And experiment attains success only when through proof it reaches demonstration. In either case a criterion is ultimately addressed which is untrammelled by precedent and unmoved by change; which is strict without rigidity, and seeks the law of any performance within and not outside it; which demands no correspondence to any other concrete, but only to the appropriate abstract; which, in fact, substitutes for a concrete ideal a purely abstract one of intrinsic applicability to the matter in hand. It exacts titles, but they may be couched in any form, or expressed in any tongue but that of irrationality. No more the slave of schools than the sponsor of whim, it does not legislate, but judges performance, in its twofold aspect of conception and execution, in accordance with principles universally uncontested.

In the next place, no other criterion is competent to deal critically with the great question of our day in art and letters alike, namely, the relation of reality to the ideal. No other, I think, can hope to preserve disentangled the skein of polemic and fanaticism in which this question tends constantly to wind itself up into apparently inextricable confusion. Taste, surely, cannot. Taste, quite comprehensibly, I think, breathes a sigh of weariness whenever the subject of 'realism' is mentioned. Nevertheless, 'realism' is established, entrenched, and I should say impregnable to the assaults of its more radical and numerous foes, more particularly those of the art-for-art's-sake army. It is too fundamentally consonant with the current phase of the Time-Spirit to be in any present danger. But it is only reason that can reconcile its claims with those of its censors by showing wherein, and to what extent, 'realism' is really a catholic treatment of reality, and not a

protestant and polemic gospel of the literal.

Reality has become recognized as the one vital element of significant art, and it seems unlikely that the unreal will ever regain the empire it once possessed. Its loss, at all events, is not ours, since it leaves us the universe. But it is obvious that 'realism' is often in practice, and not infrequently in conception, a very imperfect treatment of reality, which indeed not rarely receives more sympathetic attention in the romantic or even the classic household. Balzac is a realist, and the most artificial of great romancers. George Sand is a romanticist, and a very deep and fundamental reality not rarely underlies her superficial extravagances. Fundamentally, truth—which is certainly none other than reality—was her inspiration, as, fundamentally, it certainly was not always Balzac's. 'Realism' has made reality our touchstone. But it is not a talisman acting automatically if misapplied. To mistake the badge for the credentials of a doctrine is so frequent an error because it is irrational, and close-thinking, being difficult, is exceptional. Exponents of 'realism,' such as that most admirable of artists, Maupassant, are extraordinarily apt in practice to restrict the field of reality till the false proportion results in a quintessentially unreal effect. Every detail is real, but the implication of the whole is fantastic. Why? Because the ideal is excluded. The antithesis of reality is not the ideal, but the fantastic.

This is, I think, the most important distinction to bear in mind in considering the current realistic practice in all the arts. I refer of course to what we characterize as the ideal in general—not to the particular ideal whose interpenetration with the object constitutes the object a work of art and measures it as such. But for that matter

the ideal in general may be conceived as having a similar relation to reality. Since it is a part of the order of the universe, — of reality, that is to say, — it is obviously not antithetic to it. On the other hand, the fantastic is essentially chaotic by definition though often speciously, attractively, and at times poetically garbed in the raiment of order — the poetry of Coleridge or the compositions of Blake, for example. The defect of this kind of art is its lack of reality, and its consequent comparative insignificance. But it is no more ideal for that reason than *Lear* or the Venus of Melos. This is still more apparent in the less artistic example of Hawthorne's tales, where in general the fantasticality consists in the garb rather than the idea, and where accordingly we can more readily perceive the unreality and consequent insignificance, the incongruous being more obvious in the material than in the moral field. But it is the special business of criticism at the present time of 'realistic' tyranny to avoid confusing the ideal with the fantastic, to avoid disparagement of it as opposed to reality, and to disengage it from elements that obscure without invalidating it.

Ivanhoe, for example, is fantastic history, but the character of the Templar is a splendid instance of the ideal, inspiring, informing, intensifying, incontestable reality. In *Le Père Goriot*, on the other hand, in which the environment and atmosphere are realistic to the last degree, the protagonist is the mere personification of a passion. These are, no doubt, subtleties. But they are not verbal subtleties. They are inseparable from the business of criticism. And they impose on it the criterion of reason rather than that of feeling, which cannot be a standard, or that of precedent and prescription, which is outworn.

Finally, — and if I have hitherto elaborated to excess, here I need not elaborate at all, — no other than a rational criterion so well serves criticism in the most important of all its functions, that of establishing and determining the relation of art and letters to the life that is their substance and their subject as well.

IV

And a rational criterion implies a constructive method. In itself analysis reaches no conclusion, which is the end and aim of reason. Invaluable as is its service in detail, some rational ideal must underlie its processes, and if these are to be fruitful they must determine the relations of the matter in hand to this ideal, and even in dissection contribute to the synthesis that constitutes the essence of every work of any individuality. The weak joint in Sainte-Beuve's armor is his occasional tendency to rest in his analysis. It is the finer art to suggest the conclusion rather than to draw it, no doubt, but one should at least do that; and I think Sainte-Beuve, in spite of his search for the *faculté maîtresse* and his anticipation of the race, the *milieu*, and the moment theory so hard worked by Taine, occasionally fails to justify his analysis in this way, so that his result is both artistically and philosophically inconclusive. Now and then he pays in this way for his aversion to pedantry and system, and the excessive disinterestedness of his curiosity.

It would certainly be pedantry to insist on truly constructive criticism in every *causerie du lundi* in which a great critic may quite pardonably vary his more important work with the play for which he has a *penchant*. But on the other hand truly constructive criticism does not of necessity involve rigidity. It implies not a system, but a method —

to employ the distinction with which Taine defended his procedure, but which assuredly he more or less conspicuously failed to observe. It prescribes, in every work of criticism, a certain independence of its subject, and imposes on it the same constructive obligations that it in turn requires of its theme. A work of criticism is in fact as much a thesis as its theme, and the same thematic treatment is to be exacted of it. And considered in this way as a thesis, its unity is to be secured only by the development in detail of some central conception preliminarily established and constantly referred to, however arrived at, whether by intuition or analysis. The detail thus treated becomes truly contributive and constructive in a way open to no other method. We may say indeed that all criticism of moment, even impressionist criticism, has this synthetic aspect at least, as otherwise it must lack even the appearance of that organic quality necessary to effectiveness. And when we read some very interesting and distinguished criticism — such as the agglutinate and amorphous essays of Lowell, for example — and compare it with concentric and constructive work, — such as *par excellence* that of Arnold, — we can readily see that its failure in force is one of method as well as of faculty.

On the other hand, the constructive method is peculiarly liable to excess. If the central conception it is concerned with is followed out in detail without the checks and rectifications of analysis — the great verifying process — we have the partisanship of Carlyle, the inelasticity of Taine, the prescriptive formulism of Brunetière. The spirit of system stifles freedom of perception and distorts detail. Criticism becomes theoretic. And though theoretic criticism may be, and in fact is not unlikely to be, artistically effective, it is fatally

untrustworthy, because it is bent on illustrating its theory in its analysis, instead of merely verifying such features of its central conception as analysis will confirm. Against such intuitive extravagance as Carlyle's the advantages of remarkable insight may fairly be set off. The academic prescriptions of Brunetière, too, have a distinct educational value — the results of a high-class literary scholiast are always technically instructive, however lacking they may be in the freedom and impressionability sanctioned by a criterion less rigid for being purely rational, and committed to no body of doctrine, traditional or other.

It is, however, the historical method of criticism that chiefly illustrates constructive excess. This method has at present probably the centre of the stage; and though there is in France a distinct reaction from the supremacy of Taine and in favor of Sainte-Beuve's sinuous plasticity, the method itself maintains its authority. Taine was an historian and a philosopher rather than a critic, and his criticism is accordingly not so much criticism illuminated by history and philosophy as philosophic history. The data of literature and art under his hand become the 'documents' of history, of which in a scientific age we hear so much. His thesis once established, however, as historical rather than literary or æsthetic, too much I think can hardly be said for his treatment. Classification has the advantage of clearing up confusion, and the value of a work like the *History of English Literature* appears when one recognizes its paramount merit as resident in the larger scope and general view of history in which of necessity purely individual traits are to some extent blurred if not distorted. These indeed may very well be left to pure criticism whose precise business they are. But the historic method in pure crit-

icism is held quite independently of Taine's authority. Scherer, for example, arguing against 'personal sensations' in criticism, maintains that 'out of the writer's character and the study of his age there spontaneously issues the right understanding of his work.' This is excellent prescription for the impressionist, although Scherer doubtless means by 'personal sensations,' personal *judgment* also, and thus minimizes or indeed obliterates perhaps the most essential element of all in criticism, the critic's own personality. Scherer's practice, precisely owing to his personality, far excelled his theory, as to which Arnold reminded him of Macaulay, who certainly knew his writers and their period, but in whose mind a right understanding of their works occasionally failed spontaneously to issue.

In fine, the historic method, great as have been its services to criticism and truly constructive as it is, has two erroneous tendencies. It tends generally to impose its historical theory on the literary and æsthetic facts, to discern their historical rather than their essential character; and, as inelastically applied, at all events, it tends specifically to accept its 'documents' as final rather than as the very *subjects* of its concern. Taine furnishes a striking instance of the latter practice. I have never myself been able to agree with those of his opponents, who, like Brunetière, rested in the comfortable assurance that his whole theory was overthrown by the fact that the ordinary Venetian gondolier of the period was the product of the influences that also produced Tintoretto. One might as well hold that immunity in some cases is not the result of the vaccine that fails to take in others; the causes of such differences in either physiology or history being perhaps too obscure for profitable discussion compared with the causes of resemblances. But from

the critical point of view it is a legitimate objection to his rigorous application of his method that he is led by it to consider so disproportionately *causes*, which are the proper subject of history, rather than *characteristics*, which are the true subject of criticism; to deem the business finished, so to say, when it is explained, and, comparatively speaking, to eschew its estimation.

As to the other tendency, that of imposing historical theory on critical data, it is a commonplace that history itself, which has been luminously called philosophy teaching by examples, sometimes suffers from the submergence of its examples by its philosophy. In criticism the result is more serious because, viewed in the same light, its examples have a far more salient importance. They are themselves differentiated philosophically in a high degree, and it is correspondingly difficult successfully to treat them merely as pieces of some vaster mosaic. On large lines and in an elementary way, this may of course be usefully done, but the work belongs in general I think rather to the classroom than to the forum of criticism. In the latter place their traits call for a treatment at once more individually searching and more conformed to an abstract, ideal, independent, and rational standard — for the application to the data they furnish of the *ideas* they suggest, not the theory they fit.

Now, in the true critical field of independent judgment, however enlightened by culture and fortified by philosophic training, we know very well that theory means preconception. And, carried into any detail of prescription, preconception is as a matter of fact constantly being confuted by performance. Divorced from the ideas proper to each performance, reposing on a formula derived in its turn from previous performance become accepted and consecrate, it is continually disconcerted.

New schools with new formulæ arise as if by some inherent law, precisely at the apogee of old ones. In history, so far as it is organic narrative, the propositions are necessarily concrete expressions of the abstract. In criticism, as I have said, the reverse is true. It elicits from the concrete its abstract significance. In art at least no established theory ever antedated practice. Theory is indeed but the formulation of practice, and in the transformations of the latter, based as it perforce is upon some former crystallization of the diverse and undulating elements of artistic expression, is logically inapplicable at any given time — *except* as it draws its authority from examples of permanent value and enduring appeal. It may be said, to be sure, that philosophically this degrades criticism to an essentially ancillary station—the business of merely furnishing data for an historical synthesis. But I am disinclined to accept this implication until the possibility of an historical synthesis at all comparable in exactness with the critical determination of the data for it is realized or shown to be realizable. The monument that Sainte-Beuve's critical essays constitute is, in spite of their disproportionate analysis, far otherwise considerable than the fascinating historical and evolutionary framework within which Taine's brilliant synthesis so hypnotizes our critical faculty.

In detail, however, it is itself markedly synthetic, showing in general at the same time that the wiser business of criticism is to occupy itself with examples, not with theories. For with examples we have unity 'given'; it is actual, not problematical. And—general propositions of wider scope aside—in criticism of the larger kind as distinct from mere reviewing or expert commentary, by examples we mean, practically, personalities. That is to say,

not *Manfred*, but Byron, not the Choral Symphony, but Beethoven. I mean, of course, so far as personality is expressed in work, and do not suggest invasion of the field of biography except to tact commensurable with that which so notably served Sainte-Beuve. There is here ample scope for the freest exercise of the synthetic method, without issuing into more speculative fields. For personality is the most concrete and consistent entity imaginable, mysteriously unifying the most varied and complicated attributes. The solution of this mystery is the end of critical research. To state it is the crown of critical achievement.

The critic may well disembarass himself of theoretical apparatus, augment and mobilize his stock of ideas, sharpen his faculties of penetration, and set in order all his constructive capacity, before attacking such a complex as any personality, worthy of attention at all, presents at the very outset. If he takes to pieces and puts together again the elements of its composition, and in the process or in the result conveys a correct judgment as well as portrait of the original thus interpreted, he has accomplished the essentially critical part of a task demanding the exercise of all his powers. And I think he will achieve the most useful result in following the line I have endeavored to trace in the work of the true masters of this branch of literature, the born critics whose practice shows it to be a distinctive branch of literature, having a function, an equipment, a standard, and a method of its own. This practice involves, let me recapitulate, the initial establishment of some central conception of the subject gained from specific study illuminated by a general culture, followed by an analysis of detail confirming or modifying this, and concluding with a synthetic presentation of a physiognomy whose

features are as distinct as the whole they compose — the whole process interpenetrated by an estimate of value based on the standard of reason, judging it freely after the laws of the subject's own projection, and not by its responsiveness to either individual whim or formulated prescription. This, at all events, is the ideal illustrated, with more or less closeness, by not only such critics as Sainte-Beuve, Scherer, and Arnold, but such straightforward apostles of pure good sense as Sarcey and Émile Faguet.

How the critic conducts his criticism will of course depend upon his own personality, and the ranks of criticism contain perhaps as great a variety of types and individuals as is to be found in any other field of artistic expression. For, beyond denial, criticism is itself an art; and, as many of its most successful products have been entitled 'portraits,' sustains a closer analogy at its best with plastic portraiture than with such pursuits as history and philosophy, which seek system through science. One of Sainte-Beuve's studies is as definitely a portrait as one of Holbein's; and on the other hand a portrait by Sargent, for example, is only more obviously and not more really, a critical product than are the famous portraits that have interpreted to us the generations of the great. More exclusively

imaginative art the critic must, it is true, forego. He would wisely, as I have contended, confine himself to portraiture and eschew the panorama. In essaying a 'School of Athens' he is apt, rather, to produce a 'Victory of Constantine.' His direct aim is truth even in dealing with beauty, forgetting which his criticism is menaced with transmutation into the kind of poetry that one 'drops into' rather than attains.

I have dwelt on the æsthetic as well as the literary field in the province of criticism, and insisted on the æsthetic element as well as the historic in the culture that criticism calls for, because in a very true and fundamental sense art and letters are one. They are so at all events in so far as the function of criticism is concerned, and dictate to this the same practice. Current philosophy may find a pragmatic sanction for a pluralistic universe, but in the criticism of art, whether plastic or literary, we are all 'monists.' The end of our effort is a true estimate of the data encountered in the search for that beauty which from Plato to Keats has been identified with truth, and the highest service of criticism is to secure that the true and the beautiful, and not the ugly and the false, may in wider and wider circles of appreciation be esteemed to be the good.

WHY NOT?

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

No prospective change in social conditions indicates any decrease in the sanctity of property. Concerning the sanctity of the ownership of property we may be growing more easy and less dogmatic in our views; but as for property itself, we are growing more and more dogmatic in claiming that it should be conserved, and that it should not be destroyed.

I think the foregoing premise is correct. Of this which follows I am certain: it is man's nature to fight. It is his merit to fight for what he believes to be right. Courage and bravery are not achieved by hiring a lawyer. A man who is not willing to fight to the death for the right or for his own is not as good or complete a man as one who is willing. But opinions about this are not so important as the fact that it is man's nature to fight, and that neither resolutions nor legislation nor provision to get over all kinds of trouble in any other way than by fighting will avail.

I claim that we cannot change human nature in this respect, and that whether we like the idea or not we shall always have wars occasionally. At least, we shall have them for more generations than any of us has fingers and toes; and that is long enough. It is, therefore, properly our business so to modify war that it shall not be so destructive to life and property; and if we do this we shall have made a great step in advance. To meet together, a few of us, the ladies with their smelling-salts and we gentlemen with our

twinges of rheumatism, and to resolve that we do not countenance war, may give us satisfaction, but it does not do anything else. The nations continue to build dreadnoughts, to train men to war, and to invent engines to destroy life and property.

War is now carried on in an uncivilized manner. It is fought as if all participants were savages. What is politely called strategy is taking the enemy unawares and not giving him a fair show. Formerly, when two men had a quarrel they settled their differences in the way of modern warfare. But now, whenever one man stabs another in the back, or men shoot each other at sight because of a grievance or an agreement that they are enemies, we justly say that they are uncivilized; and in the measure that they fall upon one another like wild beasts, we declare that they render uncivilized the communities in which they live. On the other hand, where the Code Duello exists, and the civilization is of a high order, there is a Court of Honor to determine among gentlemen of similar connections, whether the challenge is justified or not, and something of the conditions under which the fight shall take place. Unfair conditions are not allowed, seconds and an umpire are insisted upon, as well as the presence of surgeons, *to prevent unnecessary loss of life*. A duel, fought under the code, is a more civilized proceeding than a Kentucky shooting. Let us see if civilization might not invent similar amenities for a fight between nations.

We must first take for granted a material advance over our present civilization, — enough to provide greater comity among nations. The Hague Tribunal would need to be an efficient court, and to this should be added an International Police Force, equipped with every implement of modern warfare, with unlimited powers of destruction and stronger than the war force of any single nation. Now, it would not be reasonable for an International Police Force to be intrusted with such powers unless the nations maintaining it were to have the right to settle their affairs among themselves. Otherwise, whichever nation, royal house, coterie, junta, or band should gain control of the International Police would have too much power and would be susceptible to the world-old disease of wanting to own the earth. The only business of the International Police would be to protect property and to maintain order.

The procedure in case of war would then be somewhat as follows. Suppose the people of Arcadia were jealous of those of Barcadia for one reason or another, or suppose some question of immigration were to arise between them, so that the Arcadians were angry with the Barcadians, and they should insult one another so insistently that they could no longer live without fighting; in short, suppose a condition immediately precedent to war to exist between them. Then, if the army of one country were to invade the domain of the other, the International Police would straightway interfere on the ground that property was being destroyed, and that the interest of all nations in the conservation of property made its destruction a crime. The army would have to withdraw before the International Police, the stronger body. But except as to maintaining order, the International Police would

have no further duties. Now, imagine the feeling of the Arcadians and the Barcadians! What anger, what hatred, what desire to cut one another's hearts out! Then must they fight, — and they will in one way or another.

Therefore, the one nation would challenge the other to war before the International Court of Honor, and this challenge would either be accepted or declined. If declined, the Court of Honor would determine whether the nation which refused to fight was warranted in so doing, and if it were wrong in refusing to back up its own actions with the sword, the Court of Honor would have the power to inflict a penalty in lands or money. An unjustified challenge would also be thrown out and a like penalty inflicted. It is unlikely, however, that a nation would refuse to fight if such an act might give reason for the charge of cowardice. Such a reputation would be harmful.

Granted, then, that Arcadia and Barcadia are resolved upon war, it should be provided that this take place only upon the International Battlefield, — a level park specially provided by the Court of Honor, possibly somewhere in Holland or Belgium. Any infringement of this order would constitute a breach of the International Peace, to be stopped immediately by the International Police. Each nation would then send five thousand of its picked men, trained in swordsmanship. Less than five thousand would hardly constitute a national body of men, and luck would play too great a part with a smaller number. Dynamite, explosives of every kind, guns, pistols, or, in short, any weapon or agency of offense or defense, excepting the sword, would be prohibited. The purpose is to civilize warfare by giving an equal chance to each side.

Firearms, as now constructed, with projectiles that penetrate a number of

men, render a battle fought with them a matter of advantage and chance, and it would not be right to leave a nation's honor to chance. It should be determined by the valor of her sons. Now, before the opposing armies were drawn up on the battlefield, the Court of Honor would determine the outcome of the war in the event of either winning. The contentions of the opposing nations, which they refuse to solve in court and which are to be settled by the sword, would be fully considered and the outcome determined, with one result if the Arcadians win, and the other if victory is to the Barcadians.

Then, with the preliminaries arranged and the armies ready, at the word of the Umpire the two opposing forces, armed with swords and stripped to the waist, attack each other. They strike, thrust, disembowel, and fight to kill. There is neither truce nor pause until one side or the other is driven from the field, lies down, or surrenders. In respect to those who do the actual fighting, war would be more terrible than it is now. Nothing would count but swordsmanship and courage. Social distinctions between officers and common soldiers would disappear. Snobbery would meet its death-blow. And no property would be destroyed; the savings of mankind, humanity's collective goods, would be conserved.

Neither should we be compelled to give up our heroes, under this beneficent civilization of warfare. The war spirit which we have in us so long as we are young, would not be choked or suppressed, with the hazard of setting loose more dangerous passions. It would be a great honor to be counted among a nation's warriors, and every town and village would have its young men training in athletics to qualify. In the event of war, every man that died

would be a hero, and the incentive to the native town of each hero to build a beautiful monument to him alone would be as great as if there were hundreds of names to be inscribed upon the monument.

Training and practicing among the young men would encourage athletics and temperate living. And those selected might well expect to find favor in the sight of young women — a fact which by general agreement seems to make life more attractive.

In short, by the introduction of the International Code Duello, war would cease to cause the destruction of property; the cost of standing armies and navies would, in time, disappear, with the exception of the quota of each nation to the support of the International Police; human nature would not be perverted by the inhibition of one of the normal instincts of man, namely, the fighting instinct; and war, which cannot be averted, would involve more valor and fewer deaths. It would be a step in advance.

To those to whom the word duel is offensive, it may be said that to countenance duels between nations does not warrant duels between men. The standards are different. 'Modern Warfare' with its strategy, its mines, and its sneaking murder, would not be countenanced between individuals anywhere on earth, with a few exceptions, as, for instance, in some parts of Italy and the Feud Districts of the United States. Nevertheless, despite the protestations of the Peace Societies, we are all of us preparing to do this same thing in a wholesale way; to prosecute 'modern warfare' between nations. Why not take a step in advance and provide that our fighting shall be ordered so that it shall be fair, and that true courage and valor may prevail?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER

At the very moment when British patresfamilias were reading *American Notes* aloud, with scornful approval, in the domestic circle, their sons were cherishing a secret wild enthusiasm for America. Little boys felt it burning like a blue flame beneath their roundabouts — young men riding steeplechase found it tugging at their boots and shouting in their ears.

On the other side the world you're overdue!

Their elders might look coldly upon us as mere sayers of 'I guess,' and imbibers of ice-water; but to these generous youth we were all potential Deer-slayers and Mohicans, and spent our holiday lives lassoing buffalo.

Such was the view of us entertained in Liverpool in the fifties by a whole shipping-office-full of young Raleighs — prospective La Salles and Magellans. Among them was a fair and curly Scottish youth, from the valley of the Rule, the Border battle-ground. He had from childhood a great longing to 'tread where no white man had ever trod before.' Old and thoroughly explored countries had no attraction for him. Ships might go forth under his hand, as it were, to India or China; they left him fancy-free. But let a cable slip for the westward, and the young Roxburghshireman was off in spirit on *that* deck, with half a dozen of his fellow clerks about him, all outward bound on the 'trail that is always new.'

It was in the Kangaroo, in 1858, that he achieved his first voyage to America. Fate was pleased when he came, and

threw adventures in his way as a decoy to bring him back. For possessions and belongings were no more to this young man than to Socrates, when 'seeing great store of precious stuffs carried through the city, "Oh, how many things," cried he, "do I *not* desire!"' — But if it were a sin to covet adventure, —

He was the most offending soul alive.

He made, like Hudson, four voyages to these shores. On that famous first one, he was in a rousing storm off Newfoundland, when the boots and boxes of the passengers were washed up and down the corridors, and hurled violently against their cabin doors. Thus ushered into the New World (at a port for which he had not sailed), he lost no time in beginning that series of assorted adventures which he was so well qualified to adorn. Most of these were of a Lewis-Carrollish, or Stocktonesque description. J. D. C., for example, was never a soldier; yet he was once invited to join a scouting party, the members of which 'rather expected' to be '*picked off occasionally*' by an enterprising sharpshooter.' He was a member of a committee chosen to present a stand of colors to the hare-brained 'Scotch Regiment of Chicago' at the opening of the Civil War; and managed on that occasion to ride a borrowed war-horse 'with no mean *éclat*' through a narrow and rickety 'triumphal arch,' — as great a feat, I think, as his escape from the lampless octagonal room in the strange hotel, when a midnight fire was raging.

Fires many and tragical have pursued the hero of this Odyssey. There was a fire not above seven years ago

in —apolis, where he, dashing back into the blazing tinder-box to rescue his tent and camera, discovered and saved a sleeping boy. Tents, fishing-rods, and cameras, by some odd coincidence, are always saved from fires which consume this gentleman's other worldly goods. It was an invariable answer, when I was young, to all inquiries after this or that picture-book, or piece of furniture (as, 'Whatever became, J., of that old mahogany desk that you had in Texas?'), —

'Why, don't you remember? that was burned up in the fire at Madison — no, I mean *the first fire after we were married.*'

I have sometimes thought of cataloguing J. D. C.'s adventures somewhat on the following plan: —

A. By train: as when the insane man chased the passengers into the freight car, and stood guard over them with a revolver;

B. Adventures at World's Fairs: as when the Buffalo expressman sent his trunk by mistake to a house-party in the country, leaving a lady's Saratoga in its place;

C. Camping adventures, in which I should list the Chicago fire (on what I may call the librarian's or encyclopædian, principle — 'Chicago fire; see Camping Adventures'). For he was camping in a wild spot near that city when the historic cow overturned the lantern; and a friend came out to join him in a hunt, and only over the camp-fire at night bethought himself, and said, —

'Oh, by the bye, I forgot to tell you — Chicago is all burned up!'

'And my warehouses with it!' cried J. D. C.

There is a touch of such nonchalance in all the adventures he ever recounted to me, on those walks round 'the inlet' on summer afternoons, when he is in his best narrating mood. Who ever

heard a series of accidents by flood and field reported by the principal with such entire absence of megalomania? His modest humor plays all over them like lightning on the hills at home in a spring thunderstorm. That hurricane, in particular, when he was obliged to brace the flimsy door to keep the house about his head, always appeared to him in a humorous light. So did the haying runaway, when the loose load slipped off in bales to left and right, the endeared adventurer balancing perilously on top, as the mad beasts careened down the uneven field. So did the roof toboggan, when he slid down the steep and slippery shingles of our Wisconsin house, with fast increasing momentum, until the eaves-trough, holding fast against his terrific onset, stayed and saved him from the marble steps below.

These all belong in my list under the heading 'Adventures at Home.' They are the most numerous, the most ingenious, and the most blood-curdling of all. Shall I ever forget the dreadful day when the pole of the barn-door fell on his head? We children huddled near in frightful certainty that he was lost to us. Lost those morning romps — those scrambling games of Creepy-crabby — those tid-bits, surreptitious from my mother, of cake and jam — lost, in brief, the dearest, best play-fellow children ever had! Thank heaven, we were mistaken.

Last summer I went with this captain of companions to a remote spot on a reef of Long Island. We kept house in a bungalow, and bathed in a thundering surf not far from our front door. In the midst of our stay a storm and flood came on, the marshes behind our reef were submerged, the Sound came in at the inlet, the surf rolled up over the sandy ridge in front; the waters met beneath our fragile floor. The first billow to reach us from the open sea rolled in at dusk on a Sunday evening,

and for half that night J. and I, at intervals of an hour, measured with an inverted broom the depth of the loud wash beneath us. At daybreak we looked out upon such a waste of waters as Miss Ingelow describes in the 'High Tide': —

And all the world was in the sea.

I was very much alarmed. I made a little will bequeathing my Bible, MSS., and Oxford Book. Once I glanced over my bequests at J. D. C. and saw a look of great contentment in his eye. He was ever at home 'in perils of robbers, in perils in cities, in perils in the sea.' The bright face of danger had smiled on him in his cradle. His life has been more full than most men's of cares and affections, yet he has managed throughout to keep the gypsy maxim of Montaigne: —

Lead thou thy life in the open air,
And in affairs full of despair.

RAIN

Is there any other force in nature that has so varied and changing a beauty as rain? Anywhere in town or country one can take sheer delight in watching those drifting, swaying threads of liquid which make all sorts of fantastic angles. Sometimes the heavy rains come down with perpendicular directness, falling insistently in exact parallels; sometimes the lines are slanting and follow the direction of the wind with singularly plastic movement, veering and shifting until they are almost vertical; sometimes all uniformity of movement vanishes, and the rain is blown in sharp gusts until its delicate filaments become entangled in intricate, bewildering complexities of moisture.

Rain keeps to the straight line and to the angle when in action; it seldom, if ever, yields to the curve. It is only

when rain ceases and becomes mere drops that linger on the eaves, or fall with inconceivable slowness from the edge of glistening green leaves, that we see gracious and trembling curves. The size of a raindrop may vary from a tiny bead of light to the more palpable globes in which one could easily study liquid geometry. I have seen, on icy days, raindrops clinging to bare bushes, making them in the distance look like pussy-willows.

Rain has color. The Quaker gray of a hard rain has a soft vanishing quality far less durable and tangible than the filmy cobweb. Sometimes almost white, often blue, most frequently rain responds with unusual sensitiveness to its environment, and shadows back the green of apple-tree leaves or the sombre brown of a dusty highway. Most beautiful is the silvery sheen of rain on warm summer days when the descent is intermittent and one has the pleasure of speculating on the quality of the rain to be. The poets have a great deal to say about golden rain, but that falls only in the Golden Age; we see only that clear crystalline rainfall against a glowing golden sunset in April.

All the world knows the poignant smell accompanying a summer shower, when dust is moistened, when parched grass yields a certain acrid scent under the stress of storm. The fresh vigor and brilliancy of roses and of yellow lilies, after rain, is proverbial; but for exquisite beauty of fragrance I know nothing that compares with the aromatic, mystical influence of a blossoming balm-of-gilead, rain-swept.

The soft thud and patter of rain upon the roof are as musical to the imaginative listener as is any symphony. Monotonous dripping on thick-leaved trees soothes one's weariness, and makes the importunities of life seem easily resisted. One can be lulled to fair visions during a transient spring shower,

and gain the sense of sharing the destiny of nature. But, sometimes, the storm brings moods far from serene when it sweeps along with a kind of fury. Heavy clouds make noon as dark as night, the air is thick and ominous, rain pours in sheets of gray that gusts of wind shake into fine mist. Trees bow to the ground under the rush of the whirlwind, and thunder reverberates continually, while often a sharp flash of lightning gives a sudden golden tint to the heavy rain and shows the blackness of the sky. There is something startling and fearful in the tumult of the storm; it is as if the laws of nature had broken loose and left the titanic elements to have full swing. Still it is beautiful, a picture in chiaroscuro, illuminated by the unearthly flame of lightning. There is a wild and awful sublimity in the tremendous power which has wrought such darkness and floods of water, such breathless silence and responding crash and whirl.

HOW DOTH ———

THE most romantic feature of Breakneck Hill, always excepting the mortgage, was an ancient hive of bees. It was not Jacobean in its architecture, merely mid-Victorian; not such a 'skip' of thatch as decorates with gilded pomp the saving banks, suggesting that the only way to withdraw deposits is to brimstone the trustees; but it was so venerable that its occupants held title by adverse possession. No living man knew how to 'rob' them. *Nemo me impune lacessit* seemed written on its front. Its denizens had a way of ruffling about the entrance like young Guelphs daring the approach of any Ghibelline. Its former owner had long contemplated writing a book on *Bees through an Opera Glass*. He showed me a mud-hole of Nepenthean

efficacy in the surcease of sorrows of him who strayed within a furlong of his fiefs. 'Do they ever swarm?' I asked. He smiled sadly. 'Sometimes. It is then that I most recommend the mud bath.'

I decided that no self-respecting bee should be asked to live, even rent-free, in such a tenement. My paper on 'The Response of the Worker to Betterment of Environment' had been much admired. Here was a chance to put its theories into practice. I bought a new patent hive, dipped into Maeterlinck, and acquired a cheery little brochure which deserves the attention of every student of the picaresque in fiction. Draping myself in mosquito-netting and protected by huge gloves, I sauntered to the tragedy, which Priscilla now calls, 'Guelphville, or the Fatal Tryst.' Never did the sun shine more brightly. Never did Nanny-Donk, with premonitory claims of kinship, bray more melodiously.

'The simplest method of transference,' I read, 'is to invert the old hive, superimpose the new one, and then drum vigorously on the old one. The bees, with charming intelligence, will then pass into their new home. Be sure that the queen is among them, as your success depends upon her migration.' Be sure that one bee is among ten legions! 'Be sure, dear, to look up Mrs. Jones at the Yale-Harvard game!' Something whispered within of coming evil.

Inverting the House of Guelph, I reared the new home on its foundations. Great crevices yawned on every side. I drummed. There was a moment's pause. The warriors could not believe the wantonness of the insult. Then was my last clear chance of safety. In the distance Nanny-Donk brayed fraternally. I drummed again. Immediately a great roaring arose, as the sound of many waters. From every

sally-port they flew. Then first I learned the war-cry of the angry swarm. The gauntlets of my gloves afforded, as the playwrights say, a 'practicable door.' Those who were too late in the rush to find standing-room on my wrists did not despair but bided their turn. Others found an abundant entrance through my veil and settled to their predestined task.

My reactions have been carefully tested and I am normally responsive to external stimuli. Anticipating swift Æolus in his flight, I reached the mud-hole in ten leaps. A famous athlete, under only the stimulus of an unattainable ideal, has since done it in twelve.

There are moments when it is most seemly to leave the soul alone to wrestle with its misfortunes. I always thought that the sorrow's crown of sorrows for Herakles, when he was trying to acclimatize himself, under the Attic sun, to Phrygian underwear, was the presence of the Chorus. Even this grief was not spared me. Priscilla, alarmed by my cries, spurred on by that combination of sympathy and curiosity known as Wifely Love, came dashing to her doom. Carlyle says that life is a fraction, and that the way to lessen sorrows is to decrease one's denominator. My better half relieved me of some hundreds of mine — at least I think she did, for by this time my life-mask was complete and I only heard the diminuendo of her retreating shrieks.

But the gentle queen was still unidentified. The bees refused to exercise their charming intelligence. The hive was still vainly superimposed. I was content that another should reap the glory. And he did. I blush to write that my gentle neighbor soothed and transferred the colony with placid skill. How did he do it? I turned sadly to my hand-book. Then first I saw that it was written by a woman. The all-important secret lay concealed with

devilish ingenuity in a foot-note, like Truth at the bottom of the well. 'Of course, before adopting this method, the bees should be thoroughly subdued by smoke, and two or three combs of their brood should be placed in the new hive. Bees are like humans and will not desert the cradles of their young.'

Of course! Of course! But why did *hysteron proteron* seize the author's rhetoric at this fatal point? Did she think that Exposition, like Epigram, like the Bee itself, should have its sting in its tail?

THE WISDOM OF FOOLISHNESS

HAS enough been said about the foolishness of friendship, — not the foolishness of being friends, but the wisdom of being sometimes foolish friends? To Maeterlinck's saying that we cannot know each other until we dare to be silent together, one would add, and to be foolish together; for many of us hoard as gold the remembered nonsense that seemed to test our fitness for the twilight hour when hearts were uncovered and life plumbed to the depths. It is with the companion of the hour that we talk of the world, of heaven, perhaps even of ourselves; but with our friend we may be silent or absurd, with safety and profit to both; and then in the moment of self-revelation, he helps us to see further, to judge more sanely, to know more surely, than all the masters of intellect could do.

The little jokes of a friendship are treasured through the years, and give it a vocabulary of its own. A word of flying allusion, and the ludicrous scene of a distant time comes back to give us new delight; certain cherished stories have become familiar symbols for the happenings of a duller day: when we should do some thankless task, we say we must go nutting; or, when gay, we mention Truro Corners. So, to the un-

initiated, we babble of nothing; but we, the elect, know more precisely what is meant than finest rhetoric could tell us, and dear old stories gather moss through the years until they mean not only themselves, but all that train of sunny days where they have had a part.

It is a question whether a friend is entirely beloved unless we can 'let ourselves go' with him; we demand of him the intimacy of relaxation; our very soul rebels against being kept ceaselessly to any pitch, no matter how clear and sonorous the tone may be. We may admire his wit and intellectual power, we may lean upon his sympathy and sound judgment; yet it is his moment of giving way to unconsidered mirth, his sudden drop to sheer nonsense, that endears him to us. But our taste in fun must match. If your jest be dull to me, if mine be coarse to you, there is the sign-post which marks a dangerous road. And perhaps we shall find it useless to patch up a comradeship for the sake of this quality or that; for whether we will or no, we must some time travel by diverging paths where labor would be wasted trying to make a cross-cut.

And so it may all come back to the importance of foolishness as a test, — happy augury, perhaps, that in heaven the pure pleasure of companionship shall endure beyond the interchange of minds, — and it is as if some attribute of the subconscious creature marked the play of temperament that proves us kin. For mere intellect, the output of our perishable brains, is less than nothing if ourselves be not even cousins-german. And what havoc we may make when a close relationship is founded chiefly upon a likeness of intellectual tastes! One day the bound is crossed to the spirit's domain, when the chance is that warring temperaments wreck the light fabric, and we go forth cursing the brains that tricked us into hailing an alien as our own.

With this friend we may be serious, with another gay; one ponders upon life and art, while the other, charming playmate of an hour, is full of quip and jest. But the ideal friend must have a light touch and a stride that mates with ours, and it is his life and ours, viewed by the light of universal day, which bespeaks his interest. And then perhaps a pretty atmosphere of fun creates a glamour where the best of us may bloom. By the flash of his wit, he shows us our highest reach, and in the mild warmth of his humor, where there can be no blight of self-appraising, we grow and thrive. So it may not be all idleness, but like the sparkle of tiny waves on a sunny day it marks the steady progress of the tide.

There should be a tolerance in friendship that gives us room, a very lack of demanding that we be this or that which makes it natural to do our prettiest. And when we know we have been cowards, when we know we have gone down a step or two, to be met by some gentle jest instead of the rebuke we had richly earned melts our ready defiance, and we are eager to climb again to that place near him which we had left. He has not told us that we have fallen below his hope, he would not affront friendship by anything so crude as spoken forgiveness; but in that exquisite ignoring of the hurt, we recognize our chance. We know in the depths we are at one; but diversity of fancy, the light sparring of contending wit, may weave a fabric that gives color to our day, and it is often the whimsical side of an affection which makes its charm. Here is the pleasant garden which lies about the solid structure of our friendship, where we may play with poppy dolls and burdock cradles, while we know the sheltering roof is near when we would have the quiet of shaded rooms or refuge from the storm.